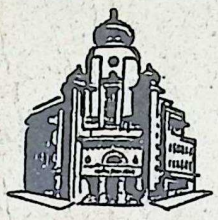

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

SUFIS, MYSTICS AND YOGIS OF INDIA

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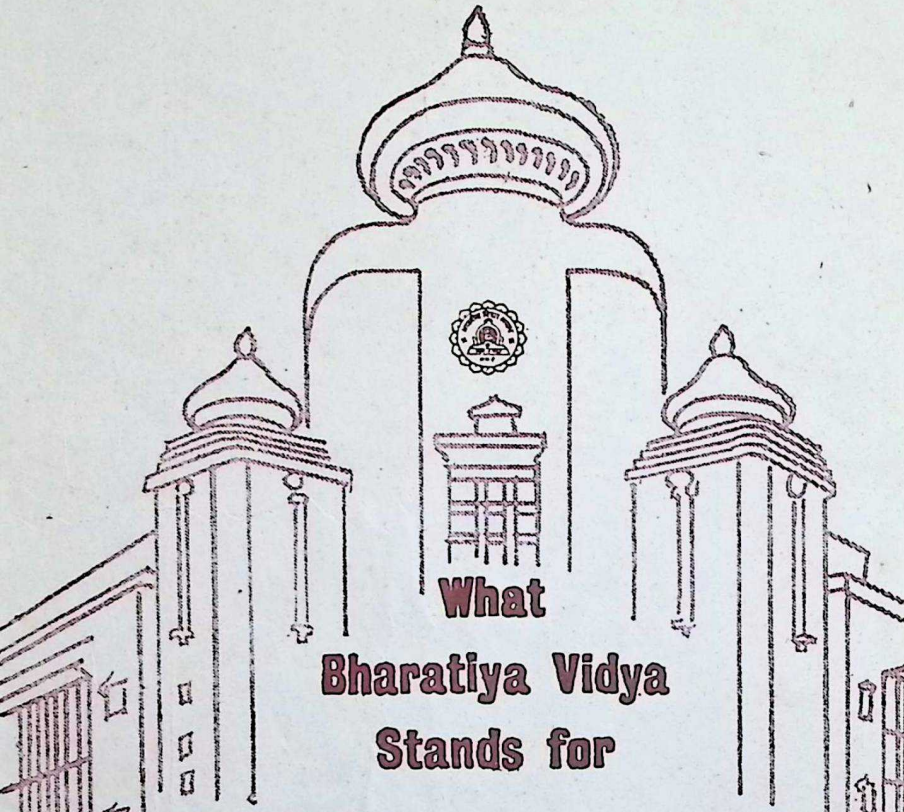
BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN, BOMBAY



What Bharatiya Vidya Stands for

Bharatiya Shiksha must ensure that no promising young Indian of character having faith in Bharat and her culture Bharatiya Vidya should be left without modern educational equipment by reason merely of want of funds.

2. Bharatiya Shiksha must be formative more than informative, and cannot have for its end mere acquisition of knowledge. Its legitimate sphere is not only to develop natural talents but so to shape them as to enable them to absorb and express the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya.

3. Bharatiya Shiksha must take into account not only the full growth of a student's personality but the totality of his relations and lead him to the highest self-fulfilment of which he is capable.

4. Bharatiya Shiksha must involve at some stage or other an intensive study of Sanskrit or Sanskritic languages and their literature, without excluding, if so desired, the study of other languages and literature, ancient and modern.

5. The re-integration of Bharatiya Vidya, which is the primary object of Bharatiya Shiksha, can only be attained through a study of forces, movements, motives, iddas, forms and art of creative life-energy through which it has expressed itself in different ages as a single continuous process.

6. Bharatiya Shiksha must stimulate the student's power of expression, both written and oral, at every stage in accordance with the highest ideals attained by the great literary masters in the intellectual and moral spheres.

7. The technique of Bharatiya Shiksha must involve—

(a) the adoption by the teacher of the *Guru* attitude which consists in taking a personal interest in the student; inspiring and encouraging him to achieve distinction in his studies; entering into his life with a view to form ideals and remove psychological obstacles; and creating in him a spirit of consecration; and

(b) the adoption by the student of the *Shishya* attitude by the development of—

(i) respect for the teacher,

(ii) a spirit of inquiry,

(iii) a spirit of service towards the teacher, the institution, Bharat and Bharatiya Vidya.

8. The ultimate aim of Bharatiya Shiksha is to teach the younger generation to appreciate and live up to the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya which flowing from the supreme art of creative life-energy as represented by Shri Ramachandra, Shri Krishna, Vyasa, Buddha and Mahavira have expressed themselves in modern times in the life of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Dayananda Saraswati, and Swami Vivekananda, Shri Aurobindo and Mahatma Gandhi.

9. Bharatiya Shiksha while equipping the student with every kind of scientific and technical training must teach the student, not to sacrifice an ancient form or attitude to an unreasoning passion for change; not to retain a form or attitude which in the light of modern times can be replaced by another form or attitude which is a truer and more effective expression of the spirit of Bharatiya Vidya; and to capture the spirit afresh for each generation to present it to the world.

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, 1-89-i

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SUFIS, MYSTICS AND YOGIS OF INDIA

BY

BANKEY BEHARI

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SUFIS, MYSTICS AND YOGIS OF INDIA

By

BANKEY BEHARI

1962

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

CHAUPATTY, BOMBAY

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan—that Institute of Indian Culture in Bombay—needed a Book University, a series of books which, if read, would serve the purpose of providing higher education. Particular emphasis, however, was to be put on such literature as revealed the deeper impulsions of India. As a first step, it was decided to bring out in English 100 books, 50 of which were to be taken in hand almost at once. Each book was to contain from 200 to 250 pages and was to be priced at Rs. 2|-.

It is our intention to publish the books we select, not only in English, but also in the following Indian languages: Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam.

This scheme, involving the publication of 900 volumes, requires ample funds and an all-India organisation. The Bhavan is exerting its utmost to supply them.

The objectives for which the Bhavan stands are the reintegration of the Indian culture in the light of modern knowledge and to suit our present-day needs and the resuscitation of its fundamental values in their pristine vigour.

Let me make our goal more explicit:

We seek the dignity of man, which necessarily implies the creation of social conditions which would allow him freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temperament and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual efforts and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but within the frame-work of the Moral Order; we seek the creative art of life, by the alchemy of which human limitations are progressively transmuted, so that man may become the

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	General Editor's Preface	v
	PART I	
	SUFI-SAINTS	
	Introduction	1
I.	Baba Farid	97
II.	Sarmad	105
III.	Bullah Shah	121
IV.	Shah Latif	142
V.	Nazir	176
	PART II	
	ADVAIT–NIRAKAR–YOGIS AND SHABDA MARGIS	
VI.	Shankaracharya	192
VII.	Gyaneswar	201
VIII.	Nanak	208
IX	Kabir	221
X.	Namdeva	252
XI.	Saint Ramadas	360
	Addenda	270
	Appendix	273
	Bibliography	381

Dedicated to

SHRI MATA KRISHNAJI

The Well-known Saint

of

Sri Brindaban

INTRODUCTION

Our nights and days around each other spin
And we like planets end as we begin;
Our feet are on the heads of those that passed
And as the cradle cries, the graves all grin.

—Abdul' Aba

THE SAINT AND HIS SONGS

The saint is an enigma, and is understood by them whose life is a veritable paradox. Transcending intellectual concept, unless one is irresistibly and irrevocably caught up in super-rational light of faith, the illumination, in which the saint's life is constantly wrapped, eludes the grasp of the seeker. Revelling always in the glory of God, "Chary in words and prodigal in works, divested of all earthly possessions, established in humility, their selfless and divine life" eludes comprehension even by lofty intellects. If you desire to draw the veil off the sphinx, no other instrument or appliance is necessary, but an intense yearning to know the Truth, unreserved submission at the feet of the Reality, a tear, a sob and a sigh to boot. The Effulgence of the Divinity that they witness, the thrills and throbs that they experience upon contact with the Reality, find expression in musical poetry which is an offering they make before their Beloved and His devotees. Breathing beyond Time and Space, and striking notes that ring and pulsate through the vitals of Nature, they are bound to strike the heart of the genuine seeker and remove the tinsel of worldliness that warp his soul. That this power of theirs is natural cannot be denied, for, do not their words come reverberating after meeting the Beloved Sri Radha Krishna?

WORSHIP OF GOD WITH FORM IS THE HIGHEST

The saints are worshippers of the Eternal and have turned their faces away from the creature and creation to

bask in the sunshine of Divine Effulgence. Many amongst them are not content with the touch of the Ray of Divinity, much less by contact through a mediator. Of course, they gain emancipation and Nirvana by this contact, yet their burning thirst is to play the moth, with their life, on the flame-like Divine Form, that is concentrated Love and stands idolised in human shape before them, scattering its bewitching smiles all round, wounding by its glances, and dispelling the darkness and age-long ignorance of their hearts by its unparalleled beauty. Thus have the mystics expressed their wish in the East and West: If the Christian mystic says: "I desire not that comes from Thee, but only I desire Thee, Sweet Love....." (St. Catherine) and states, "No knowledge which we can here have of Thee can satisfy my soul seeking and longing without ceasing after Thee... What is all that thou canst give to a living soul which sigheth and panteth after Thee alone? Was it any comfort to St. Mary Magdalene when she sought Thee to find two angels.....ah, No. *For that Soul that hath set her whole* love and desire on Thee can never find any true satisfaction but only in Thee"—(Gertrude More quoted in *Underhill's Mysticism* on page 249) and again pleading "Permit me not henceforward to know Thee thus imperfectly through these messengers..... Free me henceforward from dependence upon oratories, images and pictures which purport to represent Thee, upon the beauties of Nature which reveal Thee; and even upon words which speak of Thee. It is for Thee alone, for Thyself, that I yearn. Therefore, surrender Thou Thyself now completely" — (*St. John of Cross* — by A. Peers, p. 48)

Yearns the *Sūfi*:

Chashm agar īnast wa abrū yīn wa nāzo shewā yīn
Alwidā ay zuhad wa taqua alfirāq ay aqlwodīn.

If such is the beauty of Thy eyes, and thus shine Thy

brows and thus pierce Thy glances, I say adieu to all my prayers and adorations. I seek only a glimpse of Thy vision which is so captivating. (Maghrabī)

And again does the Sūfī sing:

"Six things there be which have their home in the midst of Thy raven hair.

Twist and tangle, curl and knot, ringlet and love-lock fair

Six things there be, as you may see which in my heart do reign.

Grief and desire and sorrow and dire longing, passion and pain."

And the sight and disappearance draw the remark:

"It is though I were caught in waves which toss me about
Now up, now down, now up in the perilous main,
There burns a fire in my vitals, there dwells a grief in my heart.
Summon my heart to witness, for my tears witness plain."

(vide *Literary History of Persian Literature* by Browne Vol. I, p. 433).

Again we have the prayer by the Sūfī, Hazrat Ghaus Āzam, for a vision:

Bey hijābānā dar ā az darey kāsānaye mā.
Ke kasey neyst bajuz dardey to dar khānaye mā.
Gar be āyī bā sirey turbatey virānā mā
Bīnī az khūney jigar āb shudā khānoye mā.

Appear O Lord! in my heart, naked, casting off all veils.
For dwelleth none besides Thy pain of separation therein.
If in this life I see Thee not remember then, when Thou shalt visit my tomb,
Ye shall discover nothing therein besides a drop of blood shed in life-long agony.

Hazrat Muhiuddin states of the conditions of the Sūfī when flooded with the Divine Effulgence of the Illuminated face of the Lord:

Fitnā angez Masho Kākuley mishkīn mā kushā,
Tābey zanjir nadārad diley diwāney mā
Beware, no more of it. Scatter not the fragrance around of Thy sweet perfumed fair locks,
For I assure Thee my bewildered mad heart cannot be held back by iron-fetters or any other restraint;
and Kabīr says:
Sab taruwar Jaye ke sab Key Phal liney Chīkh,
Phir Phir Kabirā Māngat darshan kī bhīkh.

I went underneath every tree (tried all religious practices viz., *yoga* etc.) and tasted the fruits thereof (the culmination thereof), but ultimately learnt that the acme of the desire of a spiritual adept is to have a vision of Thee, therefore grant it to me.

Whilst the Hindū mystic blessed with the vision of the Supreme Lord Krishna in joy utters:

Aho nimagnastav rūp Sindho pasyāmī na anatam na chey madhyam ādim.
Avāk cha nispand ātmo vimorha kutra asme ko asmi ite na vedmi deva.

Lord I am drowned in Thy beauty's ocean, which is boundless, I have lost all my senses; even my breath is suspended and so much heedless have I become that I have no knowledge of the directions.

OTHER FORMS OF WORSHIP OF THE FORMLESS GOD

The aspects of the Divinity that are the subject of worship by the devotee are broadly two: In other words, they are the worship of the Divine Personality, the Form (*Madhurya vibhūtiman*) and the worship of the Divine attributes inclusive of His omniscient (*vyapak*) Formless aspect (*Aishwarya vibhūti*). They are also stated as the *Sākār* and *Nirākār* aspects of the Lord.

Blake beautifully describes these two forms of manifestation of the Lord thus:

God appears, and God is Light,
To those poor souls who dwell in night.

But doth a human form display
To those who dwell in the realms of day.

The Vedas leaned more towards the Formless aspect of the Lord and describe it in greater detail than His manifestation in form. But the Lord in the *Bhagavad Gita* emphasised the Form of the Lord, and urged its worship, contemplation and service.

Really, the worship of the Form is the highest. Readers of this book will find that even Sūfīs while reaching the climax (*tauhid*) — Absorption in the impersonal manifestation — emerge out of it to bask in the inexpressible joy of the Form. It is known as the *Mahboob* (beloved) stage.

We have dealt with this supreme *Purusottam* Form of Worship, concentrated Idolised human Form of Lord Krishna, in Part I of *Minstrels of God*. We shall deal with the other, Formless form worship of the Lord, in this book under three sub-divisions: *Sūfism, Advait, Nirākār* and *Shabda Upasana*.

There remains yet another form of worship in which the world at large is engaged with frenzy — it is the worship of Mammon, name, honour and fame — which is all ephemeral worship that shall bring us over and over in the world of suffering. This *Prakritic Upasana,* the child of body-consciousness, which is a creaturely thing is not the subject-matter of this work. All worship, for secular benefit, of the gods and goddesses is condemnable. It is the most degenerate aspect which is dragging religion down into the quagmire of sensuality.

The goal once settled, the path to it reveals itself, and he who follows Shastric ordinances, and keeps straight on, will of course come to the right place.

SUBJECT-MATTER OF THE TWO PARTS OF 'MINSTRELS OF GOD' WAS PURUSOTTAM UPASANA — WORSHIP OF FORM — AND OF THIS BOOK IS THE IMPERSONAL

In *Minstrels of God* I dealt with the *Vibhutiman*

Upasana of the Divine Personality (The Lord with the enchanting Form) and here in this book is dealt with the worship of His attributes – *Vibhuti Upasana*. The goal and pathway outlined in the first kind of Upasana may be briefly summed up thus:

"Believe in God. Seek nothing at all, not understanding nor gnosis nor piety nor inwardness nor peace but yearn only for His beatific vision. The soul which is as she by rights should be, would not be satisfied even if God gave her all His Godhead. It would no more console her than His giving her a fly. God's knowledge is vain apart from His Vision, a direct contact, a heart-to-heart talk, an embrace (of Him) as of the bride with the bridegroom, of the friend with the friend....."

Whosoever sees ought of God's godhead sees not God. The lover does not need anything besides God. He who has given up his all, shall not be content with anything short of Him. Not by fasts and vigils he keeps, nor from the good works he does, can we gauge his progress in the spiritual life, but the sign of growth is waxing of love for the Eternal and waning of the interest in temporal things. He follows a coherent gospel – "the man who owns a hundred crowns and gives them all in founding a cloister is doing a good piece of work only, but it were better and perfect to despise and naught himself of it, for the love of God." This Universe and all other creations are merely a fragment or ray of this *Vibhutiman* (Lord Krishna), being held by Him together by imparting His power in the form of *Parmatman*[1] (Universal Soul of the Yogis, and distinct from Bhagavan Purusottam of the Devotees), and dwelling in individuals as the *Atman*[2] (individual spirit). There is relation between the two, as between the

---

1 Universal Soul (vide *Gita* X 42 and XV, 17)
2 Individual Spirit.

Sun and its ray, and yet a distinction (being part without difference because both are eternal, *Sat-Chit-anand Swarup*) between the two forms of *Upasana*, is apparent. Both lead to emancipation, to God. The first *Purusottam Upasana* goes further and the emancipated Soul endowed with an *alokik* (Supernatural, Eternal) form serves Him in His Eternal Abode, and even incarnates with Him when comes as *Avatār* of Krishna, Rama and others, to share in His *lilas* (exploits) in the world. Shortly he lives *in* God as a distinct personality with a form. However the second *Akshar* (*Atman*) *Upasak*, is content with merging his personality into the Divine Personality, wherein he imagines he loses his individuality, as a drop in the ocean. It is this latter Impersonal form of worship that is pursued by the Sūfīs, Christians, Advaits, Nirakarvadis and Shabdmargis, and the mystics in the East and the West. We deal in this book with these and have selected ten – Farīd, Sarmad, Bullah Shāh, Shāh Latīf and Nazīr for our sketches from amongst the Sūfīs of India: Shankaracharya, as the founder of Advait School of thought; Gyaneswar, the Great Yogi; Nanak, Namdeo and Kabir amongst Nirakar-cum-shabda mārgīs and Samarth Ramadas. The last saint enjoys a unique place, although an ascetic, his mixing too much with the Great Maratha Chief Sri Sivaji, led him to preach ethics at times, keeping pure spirituality in the background.

GOAL OF UPASANA

The goal of all these Personal and Impersonal *Upasanas* of God or Godhead, is one—emancipation from suffering of rebirth for ever, called moksha or Nirvana. The pursuers however of the first Personal Form of *Upasana* go further and recognizing the Eternal Abode of Lord (*Ganloka* or *Vaikuntha*), where He dwells in a Personal human form with due paraphernalia, seek to dwell with Him as emanci-

pated individuals for ever. They rightly believe they dwell above the realm of Nirvana, with a *Sat-Chit-Anand* (Super-sensual Form).

PATH OF WORSHIPPERS OF THE IMPERSONAL

The pursuers of the second Impersonal Form – the *Upasaks* of the pure essence–the *Sudha Swarup* of the individual called the spirit or the Atman–be they Sūfis, Advaits or Nirakar Vadis, Yogis or Shabdmargis, all follow a similar path, which may be briefly stated as follows: (1) constantly pondering on the vanity, mutability and evanescence of the world, and in setting for themselves the eternal as the Goal (2) vowing themselves to poverty and celibacy (3) passing most of the time in meditation or contemplation in solitude, *Samadhi* or *Japa* or *Kirtan* of the Name of the Lord as above, or in company. (4) If necessary, doing religious and charitable acts, especially *Satsang* (association with saints). Before we consider these subjects, let us first answer the question, why Mysticism, Sūfism or any other "Ism" or "ist"? Cannot one live without it?

WHY RELIGION?

My answer is, the wonder is not that man takes to religion in his quest for *rest,* but that he can do without it and pass a whole life without shedding a tear over his arrogance in not touching the question of spiritual realisation that vitally concerns him. Says Eckhart : "What folly it is to refuse to be with Him we cannot be without." And again we have the reputed Spanish mystic Diego De Estella in his *Devout Meditations on the Love of God* (Ch. IX) saying:

> Alas! for the great miracle that I see among men–a disastrous miracle, sorely to be lamented. Wouldst thou not perchance think it a very great miracle if thou wert to see a huge cliff suspended in the air, or

supported by a feather, or if a mighty river were rushing onward with great force and a scrap of paper were seen to be sufficient to impede it? Who could look upon such a thing without crossing himself for fear? Who would not be amazed and astonished? Then how can I be other than amazed at seeing men whom trivial things suffice to hinder, my Lord, from attaining Thee? Strange it is indeed, my God, that a man in whose nature there is so great a force of gravity bearing him to Thee should be weighted down with such frivolities as those of the earth.

And again we hear Luis De Granada lament:

Oh My God and my salvation, why do I so often halt? Why do I not run with supreme swiftness to my supreme God, in whom all good things are contained? What can man desire that is not better found in the ocean of goodness that is Thee than in the muddy little pools of the creatures? Men love riches, love honours, long life, tranquillity, wisdom, virtue, joys and such like things and with so great a love do they love them that many a time for their sake they are ruined. O foolish and base lovers that love the shadow and despise the substance, that go to fish in the dirty pools and forget the sea! If each of these things deserves to be loved for itself, how much more should He be loved who is of greater worth than all of them together?.....

What rest, what riches, what joys can be found in the creatures that are not infinitely more abundant in the Creator? The joys of the world are carnal, vile, deceptive, brief and transitory..... Therefore said St. Augustine, 'Miserable is the soul whose affections are entwined to things below, for when they are taken from him, he is torn to pieces. And then he comes to realise his misery through experience of the harm which these affections make him suffer—though he was miserable too

before he suffered it. But Thyself Lord none can lose.'....

(*Mystics of Spain* p. 78)

HOW CONVERSION TAKES PLACE

It is this constant thinking, which leads to the conversion of the Buddha in his teens, a Maharaja Bhartrihari in his youth and Princess Mira Bai in the middle of her life. This conversion comes in the life of many heroic souls in the materialistic West also. Benedict got disgusted with the meaninglessness of Roman Society. St. Francis gave up his gay social existence, Richard Rolle suddenly took to a hermit's life, St. Teresa and St. Catharine wooed misery, and Fox desperately sought woe. Who will forget the Friends of God—Tauler, Suso, Boehme and others who desperately sought truth, sacrificing all their comforts in the world? St. Paul hid himself in Arabia, St. Benedict retired into a cave, St. Ignatius and Gerard Grool lived in a cell, while St. Jocopine De Todi gave up the legal profession to woo Christ's Poverty. They all believed in the decisive break from the monotony of life. They refused to believe in any easy slide from the matter into the life of the spirit. For wooing the Crown, the Path was what Christ showed—that of the Cross. When we look to Arabia and Persia, Sultan Abū Said, Sultan Ibrahim Adham, St. Rabia and Fariduddin Attār who accepted life of poverty after giving up their riches, stare us in the face and exact respect from us.

Unless the discord between the deeper spiritual self and the superficial worldly ego becomes intolerable, we shall never see the unsympathy that rules us in this world and shall never go in for the hard struggle to get out of the fetters of the world to bask in sunshine of the freedom offered by the spirit through the well-known road, bearing the placards 'strife, sacrifice and surrender.'

ELECTION AND DETERMINATION IN PURSUIT

There can be no mincing of matters. Choice has to be

made between ephemeral things and eternal things and eternal verity. When Antoinette Bouringman prays, 'Oh Lord! what must I do to please Thee?', the Lord answers in her soul and shows the Path:

"Forsake all earthly things, separate thyself from the love of creatures. Deny thyself .... No longer possess anything, die to thyself.....and dwell in the desert." In short, the religious attitude of the true seekers dealt by us, may be summed up thus: "Perfect consolation and Universal good is to be found only in God. The moment I turn to creature comes in bitterness." St. Augustine rightly observes, "Doubtless all thine ills are due to the non-conversion to God and only God." A perfect theism on solid spiritual foundations is the only cure of the misery and ailments of the body and spirit of the man of today. And this life in the spirit is not a mere passivity but a knight-errantry. Vedanta, Sūfism and other *upasanas* are dynamic and not static, whose adherents work assiduously and incessantly to raise the level of consciousness. For success in the pursuit of the Path, a determination of St. John of the Cross is needed who sings as he proceeds with the staff, through the labyrinthine mazes of evanescence to the fair haven of beatitude:

I will seek my love straightway,
Over yon hills, down where yon streamlets flow,
To pluck no flowers I'll stay
No fear of beasts I'll know,
Past mighty men, O'er frontier grounds I will go.

What surprise then if such strife necessitates sacrifice of all the goods of the world, of all relations, aye turning away from every thing, not—God? This is because the mystic seeks *Yoga*, Union with God, not *mere* nearness to Him. This union postulates likeness in nature. We can meet God, only in our God-nature that is in us (vide *Gita*

IV 7). The mystic seeks no company, and if it crosses his path, it must be of men, and they are not men who do not seek the Eternal and waste their lives in search of things phenomenal.

THE PATH LIES THROUGH EGOLESSNESS AND RENUNCIATION

This attitude of the mystic makes it easy for us to follow the path he pursues of developing egolessness. In his wooing of Poverty, we see an underlying faith in a just dispenser and compassionate Lord, who must preserve his body during his righteous quest for Him. Therefore he refuses to accumulate or provide for the morrow. Remember the words of Christ!

> Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.
>
> But the very hairs on your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. (*St. Matthew;* Ch. X—Verses 29/31).

The mystic is the whole man, while all others are half men, since they ignore working out the redemption of the spirit, their other half imbedded in sensuality. The mystic path is for the valiant, and the cowards who muffle the spirit in vile and dead social and political activities have no place in it. The world of spirit and the world of matter have always been at cross one with the other. And their meeting is only on the scaffold. Christ, Sarmad, Mansur and others are illustrations of this. Why it is thus sings a Sūfī:

Yīn ajab rahey Ki dar Pesh āmdast
Ilm muflis aql darvesh āmdast.
Ishq chun āmad ze dar guft Salām alek.
Aql bar āmad ze sar guft salām alek.

(Majālis Usshaq p. 266)

Unique is the vagary of the Path of Love. When one enters it one finds, learning realises its poverty before it

and discrimination feels its beggarliness. As soon Love knocks at the door and with greetings seeks to enter the heart of the seeker, knowledge and discrimination, leave him bidding farewell, and urges renunciation as the highest acquisition.

Sarbarahna Nestam, daram kulahey chār tark
Tarkey duniyā tarkey uqbā tarke maula tarke tark.

Renunciation of this world comes first and then of the next world. Renunciation of the purified ego comes after that and ultimately renunciation itself. These are the four decorations of the head-dress of the lover.

(vide *Kashful Mahjul* F.N.P.)

This renunciation is *sine-qua-non* of all spirituality and true religion. It is, because of the nature of God that He works only on an individual turned naught and then transforms the naught into aught according to His will, in contradistinction to the way of man, who can turn aught only into aught.[3] The mystic is content with the spiritual dispensation and whilst settled in the crumbs of his body-consciousness and yet unable to free himself of it, is seen humbly praying:

Grant me same fair favour, from Thy tender leaves,
Something ever living for my spirit grieves
For some richer treasure with Heaven's breath blent
To sweeten change and parting and leave my heart content.

And he seems to receive the balm for his bruised soul, for as he passes on the breeze carries His reply:

And far away our faces met,
As on the verge of the spheres,
And in the night our cheeks were wet

---

[3] Cp Manu (7-23): "Atmanam Sattatam rakset darrer api dhaner api" i.e. It is better first to protect one's Atman (self) before protecting one's children and property. What a pity then if we ignore Spirit to serve matter.

I could not say with dew or tears.

— *Sema-Kand*

PASSAGE THROUGH NAUGHT TO GOD

The mystic gospel is for the wise one who considers this world, and its propagation, and sustenance as the womb of pain and transmigration and is not for the ignorant fool who revelling in his folly is continually trying to work for the solidarity, expansion and propagation of this world with passion, and concerns himself only with feeding the body, and covering it with clothes, at the cost of starving the soul. The mystic message is given in the *Gita* at the close (XVIII-66):

> "Abandon all duties and come to me for shelter. Be not grieved for I shall release thee from all evils."

In other words only total self-giving of all worldly activities, social and political and singing Krishna-Krishna alone can get God, for the simple reason that non-godly activity cannot gain for us God, and all worldly activities are *prakritic*, dead, and cannot secure for us the Lord, life of our life. This point is well brought out by Eckhart:

> Such is the nature of God that we know it by nothing better than naught? How by naught? By getting rid of all means, not merely by spurning the world and the possession of virtue, I must let virtue go if I would see God face to face, not that I should flout virtue but virtue being innate in me I transcend virtue. When a man's mind has lost touch with everything, not till then it comes in touch with God. A heathen philosopher has said nature cannot transcend nature. Ergo, no creature can see God. If He is seen it must be in light that is supernatural.
>
> (*Eckhart* by Evans p. 144 Vol. I)

This being the correct outlook, the Path to Him is the Word, the Name, is long settled by the true *Shastras*, and

experiences of the mystic-saints. Hence we find saints emphatically insisting: Proclaim the Name of Lord, Rama-Krishna-Hari, abandoning all other worldly duties, for the Name and the Lord are One, and Name is the gateway to emancipation from rebirth and attainment to Him. Creatures of senses revelling in their folly oftener remark that those who give up their duties and simply proclaim the name of the Lord Krishna-Krishna are verily the enemies of the Lord and sinners. Only by shutting our ears we can show our disrespect to them.

THE EFFICACY OF NAME OF THE LORD

I shall request my readers to think, digest and ponder on the efficacy of Singing the Name of the Lord Krishna. It is the simplest and easiest way to meet God. They, who are steeped in the world and have no faith in true *shastras* and in the words and experiences of the realised souls shall never be benefitted by the Name. The Lord's Name Krishna is omnipotent and omniscient as the Lord Himself. It is folly to believe or state otherwise. It smacks of heresy if one thinks otherwise. A detailed discussion on the subject, elaborate and critical, based on scientific argument is given in Braj *Chandra Chakori Mira* (available with Mata Krishna Satsang, Brindaban), which readers inclined that way may study. I may quote a few verses from *Shastras* and experiences of saints of various countries and belonging to different religions mentioned in that work.

The Sūfī says:

"Visāley haq talbī ham nashin nāmash bāsh
Bud visale Khudā dar visaley Nāme Khudā.
Miyaney ismo musammā chin fraq neyst babin
To dar tajjalī asmā jamaley namey khudā."

"If ye seek the Lord seek the company of the Name i.e. repeat it constantly – and be sure Union will be thy lot, for there is not the least difference between the Lord and His Name."

Says Tulsidas:

"Bharosā Jāhī dusro so karo.
Mo ko to Rām Nām Kalpatru Kali Kalyān Karo"

Let him who will take another shelter. In this Iron (Kali) Age the Name is the fulfiller of all my spiritual desires (emancipation from bondage).

Says Mira ji:

"Ram Nām Kā Jahāj chalasiayan,
Bhavsagar tar jasiyan."

Boarding the ship of the Name I shall cross over the Ocean of Metempsychosis.

Says Krishna Das Kaviraj:

"Krishna Nām Krishna swarup doyin saman."

The name of Krishna and His form are one, not different.

Says Saint Sānvtā Māli:

"Such is the Name of the Lord that established in its strength I strike and lash Death."

Says *Srimad Bhagwata* (XIII-12-46):

Patita Skhalita shcharta Sutwa wa vivesho bruwam
Haryer Nām iti uchher muchyate Sarva patkān

Even if in helpless condition, the Name is once repeated or even heard, a man is redeemed of all his sins.

Says the *Prabhas Purana*:

Sakridapi Parigitam Shradhya helya wā
Bhriguwar nar mātram tariyatey Krishna Nām

If once the Name Krishna is repeated, with or without faith, believe it, it gains emancipation for the utterer of it.

Says *Pancrātra*:

Harer Nām Harer Nām Harernamev Kevlam
Kalo nāstev nastev nastev gatiranyathi.

In this Iron Age, redemption lies only in the repetition of the Name and in no other religious practice, I trow, I trow, I trow.

It is only those, who are swept away by the world current, who embrace rebirth. For they do not see the unreality of the World and are body-conscious and without spiritual faith, experience or spiritual association. No one

can doubt the efficacy of repetition of Krishna's Name. It is the highest duty of man to follow, remember and repeat the Name of Lord whilst all other duties are to be given up before it. Our supreme duty is to the Lord and it transcends all wordly duties and works. And our spiritual activity is designed to raise us above body-consciousness, and bask in the Spiritual Unity Consciousness.

GOAL OF GITA AND SPIRITUALITY

The *Gita* boldly proclaims to the devotee to:

A. Give up all affections and attachment to wife, children, family and house. (*Gita* XIII - 9).

B. Build no house. (*Gita* XII - 19)

C. Start no wordly activity or engage in any profession. (*Gita* XII - 16)

D. Consider gold and earth as of equal value, and both discardable. (*Gita* XIV - 24).

And in fact Lord Krishna in the *Mahabharata* got killed who sought shelter of any *dharma* or virtue, other than *Bhakti* devotion to His Lotus Feet. Bhishma the pious celibate, and Dronacharya, the sage and pious teacher, — all were sacrificed at the altar of True *Dharma — sharnagati* (surrender) to Sri Krishna. It is a tragedy that many learned Pandits today crawl into ignorance and adopt this Universal scripture *Gita*, to support their schemes of developing body-consciousness and preaching development of the species. This is because they fail to understand:

1. Krishna[4], giver of the *Gita* is the Supreme Lord, and

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[4] Krishna — Personal Lord is said to be foundation of the Absolute. *Brahman* — Madhusudan Saraswati takes this to mean Krishna, the Personal Lord and identifies Him with the Absolute unconditioned *Brahman*...

Vide *"Vanshi vibhusit karran navniradabhat*
Pitambar arun vimbaphal adhrostat
Purnendo sundar mukharbind netrat
Krishnat param kimape tatvam aham na jani."

I know no other One as the final Divinity (principle) but Lord Krishna with the charming flute on His lips, red like a red *bimbaphal*.

not the Divine descended into man. Their mind will follow this correctly if they never forget the nature of His unearthly abode (*Gita* XV - 6) and His essential nature (*Gita* XIV - 28) transcending *Parmatman* and *Atman* which are only rays from Him who is like the Sun (*Gita* X-42 and XV. 7).

2. That emancipation from the world, the womb of suffering and transmigration is possible through *Nirguna* Activity (Karma) and not even by *Sattvic prakritic.* (virtuous acts) *Karma* (*Gita* III - 9 and XVIII-48).

The *Gita* is the gospel of the mystic, and unless one renounces the world and prays for grace to have it revealed to him, he cannot follow the *Gita.* Not to speak of the social and political reformers, revelling in material activities, born of their body—consciousness and warped vision, even saints only after renunciation of the highest order in meditation after subduing their minds and senses get a glimpse of the meaning of a *shloka* or two of it. The householders while wooed to the world, of course, have no right to write on this gospel preaching renunciation. For is not *Gita,* the Lord's Swarup, seen only when one dies to the world and is deaf, blind and indifferent to it and its activities? Hence did Suka state before the assembly of saints.

"Krishna Janati vay samyek kinchit Kauntey avacha
Vyaso wā Vyas putro wa Yajnavalkya ath Maithilāh."
(Mahabharata).

Only six persons may be credited with a full knowledge of the *Bhagavad Gita,* the Supreme esoteric scripture of the world, viz., Lord Krishna Himself, who gave it, Sage Vyasa

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bearing the blue complexion, wearing the flashing *pitambar.* His face is like the full moon, bright and shining and His eyes sparkle like blooming lotuses.

Brahmevaham — concentrated and embodied Brahman (vide his commentary on *Gita* on XIV — 27). If inspite of such testimony the modern writers living in the world of senses think to the contrary, all we can do is to ignore their comments in the face of the views of these great saints.

who penned it, Yajnavalkya, King Janaka, Sukdeoji whilst a little of it was understood by Arjuna, to whom it was given.

This is a truth to which even the West testifies. Does not Schopenhauer say, "it has been the solace of my life, it shall be the solace of my death" and even eulogises it stating:

> In the morning I bathe my intellect in the stupendous and the cosmogonal philosophy of *Bhagavad Gita*, since whose composition many years of the gods have elapsed and in comparison with which our modern world and its literature seem puny and trivial and I doubt if that philosophy is not to be referred to a previous state of Existence, so remote is its sublimity from our conceptions.

And Madam Blavatsky considered it a wonder of the world for all times, and exclaimed while talking about the Pyramids of Egypt, "how much more admirable is the *Bhagavad Gita* than all the ruins of the East."

Bid good-bye first to the fleeting worldly honours, offices, bodily relations and worldly possessions and then ponder or speak on the *Gita*, lest you court disaster by touching a spiritual subject with tainted *prakritic* (Material) mind.

Aim high. Discontented with being a good man, be a God-man. Correctly does a modern writer Dr. Radhakrishnan put the view:

> 'The soul evolves through these three stages, it rises from dull inertia and subjection to ignorance, through the struggle for material enjoyments to the pursuit of knowledge and happiness.'

But as long as we are attached, even though it may be to very noble objects, we are limited and there is always a sense of insecurity, since *rajas* and *tamas* may overcome the *sattva* in us. 'The highest ideal is to transcend the ethical level and rise to the spiritual. THE GOOD MAN (*Sattvika*) SHOULD BECOME A SAINT (*Trigunatit*). Until we

reach this stage we are only in the making; the evolution is incomplete.....

Even *sattvika* goodness is imperfect since this goodness has for its condition the struggle with its opposite. The moment the struggle ceases and the goodness becomes absolute, it ceases to be goodness and goes beyond all ethical compulsion. By developing the nature of *sattva*, we rise beyond it and obtain transcendent wisdom.'

(vide *Bhagavad Gita*—p. 322/323 his Commentary on Ch. XIV—18, 20)

GITA TAKES YOU OUT OF WORLD AND LEADS INTO LORD'S ABODE THROUGH NIRGUNA ACTS

In short, the *Gita* aims at making you *gunatit*, *sthitprag*, *jivanmukta*. It takes you out of the ocean of death *Samsar* (*Gita* XII—7). It is the height of ignorance, if in it we see device offered for the solidarity of the world and its development. It makes you unity-conscious. In world, the realm of multiplicity is no rest for soul. Man must rise above all the activities, however *sattvic*.[5] He must live in spiritual, *trigunatit* level. Even our sattvic buddhi cannot be a guide—as says Radhakrishnan in his commentary on *Gita* XIV—6.

> Sattva does not rid us of the ego-sense. It also causes desire though for noble objects. The self which is free from all attachments is here attached to happiness and Knowledge. Unless we have to think and will with the ego-sense, we are not liberated. Jynana or knowledge relates to *buddhi* which is the product of *Prakriti* and

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[5] The saying '*Lolo Alahmlal Kharbatudduniya*' — the Arabic text quoted in Baharistan Mnafact, commentary of masnavi Vol. IV of Rumi means "If there were no fools in the world it would have gone to pieces." By engaging in ephemeral things they carry on the world-current. To the like effect says Rumi:

"Gold is mere sand, it will not accompany you after death, which thou art exacting from the rulers.....ye are sinking in the well, catch hold of the rope of worship of the eternity and bask in the eternity on coming out of this well of wordliness."

is to be distinguished from the pure consciousness which is the essence of *Atman.*

What place remains there then for serving the country of the birth of our body, whose boundary is constantly changing as also our body shifts its motherland with every death and rebirth it undergoes! Besides, then what occasion to develop affection for relatives, much less for strangers in the world? The Lord advises the devotee to cut off all connections with the world and its amplifications (Ch. XV–3) and how through Kirtan, Katha (spiritual discourses and singing) and by other activities like *Pranayam* (breath-control) *Indrya Sanyam* (celibacy) emancipation can be obtained (Ch. IV 24-29; Ch. IX-14 and Ch. X 9, 10). No activity which is rooted in body-consciousness can gain salvation. Therefore, before taking up the study of any mystical treatise you must answer such questions as the following:

Do you consider life in the world as a bondage and suffering?

Do you desire to escape rebirth, eternal suffering and reach Lord's abode of Bliss at all costs and sacrifice?

Are you prepared to work for it?

If your answer is in the affirmative, the world will be left behind, the flight of the 'Alone will begin to the Alone' and ye shall be called back to 'your origin' to rest in the Lotus feet of Sri Krishna in His self effulgent Divine Eternal Abode.

Unless you hold a charter from God–Ye puny man, bundle of all imperfections – be not egoistical enough to create a new Utopia. Others before thee have failed and ye shall fail too. First realise the Divine and then receiving His mandate take to these social and political activities, for till one is *mukta* (emancipated soul) one can never be *nishkam* (desireless), and the noblest activity will lead but to bondage (*Gita* XVIII 48). It is not for you to decide what activity to undertake. The Lord expressly states in the *Gita* XVIII 40, 48.

There is nothing in the creation, be it located on this earth or in the celestial or nether regions that is not corrupt i.e. constituted of *prakritic* evanescent principles. All activities in the world are born of ignorance which means all creation is tainted, as also all wordly activities and enterprises. Besides, He says (*Gita* VIII 6, 7) "On whatsoever a man contemplates at the last moment of life that (form of) body (creation) he will obtain in the next life.

The rule is well known, 'the mind that ponders on creatures turns creaturely'.

So one should always be contemplating on Me— Krishna— that it may be the ruling thought in him at the time of death, and he might attain to me, after leaving the body.

This is stated as the *Kit-Bhringi nyaya* in *Shastras.*

REALISATION OF SWARUP OF MAN THROUGH RENUNCIATION AND NAME

Rightly has a philosopher stated "man is a mortal belief. What a man thinketh so he is". Our thoughts of previous life determine our present life, as our present life's activities, meditation and contemplation shall determine the next. Such is the force of thought. Hence the *Sūfī* decides to remember the Lord always, and he gains emancipation. For the rule holds good.

Whatever a man lovest, that become he must,
God if he lovest God, dust if he loves dust.

We have both the elements in us—the God element, and the earthly. The first is pulling us up to the heavens and the other calling us down to the earth. If you contemplate on your country or any other worldly activity, your next life will bring you back to that country and soil, and the scale of evolution in which ye shall be born will be determined by your *Karma,* good or bad. Both Kabir and Trilochan Das have sung, on the basis of *Shastras,* how this future birth is decided. Says Trilochan Dąs:

O my friend, forget not to repeat the Name of the Lord,
If not remembering it ye shall contemplate on wealth
At the hour of death, ye shall be veritably reborn as a snake,
If at the hour of death ye shall be pondering on thy wife,
Verily, ye shall be reborn a prostitute over and over again.
If a son shall be the subject of thy contemplation at the hour of death,
Ye shall be reborn a boar.
He who leaves this body with his thoughts rivetted on his mansion,
Is born as a hobgoblin and an evil spirit.
He alone is saved, who remembers Lord Krishna at the hour of death,
Him the Lord who dons the *Pitambar*, the beautiful, Blue-complexioned-One companionates."

(*Sri Guru Granth Sahib*)
(*For text vide appendix—Item no. 1*)

Such being the terrible consequence of leading a gross worldly life, the only option left for us is to renounce the world at once and resort to the worship and remembrance of the Lord.

PART I: SUFI SAINTS

Coming now to the subject-matter of this book, the first part contains sketches of the Sūfis. About these Sūfis let us see what they preach.

RELIGION AND PATH OF SUFIS DESCRIBED BY SULTAN ABU SAID IN HIS QUATRAINS

Real religion dwells amidst rags; far from the haunts of the Kings. The Sūfī dons the wool sack, thereby revealing the thought of renunciation that rules his mind. To understand Sūfism one will have to live it by associating with the Sūfis. Their religion can be culled out of their sayings.

You will know much of it from the sketches of Sarmad, Farīd, Latīf, Bullah Shah and Nazīr given here. Although they were mystics of Sind, the Punjab and United Provinces, they drew a wealth of knowledge and experience from the writings of the Sufis of Irān like Hāfiz, Rūmi, Sanāi, Sādī and others, and from the Arabian Saints, like Rābiā, Ibn Arabi and others. Therefore a short study of that Iranian and Arabian Sufism is also given here. Briefly the cult of the Sūfīs I shall give by quoting from the illustrious Sultān Abū Said Abul Khair, the first Iranian mystic dervish who in his long life full of experiences and ecstasies wrote only 420 couplets styled Rubaiyats or Quatrains and there is no gainsaying the fact that they represent the Sūfī creed vividly. Says he: (for text of the quatrains see appendix item II, 1–50).

1

Whosoever ye be – an infidel, idolater, the Jew or any one besides – and even though the vow of fidelity thou mayest have broken, mind it not – come! Ye are welcome in our company – in the lane of Love of the Beloved.

(*Vide app. Item II* [1]).

2

Why condemn Mansūr-bin-Hallaj? He was a great saint who transcending the body-consciousness dwelt with the Lord. It was not Mansūr who said, 'I am Truth' but God Himself (for he had long ceased to exist in his self).

(*Vide app. Item II* [2]).

3

Instead of tears, the blood drops fill my eyes, because, I yearn intensely for the sight of the Beloved. My friends advise me to enjoy a nap. I reply, Ye heedless one! Is it the moment for sleep? (*Vide app. Item II* [3]).

4

From eternity whosoever Thy Lover became – rose above ceremonials, namely offering homage, both in the temple and the mosque. For the lover parting and meeting

make no difference, nor the fear of hell nor hope of heaven affect him, who dwells above ego-consciousness.

(*Vide app. Item II* [4]).

5

My eyes are wasted by tears issuing from them, and the body through pining has dwindled off. It is well to live without body – after making its sacrifice to Thy Love. I ask how can I weep, if I have ceased to exist? When I was turned into a Beloved, where remained then the Lover?

(*Vide app. Item II* [5]).

6

Dost Thou consider that on death I shall give up loving Thee. Ah No! Even twenty years after I have lain in the tomb if some passerby will take up a pinch of dust off my sepulchre, I shall ask of him only this question – 'How fares it with my Beloved!' (*Vide app. Item II* [6]).

7

Counting the rosary is good and even the carrying off the cups of wine is not without benefit. If Thou asketh what should I carry to the Beloved in answer, I have an advice to give, whatever thou carriest, let it be steeped in love. (*Vide app. Item II* [7]).

8

The agony of Thy separation has its weight like that of a mountain. I was crushed by its weight and by its fire my whole body was burnt. Thy Love consumed blood in my veins and turned it to ashes. I learned this when instead of tears of blood came ashes from my eyes.

(*Vide app. Item II* [8]).

9

O my dear one! O my Beloved! I suffer through torture of Thy separation – Thou repository of Happiness! The people of the world ask me – Is paradise not better than this? I answer. Without Thee Paradise is turned for me into a hell. (*Vide app. Item II* [9]).

10

Although like unto the forests numerous are the sins of Thy devotees, yet before the glance of Thy compassion, they are like unto a straw. If boat-full be our sins, I fear not, for like unto a dashing current of a river flows Thy mercy. (*Vide app. Item II* [10]).

11

This body is sinking under the weight of sins. If Thou succour not, who will companionate it? True, I have no *Sadhna,* devotion or worship to my credit, but do I not take shelter under Thy Grace?

(*Vide app. Item II* [11]).

12

I am a blazing fire, devotees call me Love of the Beloved. I am a fire that burneth both the Creeds of Religion and Heresy. My ways are different as also my tenets of Faith. The Prophet of Love is born neither in Iran nor in Arabia.

(*Vide app. Item II* [12]).

13

The Lovers of God are constituted of different material; they are birds who belong to different gardens (than of the world). Seek not to analyse their ways. With your fleshy eyes and intellect, judge them not, they have renounced all hopes and aspirations both of this world and of the next. (*Vide app. Item II* [13]).

14

He who becomes a pilgrim in Thy Lane of Love, he offers obeisance neither in the mosque nor in the temple. If in the Kāaba You let loose the Knot of Thy tresses, Islam would desire to woo the rosary (take to idol worship).

(*Vide app. Item II* [14]).

15

At Kirtan yesterday Thy fragrance reached me and the divine mysteries revealed themselves to me. Truly this Kirtan is really music of the Soul which carries thee to the Beloved in an instant. (*Vide app. Item II* [15]).

16

So long as ye be, a prey to egoism, thy pride shall not obtain for thee the glimpse of Divine Light. Renunciation which even the Prophet Mohammed praises does not fall to the lot of any one so long as one does not shed tears of blood. (*Vide app. Item II* [16]).

17

Why does the Sufi dance in Kirtan? Because unable to bear the fire of Separation, he seeks thus to have some peace and comfort. This the wise one knows, for he has seen that when the mother swings the child in the cradle it gets much relief from pain. (*Vide app. Item II* [17]).

18

Blessed is the moment passed in Thy remembrance. Blessed is the moment passed in the narration of Thy deeds. I am an offering unto the eyes, who enjoy Thy beatific vision and kiss the feet of those devotees, that wander in Thy Lane of Love. (*Vide app. Item II* [18]).

19

Who received the commission from the Office of Love — his face turned pale and he wept tears of blood. I am veritably a surrender to Love's Agony wherein it dwells; and a sacrifice unto him in whose heart dwells pang of Love. (*Vide app. Item II* [19]).

20

The tear that falleth in Thy separation I turn into a pearl and with the thread of life I make a rosary of it and with these beads in hand I seat myself in the heart's cell of solitude and repeat Thy Name counting it with the breaths I take. (*Vide app. Item II* [20]).

21

Life without passion is death indeed. Be ye the seeker after the goal. It matters not, if ye lose thy life in the pursuit. Death in the pursuit of the Path of Love is life indeed, but without Love, you are dead even though you appear as living. (*Vide app. Item II* [21]).

22

I lay sad in my bed, downcast and laden with the thought of the weight of my sins. The Voice came from High, 'O, Dervish! away with dejection. His Grace transcends thy sins.' (*Vide app. Item II* [22]).

23

In me I myself have applied the Match Stick—to complain of another therefore is futile. None is my enemy but myself. I therefore lament by myself.

(*Vide app. Item II* [23]).

24

My face does not show any signs of my being the Faithful (Moslem). Better than me is the European's Dog. My condition is so fallen that the Hell and its dwellers turn their face aside from me. (*Vide app. Item II* [24]).

25

There was a day when I could boast of being a lion. On whomsoever I dashed I devoured him. And today when I find myself netted in Love — even the fox can dare to snatch away my share from my hands.

(*Vide app. Item II* [25]).

26

I drink wine and yet a teetotaller desire to be. Steeped in worldliness, I hope for a good end. Ah! it is impossible to cherish ideas of worldliness and salvation simultaneously. It means ye shall gain neither.

(*Vide app. Item II* [26]).

27

I wasted my life in vain desires. In every act, the very life-blood I drained. Only suffering fell to my lot in everything I did. Now that I have withdrawn my hand from everything, I am at peace and happy.

(*Vide app. Item II* [27]).

28

Since my Beloved left me, simultaneously did peace, joy and intelligent discrimination leave me. To such a height did my madness develop, that even Majnūn came to console me to hold peace and rest in patience.

(*Vide app. Item II* [28]).

29

My Beloved! Thy love hath burnt me to ashes, yet I have no complaint to make. Only hear my prayers "Till Thou hold me in Thy embrace I shall pass my days shedding tears of blood." (*Vide app. Item II* [29]).

30

Placing my head on thy dagger I live prepared to sacrifice my life for Thy love. I am impotent if Thy love I forsake, and I verily am an infidel if I do not cherish the madness of Thy love. (*Vide app. Item II* [30]).

31

What are my credentials that I may claim Thy love and love-sickness and get a particle thereof? It behoves me not even to pronounce the sacred syllable 'Love'. Of course, I am totally unfit to style myself a lover .

(*Vide app. Item II* [31]).

32

Fill me Beloved One by Thy Grace and to Thy slave disclose the secrets of love. My heart has been torn to shreds by this understanding and pursuit of knowledge. Make me mad for Thee and set me free from the bondage of learning. (*Vide app. Item II* [32]).

33

Turn me a Dervish and let me not visit the door of the Kings for alms. Never for a moment let me soil my woolsack (baptismal robe). Falling into the mouth of a serpent is better than seeking wealth and riches in the world. By all means fall into the well and kill thyself than

aspire for fame and name. (*Vide app. Item II* [33]).

34

Faith and infidelity lose their separateness and entity when thou art drowned in the ocean of Oneness (Unity of Existence). So I advise thee to transcend thy ego (separate existence). Follow ye the line of Belief, remembering all the time that it is better to embrace a cobra than to fall a victim to ego. (*Vide app. Item II* [34]).

35

When a needle-point serves as a deep veil to hide the Face of the Beloved, it behoves thee to renounce all and concentrate on Him with unswerving one-pointed devotion. Bid adieu to ego. If ye cannot renounce, then forget your Lord, for then alone can ye carry on your love with your wealth and your dependents. (*Vide app. Item II* [35]).

36

To the physician I went and mentioned my Pain (of Love). He advised me 'Away from all talk of world and woo silence.' I asked what food should I take? He answered, 'Drink the blood of thy heart shed in agony of separation.' And when I asked what should I avoid, he said, 'Desire of the two worlds'. (*Vide app. Item II* [36]).

37

His lover, steeped in His love becomes a veritable enemy of his life. This love makes his home desolate, and turns him into a wanderer. He wanders as a pilgrim from door to door seeking His grace. Although He is nearer than the jugular vein (in the spinal chord) yet He is not visible. (*Vide app. Item II* [37]).

38

We treasure a heart which cannot be engaged into any activity. Of course, it can draw a thousand sighs in every breath. O my heart! hear my mandate, not till the very dust of the wilderness covers my head shouldst thou cease

thy wail for the Beloved. (*Vide app. Item II* [38]).

39

I have heard Ye forgiveth him whose heart (pining for Thee) is shattered into a thousand bits. O Lord! such is my heart. I await Thy orders. O Beloved! Why withholdeth Thou Thine Hand of Grace from me, Thy suppliant?

(*Vide app. Item II* [39]).

40

Verily the shower is welcome for the farmer whilst the mad Majnūn woos the thorns of the wilderness. The pious crave for the fair damsels of Paradise, whilst I crave, O Lord, only for Pain (of thy Love).

(*Vide app. Item II* [40]).

41

My heart and soul is a sacrifice to the dust of Thy Abode. If Ye order me by making my eyes the feet to come to Thee I shall obey. 'O Pilgrim! Ye know not the secret of love – he who carries the head (is not dead to all desires) never knoweth love's secret. (*Vide app. Item II* [41]).

42

Ye seeth my eyes filled with tears of blood and the eyelashes dripping blood. Why do you ask the reason? The cause is that my heart is turned sore and steeped in blood, and raising itself through the path of the eyes it seeks to peep and have Thy blessed vision.

(*Vide app. Item II* [42]).

43

These seekers after world-victims of Desire owe allegiance to the infidel and unbeliever Pharaoh who persecuted Moses. In all ages they have fought with the Lord and disowned Him whilst these unbelievers have bowed their heads to Mammon. (*Vide app. Item II* [43]).

44

My heart is rift with the pain of His love. Tears always

flow from my eyes whilst sighs I draw constantly. That is love which burns all worldliness. Genuine pain is that which knows no respite (but in His Vision).

(*Vide app. Item II* [44]).

45

Thy obeisance and surrender shall not be accepted by Him, till thou dost not forsake all attachments. From duality thou shalt not be freed, so long as the world and thy ego do not leave thee. (*Vide app. Item II* [45]).

46

I am released from the bondage of the two worlds. Endowed with rare qualities, unique and high-souled I have become. I am mad after my (higher) Self, and I have entered the wilderness, full of love and sweet pain for Him.

(*Vide app. Item II* [46]).

47

Sometimes the flowing tresses of Lailā Thou art and verily at other times the madness of Majnūn. In the beauty of Joseph Thou appearest at times and to woo him, Ye turneth into a Zuleikhā. (*Vide app. Item II* [47]).

48

Nothing short of a heart is a fair present to the Lord. The pain of His Love is to be cherished. Cry not for its cure. Who cherish His Love do not complain of His causing the pain. Ye must realise the greatness of those who cherish this pain! (*Vide app. Item II* [48]).

49

Forsake Duality if in Unity ye aspire to dwell. If the High place ye seek, give up egoism. Unless ye discard first head and feet (discrimination and *Sadhana*), ye cannot pursue the Path of Love. (*Vide app. Item II* [49]).

50

The world is the road that leadeth to the Abode of Love, whilst Paradise is a stage on the way. The Enlightened

Lover discards the one and transcends the other. He has his aim at the goal—the lotus feet of the Eternal Friend. (*Vide app. Item II* [50]).

JAMI AND RUMI ON ESSENTIALS OF SUFISM

These aforesaid are the essentials of practical Sūfism as portrayed by a great Sūfī poet Abu Said. They can be stated now in terms of Rūmī and others. Before doing that I should like to draw attention to the beautiful analytical way in which the subject is dealt with in *Isrār Ul Ārfin*. It states: "The Qurān says that the Lord created man to offer obeisances to Him and to worship Him. Accepting this position of a humble slave to the Lord, he should constantly remember Him, and contemplate on His attributes (virtues). In every tiny object even he should see His glory and sing His praise. But He shall be visible everywhere only to the discerning eye and not to everybody."

Bargey darakhtān Sabzdar nazre hoshyar,
Har warqey daftareyst mārfatey kardigār.

(In the eyes of the enlightened every green leaf is manifesting the Secret of Love of Creator.)

TAUHID OR UNITY-CONSCIOUSNESS

Every tiny leaf is verily a page recording His omnipotence. Therefore, it behoves us to pass our time wholly in His remembrance to the exclusion of any other work or duty. How is this possible? What are these practices that shall interest us so much as to cheerfully compel us to withdraw ourselves from everything worldly and ephemeral and rivet our attention on Him. Let us learn that secret from the adept (*Murshid*), the Teacher in the Path (*Gita.*, Ch. IV 34, 35). This knowledge, which is incumbent on every faithful man or woman is styled *Tasawwuf* (Sūfism). It is poles apart from ecclesiasticism, ritualism, institutionalism or academical study of the world about which the Sufi Jāmī says: (vide *Lawaah* p. 5)

Ay sālik rāhey sakhun ze har bāb magöy,
Juz rāhey asūbey rabey arbāb mapoy,
Chun illatey tafarqā ast asbābey jahān,
Jamiyatey dil ze jāmā asbāb majoy,
Aye dil talabey kamāl dar madarsā chand,
Takmiley asul wā hikmat wā hindsā chand
Har fikr ki juz zikrey khudā waswasāst
Sharmey ze khuda bedār yin waswasā chandi

Ye treader of the Path! Concern thyself with the subject of Reality, the Lord. Multiplicity (world) shall only distract thee and disturb the peace of thy mind. Seek not tranquillity in the affairs of the World[6] O my heart! no more of the study of alphabets, philosophy or mathematics. Remember any contemplation but on God is damnable and takes us away from Him.

Jāmi further adds:

"Tauhid baarafeys Sūfi sāhibey sayr,
Takhlisey dil as tawajjah ust ba ghair" (Lawaah)

Attainment of Unity-consciousness, the absorption in God, that is the real knowledge to be learnt by the Sūfi. It demands disengaging thought from every thing creaturely

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[6] Cp. St. Bernard who declares "all the time thou occupiest not with God is accounted unto thee as lost....The best preparation I know for heaven is having no home among externals: and the dictum of Eckhart is really in point when he says: "Unity unifies multiplicity but multiplicity unites not unity."

St. John's view on this subject is worth noting "Live in this world as though there were in it but God and thy soul" and St. Paul's "Grace is the greatest gift of God. When the time is full Grace is born. Time is fulfilled when time is done. He who in time has his heart established in eternity and in whom all temporal are dead, in him is the fullness of Time. Rejoice in God all the time. He rejoices all the time who rejoices above time and apart from time. Three things prevent a man from knowing God at all – time, body and multiplicity or number. As long as these are in me God is not in me, nor is He working in me really."

Says Augustine: "Because the soul is greedy, because she wants to have and hold so much therefore she reaches into time and snatching at the things of time and number loses what she already has. (Eck. Vol I p. 227).

and contemplating exclusively on God. The heart must be cleaned of non-God.

EVERYTHING NOT GOD MUST GO

So also does Al-ghazalli say, "The Sūfī must divest his soul of all that is not God and decorate it with the remembrance of God..... Harbouring any thought in mind but of God is an ugly desire, the womb of suffering and eternal damnation. Bayazid Bistāmi says:

Neko masley shuno ze pirey Islām
Az dānā tamā babar ki rusti azdam.
Learn this advice from the great Islamic Teacher:
Give up all worldly desires for they are gains that lure you to the net of suffering.

And fearlessly they lived what they taught. One reads with thrill, awe and wonder of the wooing of Dame Poverty by them. Algazalli, would often say, "The business of the Sūfī is only with God. Get ye away from me who come to discuss topics of learning that lead not to nearness and knowledge of God. This academic knowledge shall not help thee in the pursuit of the Path."

The argument of Jāmī is simple: "One heart can treasure only one love at a time" and a Sūfī is dead to all thoughts and ambitions of his own, and only the Lord's acts and works manifest through Him.

Alghazalli in his *Al Ahya* quoting from Hazrat Shāfī states the ONLY TRUTH:

"Love of world and Love of God cannot dwell together at one place. Who states to contrary is a liar."

(*Lubābal Ahya* Vol. I p. 9)

And his memorable words regarding the ways of the Saints and the Pandits and Maulvis are worth pondering:

"They are learned in the Godly knowledge who would not sell their faith for filthy lucre. They are familiar with the despicable nature of the world and about

the effulgence of life lived in the Lord. He who does not distinguish between these two is never learned nor wise. And if knowing this, he does not practise it, while preaching it, verily he is a robber who robs the Faithful of their faith. Ye must avoid him for he is of devil's company. Who cares for after-life, can be recognised by his distaste for every thing worldly. And this could not be otherwise, for except a fool, one, who has got the jewel will never like to keep with it in his fist a glass bead. There are four veils in the path of God realization viz., wealth, honour, fame and fanaticism. Give them up and believe in what the Lord says in the Qurān: "Who practise austerities for My sake, I show them the path." (*Ibid* p. 193)

COMPLETE SURRENDER TO GOD IS SINE QUA NON

Whom the Lord loves the world hates. He seeth not the world whose eyes are rivetted on God. In effect he says with St. John of Cross:

"The soul that desires God to surrender Himself to it wholly, must surrender itself to Him wholly and leave nothing for itself and aspire to walk in solitude with God." Beautifully does Jāmi, the Sūfi poet portray similar feelings:

Ze āmezish jān wa tan tuyi maqsoodam,
Wā ze murdano zistan tuye maqsoodam,
Tu der nabri ki man baraftam ze myan
Gar man goyam zemān tuye maqsoodam.

The goal of my body and soul, art Thou alone, O Lord! I live and die only for Thy service O Lord! Wherever I go I seek Thee. If 'I' has left me linger not away from me. And if I say 'I', this "I" also connotes Thee.

Similar is the feeling expressed by St. Teresa addressing the nuns. She says:

"Oh my sisters, how forgetful of her case, how unmindful of honours, and how far from seeking men's esteem

should be the soul God thus chooses for His special dwelling-place. For if her mind is fixed on Him, she *must* needs forget herself; all her thoughts are bent on how to please Him better and how and when she can show the love she bears Him." (*Inner Castle* p. 238).

True this renunciation is difficult, but there is no alternative. One has to pass through it, but God helps him who is serious.

A beautiful instance is given showing how the Lord strengthens such individual's determination. Whilst the apostle Peter was trying to flee from the tortures at the hands of his Roman persecutors, who else but Christ would he meet on the way! Surprised at the apparition he questioned, "Lord, where art thou going?" In all seriousness the apparition answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified anew." As Peter knelt, the vision disappeared. Peter returned to Rome and offered himself for crucifixion.

Teresa always taught "Fix your eyes on the crucified One and all will be easy," and would add: "Do you know what it is to be truly spiritual? It is for men to make themselves the slaves of God branded with His mark, which is the Cross; and since they have given Him their freedom, He can sell them as slaves to the whole world as He was which would not be doing them wrong but no small kindness. Unless you make up your minds to this never expect to make progress."...

"Very foolish are they who delay? What can repay the loss of time of a moment in searching the Lord.....Oh! what a mockery is everything in this world that does not help us to attain to the state of rapture! Even if all earthly pleasure could last till eternity, all is disappointing and base compared to the eternal joy of Union."

And as the lucky soul proceeds observing fasts, practising austerities, and losing itself entirely in contemplation

and meditations, comes Grace in its way, and divine spiritual experiences cross its path till the climax is reached. Very remarkable is the soul's experience, when the 7th mansion of union with the Lord is entered. Then it rebukes itself for the delay, "Ah! to have lived away from such a loving God, who 'foolishly loved me' ardently and passionately was waiting for me while I was engrossed with wretched life—miserable time. Blessed are they who lose themselves for God!"

NATURE OF FINAL EXPERIENCE

This holy pilgrimage when it ends and the Lord in His Majesty stands clasping the soul—ah! the glory of the moment when senses are suspended and soul ravished, for however short a time. It is a joy that inebriates life for ever. Then does the erstwhile sojourner feel, 'if it had a thousand lives to spend them all over God, and if all creatures were turned into tongues it could not praise Him on this account'. This meeting and subsequent parting, wake up in the soul an ardent desire for death, for it can bear separation no more. All appears mock tenderness compared to the soothing embrace of the Lord. Tears, sighs and inarticulate expressions alone seem to give it constant company and it seeks no others. Passing through this state St. Augustine cried out, "O man! Live not in quiescent aridity, waiting and expecting miracles to be wrought. Ye must seek." This is the call of dynamic mysticism. He adds, "His grace is ever coming, falling on us like rain, but if the seed of love be in thee, it shall be cherished and nourished by it." The words of Sheikh Sādi of Iran are to the same effect when he says:

Ay ğharrā bā rahmatey khudāwand,
Dar rahmatey wö kasey che goyad,
Har chand muassar ast bārān
Ta dānā nāfgani na royad.

Very right is thy faith and pride in His Grace,

And true it is that it works like rain shower,
On a tilled field. But to what avail all
Shower if ye have not sown the field!

TENSE MOMENT OF RESTLESSNESS

It is when extreme point of restlessness is reached that Grace comes at a terrific speed, and it is at this stage that the devotee takes shelter under the divine attribute of mercy and forgiveness (Maghfarat wā rahmat) in the Lord.. It is here that he is in supplication and offering obeisance says: "The seeker and the Lord can never be replaced one by the other. Beware lest ye proclaim Creature is become the Creator. Never can the worshipper become the worshipped."

Says Abū Said:

O Lord! It behoves me only to be ravished by Thy glory and to praise and never even dream to utter the sinful words 'I am God!'

Gar bar taney man zabān shud har möye
Ek shukr to az hazār na tawanam kard.

If every part of my body be turned into a tongue I shall not be able to praise Thee even for one amongst millions of gifts Ye hath showered on me.

Dardam nihān ba ze tabibane mudayi
Bashid Ki az khazānay ghaibam dawa kunand.'

O Lord! hear me and cure me of the madness of separation, for to whom should I approach for cure but Thee, the Hidden Divine Treasure.

I simply pity them who learning Thee, their Creator, all Omnipotent and Merciful, approach His creation and make surrender before the creature.

Besides, are not all governed by predestination? One who has entered the seventh spiritual mansion says with Hafiz: "Ghafil masho Ki karey to az nala mi rawad."

Be alert—thy business is to shed tears—to court suffering

or pray for death[7]. And in this stage of crowning experience, preceding total absorption and union, when the wailing soul, sees Him in all creatures, in his madness she runs to the Cuckoo and says:

Aey matrabey Khus, Kā Kā tu Ki Ki wā mun Köo Köo;
Tu dak dak wā mun Hak Hak tu hī hī wā mun höo höo.
Ay shakley darakhtey gul ay natikey amar kal;
Tu kabak sifat böo böo mun fākhtā sān köo köo.

"Yes, ye go on with your wail whilst I shall give thee company with my wail, O sweet bird!

"And if one were to ask me, what means your contracting this new companionship? Applauding the creepers and trees, I shall answer: Do you forget what Attār has taught?"

"One day as he was passing a tree in the wilderness he heard it cry, "Oh! my Love where art thou!" and he learnt man's business lay only in that cry "Oh! my Love where art Thou?" We are higher in the state of evolution than trees, why do we sit silent and not wail and sigh like them." And this quest and this surrender must continue till the last breath:

Andrum rāh mi tarash wa mi kharash,
Ta damey ākhir damey mi fariqh bash.

Continue to fight against darkness till the very end, so that its veil be torn to shreds. Then is the height of contemplation reached, the acme meditation (*marāqbāh*) is attained when the mind is so firmly centred and is resting on the Unity – Truth, that at no moment it can revert to any mundane activity or object. This is the stage of complete absorption (*istighrāq*). There even an obeisance is accepted by the Lord by His appearing Himself before the devotee. Before this stage is reached, who can recount the misery of the period of travail which at the outset, (on entry) demands total renunciation? No worship, when

[7] Cp. Teresa – 'Let me suffer or die".

the mind is engaged in mundane pursuits, is acceptable to the Lord:

"Tā tarkey alāyaq wā awāyaq na kunī
Ek sijdā shāyistā lāyaq nā kunī.
Haqqa ki ze damey lat wa izza na rahi
Tā tarkey khud wā jumla khalāyaq nā kunī."

Till thou hast renounced all relationship with the world and discarded all (possessions) no obeisance made by thee is acceptable to the Lord. So love of the Lord demands your giving up all possessions and thy ego.

Sufi Rumi voices the same feeling thus: "Disturb not the flow of the world, let it go on as it is going on."[8]

Dar Ālamey jahān bā hösh mi bayed bud,
Dar Kare jahān khamosh bāyad bud.

"If ye desire to wake up in the living world of supreme spiritual consciousness, then die to this world of dead-consciousness" and advises, while giving hope:

Ay birādar chu āqbat khākast,
khak shau pesh az ān ki khāq shawi.

O my brother, before death turns thee into dust, of your accord turn to dust (become egoless, and humble) so that ye gain life eternal.

Chashm band wā gosh band wa lab baband
Gar nā yābi sirrey haq bar ma ba khand

And this ye can achieve if ye close thine eyes, ears and lips, and I promise the Divine Voice shall reveal the supreme Secret to thee which ye cannot hear so long as thy ears hear the worldly sounds.

Both Tennyson and Shelley point to the appearance of the 'still small voice's guidance in the developed soul thus.

Sings Tennyson:

Who forged that other influence,

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[8] Cp the English mystic: Every act which is not an activity for God constitutes a veil that warps the vision of God. If the Divine Plan were revealed to you, you could only obey and not try to improve.

4813 दिल्ली पब्लिक लाइब्रेरी कश्मीरी रेमी स्मारक

The heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts about the sense.

as also Shelley eulogises this unstruck sound:

The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers.
(*The Triumph of Life*)

The mystic sees mutability written on every page of Creation, and 'determinism' seems to rule the Universe. This latter subject is dealt under the new caption which follows and is very relevant to the subject.

PREDESTINATION OR FREE WILL

The Sufi enjoins: Fear not death, and provide not for the morrow—in other words, believe in thy Beloved's omnipotence, and omniscience—this is Predestination's Gospel in Practice. He says, "Ye waste your time on those children and kinship whose beginning and end is in uneternity, and transcience."

Ay Shamā terī umrey tabayī hai yek rāt
Chahey usey hans kar chāhey rō kar guzar dey.

O, candle of my life! short is thy span of existence, for a night and then no more. Then why shed tears on the losses in the World? — tears and laughter should make no difference to thee.

When at the very outset the Sūfī is convinced of its ephemeral nature and learns by force of *Karm-phal* (fruit of actions) of former lives, we are tossed recklessly in the world, he raises his hands in prayers and says:

Darmiyāney qārey daryā takhtā bandam kar dayī
Bāz mī goyī ki dāman tar makun hoshiyār bāsh.

Thou hast tied me to the plank of the world of qualities and then thrown me into the ocean of metempsychosis and now dost ask me to beware, lest my garments get wet!

Again this echo of predestination teaches the gospel of renunciation. An Indian Sufi expresses it thus:

Ghāfilō! nashay daulat se nā bahkō,

Dekhna Kāsaye sar Kasye sayil högā
Gulayzaron kö jö madfun nā Kareṇ qabroṇ men
Sitahey Khāq se paidākyā kabhī gulzār hogā?

Ye infatuated with the luxuries of the world, lose not yourself in wealth. Remember one day thy skull so full of vanity today shall be turned into a beggar's bowl. Dost thou not see, if fair faces of the world had not turned to dust in the tombs could beautiful and fragrant flowers of myriad colours come out of the earth?

In death (of the uneternal) is life (eternal) hidden as in the death of seed the tree's birth is hidden. So the advice of the Sūfī, "die to the world to be reborn in the Lord."

Yin baqā az fanā rā yaftey,
Az fanā pus roo chara bar tāftī.
Zāṇ fannhā che ziyāṇ budat ki tā
Bar baqā chaspidyay ay benawa.
Dar fanāhāh yiṇ baqay diday
Bar baqay jism chun khapsidyay. (Rumi)

Why this fear of death, and why this love of transient life? When ye know in death is new life hidden.

(Vide *Gita* 11-12)

Such experiences and meditations on such lines lead us to think of the state of our helplessness. Once the consciousness of sinfulness, the law of Predestination and above all the quality of Grace and the unbounded Merciful nature of the Lord is remembered, two points come out in the forefront to the Sūfī. First a faith in His mercy that it shall not permit Him to deny His vision to the devotee and consequently He shall take him with Himself to His abode of Eternal Beatitude:

Maghfarat Kā tālib hö aur uskey lutf par bharosā rakh,
Khudā ki rahmat par maghröor ho aur apney gunahon se dar.

Depend on the mercy and grace of God, but beware of sin.

Incidentally this faith of the Sūfī is the fruit of his belief in monotheism, that "no other God exists but Allāh".

Constant pondering on the mutability of the World ever reminds the Sūfī of death and consequently urges him to a life of sinlessness. His pathetic expressions:

Ay shamā subāh hotī hay rötī hay kis liye,
Thorī si rah gayī hay use bhi guzār de
Böoye gul nalaya dil dud chiraghe mahfil
Jö terī bazm se niklā so pareshāṇ niklā.

Why weepeth thou O, Candle; calm thyself and rest; soon the lap of twilight shall give thee peace, no more burning shall be thy lot. A little span of thy life is left, pass it away also.... What is seen in this world? Who ever passed through thine courtyard but came out with a bleeding heart—I noticed it in the tear of the candle, in the wail of the nightingale and in the smoke of the fire....

How many secrets and tales throbbing with life are hidden in the tears and agonies of the mystics we shall speak later when we shall quote from the great Iranian mystic Maghrabi. Here we have only to say with Rumi:

Chun ki qufti kufray maṇ khwāh dilast
Khwāh Khud rā niz ham midan ki hast,
Zāṇ ki bekhwāh tu khud kufr to neyst
Kufr be khwāhish tanaqus guftyest.

Non-belief and faith are all dependent on the mercy of God. It is by His wish that one is a believer and the other a heretic. On determinism in the realm of spirituality Rūmī often insists when he is speaking about the advanced Sūfī.

In short, every activity is subservient to the Divine Will. I must emphasise that Jelāluddin Rūmī is speaking of the Sūfī who has reached the climax of realization—for him there is no free will—he is a total surrender to the Lord. Of course, the beginner has to work out his salvation and tread the path; he has to do virtuous acts. There is much of free will for him in a sense, although looking from a critical point of view and remembering that even

the celestial beings are all bound by His mandates, the term free will shall have to be employed in a qualified sense. For a non-discerning eye at the early stage, there seems to be free will but as he advances free will is replaced by determinism, i.e. predestination. Beautiful illustrations are offered by the Sūfīs that make one ponder. Says he, if a deer could control his action, why should not everyone produce the fragrant musk? All this teaches man to bow his head to Him, who is the Creator, in all humility. Real strength lies in thy obeisance to thy Lord, and in the destruction of egoism in thee. It is faithlessness and unbelief in God that is the bane of materialism and so long as man prefers to be ruled by ego, suffering shall never cease. The salvation of humanity lies in spirituality and in religion of Love. This is called Mysticism, Sūfism or Vedanta or Bhakti, and the primary requisite for it is Renunciation—then does disinterested worship of Divinity start, else all bowing to sensuality is the gateway to damnation and perdition.

SEVEN STAGES IN SUFI'S ITINERARY

As to the spiritual stages through which the Sūfī passes, I may say that as amongst the Christians, so also amongst them they are seven. Attār in his *Mantaquttair*, (The Colloquy of Birds) portrays the pilgrimage of the ardent soul thus. He enumerates the stages in the Path as follows:

(1) *'Talab'* (Yearning) for Union with God. This quest demands complete renunciation of possessions and relationships in the world. One has to play a Majnūn passing time in trying to collect particles of dust wherewith to prepare an effigy of Lailā.

(2) *'Ishq'* (Love): The entrance is not for those who care for a good end – entry into paradise. In this one gets peace not for a moment. One has to give up desire for name and fame altogether. Even all faith and virtue must

be burnt off on Love's Altar as a Sati burns with her husband's body on the pyre. Even learning and knowledge must be bidden good-bye to. Banishing even hope of a meeting, pain of separation is wooed. One is to become a corpse whilst living. The case of Majnun illustrates it. Majnun in his love for a sight of Lailā put on the skin of sheep, and mixing amongst the cattle of Lailā, walking on hands and feet like a sheep proceeded to enjoy a glimpse of his beloved even from a distance. The instant he saw her he fell senseless. When a friend recognised him and offered him a costly dress, he refused, saying, "the best dress for me is the sheep's skin that got me my beloved's vision."

(3) *'Marfat'* (Enlightenment): Here the devotee sees Him as the Supreme Effulgence in every particle of creation. He is now in the world which has no compeer in this world nor in Paradise. He knoweth no sleep, becomes totally careless of it and the day is passed in bewilderment. The Lovers in this state really appear to be formed and kneaded in love's earth (particles of dust).

(4) *'Istaghrāk'* or *Fanā* (Absorption): In this state there is height of despondency – like unto the passage into the Dark Night of Soul. It is something akin to one's feeling like Susö and crying in misery, "You ask where is my resignation? but tell me first where is the infinite pity of God for His friends."..... and follows the shriek "Come to my help for without Thee I am lost".

(5) *'Tauhīd'* (Unity consciousness): Experiencing God permeating all as (Timeless) Unity amidst multiplicity (in time). It is an experience similar to that of the Buddhist adept who when his wound was being bandaged was asked, "Who struck him"? answered, "He who has bandaged me".

It is in this state in which the Sūfi says, "Who am I to

dare to offer obeisance to Thee when I am a mere shadow before Thee, O Sun?" An identical note is struck by a contemporary mystic, the late Miss Simone Weil who, said, 'how can I a gnat, dare to be reverent.' Commenting on her works says Mr. Hugh. A. Fausset:

So scrupulously on guard was she against self-will that she feared even to pray lest she should interfere with God's will for her and she insisted that even in the way of goodness we must do nothing more than we are irresistibly compelled to do. (*Aryan Path*, Feb. 1953. p. 81).

Says the Sūfī, "till duality and consciousness of the World is not lost this stage is not reached, and when it is reached He alone is left. I am obliterated". Rūmī states his experience thus:

Chīst Tauhidey Khudā āmokhtan,
Khistan rā peshey wāhid sokhtam
Gar hamī khahi ki bafrozī chu roz
Hasti ham chun shamā shab khud ra basoz.

'What is Tauhīd?' Consume thy identity in the 'Fire' of Supreme Consciousness. If ye wants to shine bright in that Unity, burn thyself as the candle does in the night.

(6) *'Hairat'* (Amazement): It is a stage when the seeker sees the glorious sight that strikes him dumb and he cries out.

Mardey Āshiq Hun Wale Kis ko Kahun,
Nā Musalman hun nā kafir hun Jahöon
Ishq merey ki mujhe kuch nahin khabar,
Hay walekin ishq kā dil par asar.

I know I am the lover, yet dare not speak it out to any one. For neither am I the faithful nor the faithless, I belong neither to the company of the believer nor the heretic. Of my Love I myself am ignorant; only this much I know, I feel its effect.

It is a state when one walketh, talketh, feeleth and speaketh as in a dream, yet no mere somnambulism, but

stern reality that leaves impress for life and paves the way to further spiritual advance[9]. (Vide ADDENDA)

(7) *'Fuqr Wā Fanā'*: Annihilation of ego, the lower self and rebirth into the greater self-absorption into the Lord and Unity.

It is here that the total effacement of body-consciousness takes place. It is a rapture and ecstacy not merely momentary but firm and eternal. Man is reborn in Godhead. It is the goal and climax of Sūfi's realization.

MONOTHEISM — CORNER-STONE OF ISLAMIC SUFISM IN ARABIA

In the *Isrārul Ārfin*, the assembly of saints states that the corner-stones of Sūfi philosophy of life is as follows:—

'Worship of the Lord — the One God — monotheism, is the sole goal of the Sūfi. Expressly they say God does not by coming to the lowest stage of consciousness suffer a whit in His purity, omnipotence or omniscience, nor does man by his piety and devotion, rising to the highest, can ever become God. This is really the import of "Isam Āzam" of Sūfis and of the Moslem article of Faith, the Chief formula "Lā-ilā-il-illāh". "There is no God but God."

However this Arabian School of Sūfism suffered with the passage of time and Monotheism passed into Pantheism with the intelligent elite due to contact with various philosophical Schools of the East and the West, and degeneration reached a climax when disciples insisted on giving to their *Murshid* (Spiritual Guide) the place of God, by replacing the latter (Divinity). Let us here deal with this historical development of religion with a downward tendency in spirituality.

True Sūfism like all Eternal Religions has for its goal worship of the Creator and never of creature much less

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[9] Cp. present-day stigmatic experiences of the German Saint Mme. Therese Newmann. Vide Yoganand's book, *Autobiography of a Yogi*, quoted by us in ADDENDA to this book.

of creation; and the fact is made clear by Alghazalli. We quote instances of it from his *Kimaya Saadat,* (Alchemy of Happiness) p. 596:

(1) Seeing his disciple in a state of great abstraction the Great saint Abu Tarāb said: 'Better if thou couldst witness in vision the great seer Bayazid!' Answered the disciple, 'I care not for that saint'? When the teacher insisted, he answered I am witnessing Bayazid's God, what shall I do by having vision of Bayazid? I totally ignore the saints before my God."

(2) When they asked Rabia, "How very dear is the Prophet Mohammed to Thee?' Answered she, 'The love of the Creator leaves no place in my heart and mind for the love of the creature.'

This is the goal of the Sūfī, and the path of realization naturally becomes (*Tariqat*) in the scripture *Qurān.*

THE TRAGEDY — THE TEACHER INSTALLED IN PLACE OF GOD IN LATER SUFISM IN IRAN AND INDIA

With the passage of time, as a result of foreign contacts there was a fall from the worship of the Creator to the worship of creature, a tragedy which as we shall show occurred in India to a much greater extent. Man finding it difficult to rivet his attention on the Creator, which was alone possible through wooing, great renunciation and practising austerities and unable to give up worldly connections and comforts, sought comfort in making man God and thus seating him on God's pedestal and starting his worship. Such a man he found in his teacher, and thus the *shāstras* began to be replaced by Guru's *banis* (instructions) which became *pramān* (authoritative instructions) in the pursuit of the path. And this evil grew all the more when besides the disciples, even the teachers themselves gladly seconded it and desired to be called God and be worshipped as such.

Abdul Malik Arvi in *Intikhab Diwan Tabraiz* (pp. 40-42), says, "The History of Eastern Philosophy tells us that God whom Plato calls (Unity-Divinity without a compeer) Gnosis (*Wāhid-i-Mutlaq*) is well nigh unattainable, and too difficult for the seeker to reach Him. Therefore He slowly disappeared from the heart of His worshipper and the great teachers, saints and seers took possession of his heart, and sat on the pedestal erstwhile reserved for and occupied by the Lord or at least they began to be recognized, as the mediators between man and Divinity and an indispensable ladder to Him..... Although Sūfī originally and even now believed and worked for Universal Abstraction, yet since the time of Jalaluddin Rūmī, they insisted on surrender to the Guru first and they accepted him as an indispensable vice-regent of God on earth; his acts being God's acts, and this belief was carried to such an extent that even his faults began to be praised and all adverse criticism met by the argument "it is *Lila* or ununderstandable activity of the Teacher." Hence Darkness-and-Light were preached and made to dwell together. Such a gospel was not without its evil effects on the mind of the illiterate faithful only but even on the advanced disciples. Who will not be surprised that Rūmī himself called Shamsh Tabraiz the incarnation of God[10] and how could he as faithful to his Guru deny it? For, did not Shamsh himself dare such a statement? In *Minaqul Ārfin* it is stated, "Shamsh met a devotee of his one day on the street; seeing him the latter greeted him with ecstasy, "Lā ilā illāh Shamsh Uddin Rasul Illāh" (There is no God besides Him and Shamsh is His Vice-Regent). Hearing this, people rushed to stone him, when Shamsh intervened

10 *Pircy mun was mwaday mun dar dey mun dawayey mun Rast baguftem yīn Sakhun Shamshe mun was khudaye mun.*
(Truly I say you are my teacher, my disciple, my pain and its cure, light in my heart and my God.)

and correcting him said, "Say Lā-illāh il Illāh Muhammad Rasul Illah", (there is no God but He and Muhammed is His vice-Regent), for my name is Muhammed and you can call me as such. Remember people only accept "current coin". No surprise that these teachers exacted from their disciples a homage nothing short of one offered to God and this with great baneful effect to the society.

Again in his *Quran and Tasawoof* (p. 23-24) says Dr. Waliuddin: "The first consequence of the content of Platonic Philosophy was that creature and Creation which was considered in essence to be different from God began to be asserted to be of His kin and the Platonists (who later called Plato-God began to identify creature with Creator; and the shibboleth. "I am God" began to be accepted as Truth. The next consequence that followed was that the Goal was changed from worship of God to worship of man; and the Sūfīs' eyes began to be rivetted on supernatural feats that were performed by such extraordinary people. In other words, these "feats" began to be worshipped. So a distinct passage proceeded from Creator to creature and thence to creation (things created)."

In terms of Hindu Philosophy from *Purushottam Upasānā* the seeker fell to *Purush Upasānā* and then degenerating further took to *Prakritic Upasānā*. It is this last form of Upasānā which is carried on by majority of people in the world today. In India, much of this work was done by Shankaracharya, Kabir and Nanak—transplanting *Purush* in the place of *Purushottam* worship, although proclaiming it was God-worship, taking shelter of His omniscient aspect, and making it inseparable from Guru in human form, in effect ignoring the special nature of supernal, eternal *Sat-chit-anand* Form of Lord which no human being can have.

This attitude influenced earlier pure Islamic Sufism

by contact with the Greek Philosophy on the one hand and the Yogā and Vedāntā Philosophy of Hindus on the other; thus emerged Sūfism in its modern form. Of this it could only be said in the terms of a Sūfī:

Chirāgh murda kujā shuā āftab kujā.
Babīn tafāwut rāh az kujā ast tā bā kujā

"Where is the point of comparison between the living sun and a cold candle? So also differ the old real path (of the true ancient Sūfism) and the new path styled Sūfism today."

Maulana Md. Nuräl Haq in his *Tassawuf and Sūfis* admits quoting from *Sairul Ilqitab* "however much we may adversely comment on the extraordinary feats of the Hindu Yögïs, Jaipäl and Shādidev, who had great followers, and were first to meet the Sūfī Khwaja Harūnï, it shall have to be accepted that achievements of conservative Indian Philosophy (Yogā) were a marvellous and the praise given to it is well deserved by it" (p. 87). In effect this author howsoever prejudiced cannot but accept that the Hindu Yogic Philosophy had great effect in moulding the trend of earlier Sūfism. I might here point out the changes that took place, viz.,

1) The Goal was changed from worship of God to worship of *Murshad* (Teacher).
2) Hence the Path also was changed.
3) The nature of Love and its experiences, when the Goal was changed from God to the Teacher, naturally lost its intensity.
4) The ancient prejudice against miracle mongering and positive hatred to it was now given up and by attributing more miraculous powers to the Teacher, they began to worship him all the more as God.

Earlier Sūfism refused to accept this new change in the goal that God is the only Beloved, Goal and Creator

(*Mābud Maqsöod, Masjud* or *Rub*). It supported the *Kalma* (Moslem article of faith) that 'there is only One God and none besides Him can be God'. As to the Path, it was the prayer direct to that God. Says Omar Khayyām:

Bakushā darey ki dar kushāyendā tuyï,
Banumā rāhey ki rāh numāyāndā tuyi,
Mun dast bahech dastgïrï na deham.
Kayishān hama fānï aṇdo payinda tuyi.

(*Kas-ul-Karam* p. 208)

"O Lord! Open the door for Ye are the opener of the door, show the Path, for Ye alone can play the Teacher, Thy hand of guidance alone is infallible. O! Immortal one, I refuse to be guided by a mortal."

"If ye seek anything, seek from God, and if ye seek help seek from Him" – is emphasised in the *Qurān* which argues:–

"Is not the Lord enough for His devotee? Can any thing be more Omnipotent than the Lord?"

It infers and suggests: "Therefore throw off the yoke of any worship besides that of God".

The early Sūfïs's attitude was based on the *Qurān* which they accepted and no other human authority besides is evident from the dicta of Alghazzali, Abu Saïd and other early Sūfïs.

However, Rūmï was so much in love with his Teacher, that for him he became the only true and sole indispensable guide. For does he not say:

Rahnumaï layeq ān kamilast
K'az Khudï Fani ba Jānān waslast'
Rahbar rāhey tarïqat ān bud
Ki bā ahkāmey sharïyat mi rawad.
Yin chunïn kāmil bajo gar rāh rawï.
Tā ze wasley döst bā bahrā shawï.

"This path can be trodden only through an intermediary, the Teacher. But he alone is a Teacher, who is dead to self and is established in Unity. He is the one who is above

the *'Shariyat'* (religious institutes). He can help in the path of *'Tarïquat'* (experiences leading to realization of God) so seek such a one, that ye may gain union with the Lord".

This conflict between *Shariyat* (scriptural religion) and *Tariquat* (religion of experiences) continued in Rūmï to the last.[11] It had its effect in the formation of Moulvi Sect of Sūfïs by him, and in starting the worship and contemplation of the Teacher as God's form.

This great evil of seating men on the pedestal of God and removing Him from there is growing from day to day and is reaching its climax at present. It is so much opposed to the emphatic injunctions of Lord in *Gita* XVI, 24. Even in political and social circles, leaders are being made incarnations of God and often receive worship – like God, to the exclusion of the latter. This I can emphatically state is a worship of ignorance by the body-conscious. This is the worship of prakirti-Sanskrit-Jiva (Soul engrossed in sensual veils that warp it) and is prakritic upasana which shall lead man over and over into the cycle of rebirth – into eternal suffering. In India man is chary to accept God as God but he easily assimilates the concept of man as God. Whither man?

WORSHIP OF TEACHER AS GOD IN INDIA
VEDIC MONOTHEIST IDEAL FLOUTED

This decay and degeneration started in India from the time of Shankaracharya who in his famous *shloka* (couplet) says:

"Shlokardhan pravakshyāmï yad uktam granth kotïbhi
Bramha satyam jagat mithya jivobramhav kevlom."

i.e., stated in short, the whole religious philosophy contained in millions of scriptures is that the world is ephe-

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11 This tragedy continues to this day and the followers of Sampradayas or sects place their teachers' words (vanïs) above the Scriptures (Vedas).

meral, God alone (is Truth) exists and *Jiva* (Atman) is Brahman (God).

Sometimes even the teachers, though liable to frailties, ailments and death, are not willing to accept themselves a whit less than God or His incarnation and are prepared to disown disciples who would not accept them as such. This threat of condemnation coupled with the deep-rooted instinct and training of Hindu, to accept even the impossible coming as it does from the teacher (considered infallible) under the name of Faith without inquiring into the Truth has resulted in the present decay of *Sanātan Dharmā*–the religion of the ancient Rishis and sages of India. Here I may quote what Sri Vivekānanda has to say about his Teacher (Sri Ramakrishna Paramhamsa), when he was questioned by a prominent devotee. Answering him Swami Vivekananda said: "Do you think it is an easy matter to believe that Sri Ramakrishna was an incarnation of God? We who had actual dealings with him in every respect, we who heard of that fact again and again from his own lips, we who lived and stayed with him for twenty-four hours of the day – even we off and on have doubts about it coming over us. So what to say of others?"

Disciple: "Did Sri Ramakrishna out of his own lips ever say that he was God, the all-perfect Brahman?"

Swamiji: "Yes, he did, so many times. And he said this to all of us. One day while he was staying at the Cossipore Garden, his body in imminent danger of falling off for ever, and whilst seated by the side of his bed, I was saying in my mind, 'Well, now if you can declare that you are God, then only will I believe you are really God Himself.' This was only two days before he passed away. Immediately, he looked up towards me all of a sudden and said, He who was Rama, He was Krishna, verily is He now Ramakrishna in this body. And that not merely

from the standpoint of your Vedanta." At this I was struck dumb. Even we have'nt had yet the perfect faith, after hearing it again and again from the holy lips of our Lord Himself – our minds still get disturbed now and then with doubt and despair – and so, what shall we speak of others being slow to believe? It is indeed a very difficult matter to be able to declare and believe a man *with a body like ourselves* to be God Himself. We may just go to the length of declaring him to be a 'perfect man' or a 'knower of Brahman'–(*Selections from Swami Vivekananda,* Advait Ashram Edn., p. 419).

TEACHER AS A GOD AMONGST VAISHNAVAS BY IMPLICATION AND IN PRACTICE

This attitude of deifying the teacher is continued in the Vaishnava Sampradayas with great vehemence even up to this day and this tragical theory stills all healthy discussion and growth of the religious instinct in us. The Vaishnavas call this attitude as *Anugat Upasana*–meaning "except through the mediation of Guru (the teacher) ye cannot get emancipation". This means perforce thinking and practising in a definite line–in spite of your *bhava* and *swabhava* (feelings and inclination). Besides, this in effect serves as a deadlock on the theory of grace and omnipotence of the Lord who cannot act except as the Guru of the disciple directs Him. What has been the consequence of this attitude?–a reverting from the infatuated zeal and unabated yearning to meet God face to face culminating in the highest renunciation and spiritual life, into dead household life and worship of the householder-Teacher. The soul which was erstwhile avowed to follow the principle–"in order to arrive at having pleasure in everything, desires to have pleasure in nothing"–and therefore as laid down in scripture, "sell all thou hast, distribute it to the poor and follow Me:" Aye, "naked proceed to naked

Christ": or again, "in order to pass from all to the All, thou hast to deny thyself wholly in all, for in losing all is All to be found"—now instead of taking sanyāsā viz., denying possessions and self becomes a callous householder. In one of the principal Vaishnava sects viz., Sri Vallabhacharya's *Sampradaya* the institution of Sanyasā is decried and disallowed for its followers. Hence they remain at best ethically good men but never turn into intoxicated Godmen. Worldliness and body worship and Mammon worship became the goal of religion and the path of renunciation, so essential to God or Self realization, began to be misconstrued so as to fit in with their way which consists in the smooth running of their world.

As to the other sects of the Vaishnavas, alleging themselves to be followers of Sri Chaitanya, the Great Saint of Bengal, we shall quote again from Sri Vivekananda. He says:

"Chaitanya's disciples joined the Mādhvās of the South; the mantles of such giants as Rup and Sanātan fell on the shoulders of *Bābājis*..... Most of the so-called disciples of Chaitanya do not know his power (*Bhakti*) is working still all over India and how can they? The disciples have become GADIANS (*Mahants* with foundations with great income and a levee of rich householders as disciples), while he was preaching barefooted from door to door in India, begging all down to the lowest to love God. The curious and unorthodox custom of hereditary Gurus that prevails in Bengal, and for the most part in Bengal alone, is another cause of its being cut off from the religious life of the rest of India.

The greatest cause of all is that the life in Bengal never received an influx from the great brotherhood of sanyasins, who are the representatives and repositories of the highest Indian spiritual culture, even at the present day.

The North-west and the Punjab have a religious education which is far ahead of that of Bengal, Bombay or Madras. *Tyaga* (renunciation) is never liked by the higher classes of Bengal[12]. Their tendency is for *Bhoga* (enjoyment). How can they get a deep insight into spiritual things? *"Tyaga neyke amritvāmashvanah"*—by renunciation alone is immortality reached. How can it be otherwise? (*Selections from Swami Vivekananda*, p. 498) What happened in Bengal and Gujerat with greater force took place in the Punjab and Sindh. Not much versed in scriptures and with a view to raising the level of the poor, Sri Nanak started his creed, where Man-worship (in the form of Teacher), a mutilated form of *Advait* was carried to the extreme. Here the guru exclusively took the place of personal God and of His impersonal aspect he became the Personal manifestation. Contemplation of his form and repetition of his name—*Wah Guru* in the company of saints of his order started. The Gurus went as far as to sing publicly:

Brahmjnāni sab sristi kā kartā
Brahmjnāni sad jive nāhin martā
Brahmjnāni mukti jugti jiye ka dātā,
Brahmjnāni puran purush vidhata,
Brahmjnāni ka sagal akar,
Brahmjnāni ap nirākar. (Sukhmani in Guru Granth Sahib)

i.e., the Enlightened (*Brahmajnani*) Guru is the creator of the universe, the life of all creation, the creator, the personal and impersonal Lord, giver of emancipation.....

However, the second Guru, Sri Angad Devaji did accept Krishna as the final omnipotent Deity, as he says:

Ek Krishnam sarab devadev devāt ātmā,
Atmā Vasudevasya je ko jane bhevā.

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12 Cp. Tagore: 'Vairagya Sadhnc mukti, sey amar ney' (*Gitanjali*) —deliverence does not lie for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight (*Gitanjali*).

Nanak tā kā dās hay soyi niranjan devā.
(Sri Guru Granth Sahib Asa Ki War)

"The final deity is the one Sri Krishna, Lord over all celestial beings, the Atman: who knows Him as the omniscient one pervading all creation is really wise. Nanak is a slave to that Lord who is effulgence as well."

Sri Guru Govind Singh the last Guru sang the very exploits of Sri Krishna as given in *Bhagwat,* Skandh X, but the Sikhs insisted on the early *upasana* of Guru and even excluded his work from *Adi Granth Sahib,* which book became the Guru after him for the future.

God alone knows how far this downward course will continue. The Lord says, "Sanatan Dharma's decay will be stopped when I shall incarnate."

TEACHER IS BELOVED OF GOD, BUT ONLY MAN AND NEVER GOD'S EQUAL

We have still to wait for millions of years for the Kalki-incarnation. Till then individuals must work out their salvation in solitude. The teacher must be looked upon as the Guide, the shower of the path and never as the Goal – God, otherwise the Pure Highest Spirituality will be dragged to uneternal level of worldliness—to the enjoyment of sensual delights.

Hence cries the Sūfī never to lose sight of the noblest aspiration, viz.,

Mān nā shādī khaham wā nā khusravī,
Unche mī khaham man az tu ham toyi
Az rindgim bandgi tust havas
Bar zinda dilāṇ be tö harām ast nafas
Khahad ze tö maqsöod dil khud har kas
Jami ze to hami tura mi khāhī wā bas.

"I seek no joy nor happiness. From thee I seek Thee alone. So come, O my Lord. All my austerities and devotions and associating with the saints have only one goal

in view, it is meeting Thee. Jāmī seeks, as his life's end Thee and only Thee, O My God."

ECSTASIES OF SUFIS INTERPRETED

And in this state of abstraction often the Sūfī cries out like Mansöor, "Analhaq" (I am truth), for he sees:

Mashöoq wā āshiq wā ishq harse ekast yīnjā
Chun wasl dar gunjad hijran che kār rā.

"When the Lover, Love and the Beloved are one and the same at this stage, where does then remain the question of separation and of union?"

The same ecstasy is well portrayed in *Majlisey Usshaq* (p. 26):

Pus Khud Āshiq bashad wa khud māshyuq.
Lailā āshiq khud ast wā mashuq khud wā Majnun darmiyān bekhud.

"In this ecstasy and rapture the lover himself is turned into the beloved. The beloved Laila now becomes the lover, hence Majnun disappears (lies lost to himself) from between (i.e., ego is annihilated.)"

But really this cry 'I am Truth' at the sight of the drop of that Effulgence, Ocean of Love and Beatitude (the Divinity) is an intermediary experience which is not the goal but comes in the way. We must advance higher. So warns another Sūfī:

Ze bahrey ishq ek katra zahur sir Mansurest,
Bā zarfey himmately ashiq azin kamtar namī ganjad.

"From out of the deep and wide ocean of Love, a drop fell into the lot of Mansur-Al-Hallaj and it intoxicated and maddened him. Alack! the lovers do not give him much praise for it, and say he should have made himself capable of enjoying more and more of love than remained content with a mere drop thereof."

This transcendental experiences of *Tauhīd* or Unitive State is well portrayed by Rūmī while comparing Bāyazid and the Prophet's experiences:

Shamsh asked Jalaluddin, who is greater, Bayazid or the Prophet? The latter answered, "The Prophet Mohammed."

Shamsh questioned how could it be, when the Prophet in all meekness said, "O Lord, give me more of Thyself ("Ma arfnak Haq marftak"). How Great art thou and how small I! Saint Bayazid said "witness my piety, and my greatness, verily I am the king of kings ("Subhan mā āzam shanï wā anā sultān-ul-salātïn"). Answered Jalaluddin, "The thirst of Bāyazid was for a drop and getting it he was satisfied and it was quenched. Very small was his heart and feeble was its yearning. He got the light of the little candle and it proved more than enough to light the cavern of his heart. Whilst the Prophet's heart was too vast and the more of Love's light was given by Him, the more he yearned for the nearness to the Lord, his God."

"Hearing this wonderful reply, Shamsh Tabraiz passed into ecstasy which lasted for hours."

(*Intikhāb Diven Shamsh Tabraiz* p. 84).

THE GLORY OF LOVE: ACME OF EXPERIENCE: SUFI IN AGONY

When this state is reached, pining in separation becomes the only activity and vocation of the Sufï. He is constantly praising the Lord in terms of Love and shedding tears. His praise is levied on *Virah* (separation) and his blessings on himself for being the recipient of the wounds caused by the Lord. When this state is reached, the veil of illusion is removed, remembrance (memory of past) wakes up and the adept remembers that his Home is elsewhere, in the Lord's lotus feet (*Gita*, XV, 6). Here in the world he is out on a pilgrimage only for a time. This experience wakes in him the real wail. About it sings the Sūfï-poet Maghrabï, as follows:

1

O my heart in passing through the Lane of Love, value

thy life no more. Make a sacrifice of this world and the next at the altar of the Beloved.

This life fetches its highest value if it is offered to the Beloved. And even then be not proud that ye have made a great sacrifice.

If in the pursuit of the path of Love, ye have to endure many afflictions, consider them only to be a gift and shower of Divine Grace.[13]

If in His bounty, impelled by His pity for Thee, He blesseth thee with His vision, it availeth not to talk about anything besides Him.

Do not associate and indulge in foolish talk of heretics and ignorant ones,

And waste no time in citing authorities before the academicians. It benefiteth thee not.

Of beauty of form, youth and glossy hair or of the nectarean wine talk no more.

It is sheer waste of life to indulge in that sensual conversation.

A discussion over matters of Faith and heresy has no value. Transcend both and talk of Him and Him alone.

Ye hath not the strength even to enjoy His Union, And of course too difficult it is to bear up with the pangs of His separation.

Before Whose beautiful form, the full moon looks like a firefly, It does not behove thee even to indulge in talk of His beauty. So says Maghrabi.

(*Vide appendix Item No. III*)

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[13] Cp. Miss Simone Weil in her last thoughts saying, "It is in affliction itself that the splendour of God's mercy shines, from its very depth in the heart of its inconsolable bitterness. If still preserving in our love we fall to the point where the soul cannot keep back the cry, 'My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' if we remain at this point without ceasing to love, we end by touching something which is not affliction, which is not joy; something which is the central essence, necessary and pure."

While sings another Sūfī:

2

Till thy ego is grounded down to the dust, ye shall not become the collyrium of the eyes of the Beloved.
So long as thy proud head shall not be shaved, ye shall not become a comb and reach the hair of the Beloved.
So long thy heart shall not be pierced, the Beloved shall not wear thee as an ear-ring.
So long as the potter shall not prepare a tumbler of thy body turned to dust, how can ye be the cup in which the Beloved shall sip wine?
So long as thy head ye shall not place under the knife, ye shall not become a pen in Beloved's hands.
So long as ye shall not be crushed totally and vanity leave thee the Beloved shall not apply thee as paste to His feet.

(*Vide app. Item IV*)

Dar köchyay ishq az chey mahāl ast rasīdan
Mansur sifat ba kadmay dar tawāṇ raft.

"Be a Mansur-al-Hallaj in the path of Love. Be prepared to walk on the naked sword, else difficult it is to reach the Beloved."

Ay murghay sahar ishq ze parwana bā amokht.
Ki ān sokhtaye jāṇ shud wā āwāz nayār.

Learn the lesson of Love, O cock! from the moth who offers his life on the beloved flame and yet utters not a cry or shriek of pain.

And what is this pain like, says a Sufi:

Gar Nakīr āyad wā pursad ki bagö rabey tö kīst
Goyam ān Kas ki rabud yīn diley divānā mā
Munkir nārāyay mā kar ki bamā yar badah kard
Ta ba mahshar shunud nārayey mastānā mā.

"When the angel Nakir will question me in my tomb, "Who is thy God?", I shall answer in such heat that my answer thus uttered in agony of separation will pierce the veil of time and be heard on the very day of judgement."

It is this "agony" for the Lord, the intense yearning for God, this constant flow of tears for Him, a life-long wail that the Sūfī seeks and receives from his teacher. This is the great secret of love and how much effacement of self (ego), at the hands of the Teachers' instructions and Lord's Grace is needed and how much practice of austerities and wooing of poverty are necessary for him to practise we shall state in the Sūfī's own words culled out from the incidents of their lives as follows:

(1) After great austerities, and penances were gone through by Rābiā, she prayed, nay insisted on the Lord's vision, when came the Voice Divine: "Be content with Our name, for even if we send a ray to you, ye shall be consumed to ashes. Remember O Rabia! this also is Our way that We suddenly throw them even into the distance who well nigh reach close to Us once, and as for you there are still seventy veils between you and Us. Raise thine eyes and witness the marvellous sight." Hearing this, Rabia – raised her eyes and what a ghastly scene crossed her sight – a vast ocean of blood surging on all sides – and she cried, "What do I see O, Lord? O, this great tragic scene?" Came the voice "O, Rabia! This is the bloodshed by the eyes of our lovers, through ages, in various climes, who renouncing all sought us exclusively; when they entered our first mansion thus did they shed their blood effacing their very name from the Scroll of Creation for all times." (*Tazkaratulaulia-Attar*)

(2) Patience and contentment in the Divine Dispensation and submission to His will is a sublime trait of the Sufis. Once Rābiā fasted in the month of Ramzān and for seven days she got no food. On the eighth day a neighbour brought food to her. She asked him to keep it, as she was going to fetch water. When she returned and lighted the lamp, she found a cat had eaten it all.

She thought of contenting herself with taking water out of a tumbler, but as she raised it to her lips, weak as she was, her hand trembled and it fell and was broken. Emaciated and in great discomfort, she said in distress, "What is Thy will?" Came the Divine reply, "Rabia! if thou desirest worldly possessions and comforts, we have enough to offer them to you. But remember one thing that our one-pointed love and devotion cannot dwell side by side with desire for ephemeral worldly objects. Decide immediately what do you want—World or Us?" She answered, "I want Love's pain and yearning for Thee."

(3) No Crown, no Cross, is an adage beautifully portrayed in the life of the Sūfi. Maulana Rūmï in Vol. VI of *Masnavï* quotes the incident of Balāl, a Slave: "Balāl, who was a rare faithful Muslim, was every day lashed with prickly thorns to give up the repetition of the Lord's Name loudly as was enjoined in Islam, and was kept all day long in the hot Sun by his cruel Jew master. Hazrat Siddiq, follower of the Prophet, one day passed that way and seeing him, tears flowed down his cheeks and taking Balāl into a secluded corner advised him to give up chanting the Name of the Lord publicly since it brought such persecution in its wake. 'As you please, I shall obey your mandate,' said Balal. When after a few days Hazrat Siddiq passed that way, he again saw Balāl repeating the Lord's Name loudly and found him in the same state of torture. Said he, "Balāl! You did not follow my advice. Balāl replied, 'My master! What should I do! Love entered my heart and ate up my decision to hide my faith." "How can the lover withstand the torrential flood of Love? When Love overwhelms, it sweeps off all patience. It demands total surrender. It permits no sleep nor rest. Where is sleep on the bed of prickly thorns and of fire? Like the planets it revolves round us. Ah, the passage

from existence to non-existence through the Valley of Love — who can portray or express! Silent and still communion it offers which transcends all that offices, prayers and praises can confer. Love conspires against my life. To give up and to hoard is the creed of the world and its creatures and relates to worldly objects while love is godly and spiritual, whomsoever it grasps, it swallows and devours. The body of the lover is visible to the world, his soul is ever in the embrace of the Beloved. Like the reflection of the bright moon on the wall, which returns to the source, the wall remaining in its original place. So with this body that holds the spirit that is wedded to Love. To describe Love's tale the first requisite is that every pore of the body should be turned into a tongue....." And again, Balāl proceeded as if addressing it, "O! Love! Thou art a foe to all my decisions. O Love! Thou hast obtained sovereignty over all my body. Love! thou art a terrible sovereign that rules Thy subjects regardlessly. Love! thou art a light that must devour me, the moth; thou art the storm, while I a mere straw floating at thy beck and call in all directions; I am like unto a shadow that irresistibly follows Thee. O Love! thou lets me have no comfort day and night and is turning me round like a grinding mill ....."and then addressing Siddiq he added:

"What does it matter if with this thorny lash they cut this body to pieces? My uninjured soul shall be redeemed of earthly bondage and I shall meet my Beloved for ever and ever. To tell you the truth, far from feeling the thorny pricks from the lash of this Jew tormentor, I am experiencing the joy of a walk in the garden of the Lord; I feel His fragrance coming and invigorating me....."

(*Vide app. Item V*)

Siddiq returned to Prophet Mohammed and described the whole incident. The Prophet consented to his going

and purchasing the slave Balāl, and even offered to pay half the purchase money himself.

Reaching the Jew, the master of Balal, Siddiq reprimanded him saying, "Why do you beat such a lover of God?" and offered him a beautiful Jew slave instead of the dark negro Balāl and at the instance of the former even gave him some gold in exchange. When Siddiq, after purchasing Balāl started home, the Jew indulged in mockery and laughter saying what a bad bargain Siddiq had struck. Answered Siddiq, "Thou art very foolish. I rejoice that I have got the devotee Balāl so cheap. If ye had asked for more, I would have given all to possess Balāl. O, Foolish one! Ye are the worshipper of the body and I of the Spirit. Ye exchanged a black body for a beautiful body. Aye! if ye could cast thy glance on the sparkling spirit drowned in faith which the black body of Balāl holds, not for the two worlds would ye give him in exchange to me. I have purchased not a body, but the unswerving Faith, the Soul of the Believer of God, divine devotion. O Foolish one! Ye hath sold thy prosperity! I wish ye could have gone for the divine intoxication, the supernatural nectar that the flask — the body of Balāl — contained!"

When Siddiq presented Balāl to the Prophet, the latter said, "Balāl, thy faith is rewarded, enter Paradise!" Balāl was so struck by the piety and munificence of the Prophet that in ecstasy he swooned away whilst the Prophet pulled him, took him in his embrace and caressed him.

Then addressing Siddiq, said Mohammed, "Why did you not share the price with me, and made the purchase?" Answered Siddiq, "O Lord! We both are thy slaves; by securing his freedom and offering him to thee we have both been emancipated." Thereupon Balāl, touched by the incident, falling on the feet of the prophet said, "O Lord!

Give us thy bondage, thy slavery now, for which we have been yearning so long. For in obeisances to Thee, in Thy bondage is the greatest freedom and emancipation hid for us." (*Vide app. Item V*)

Here Jalaluddin, while describing Love, is also covertly giving an account of the greatest Sūfī doctrine of Faith and Grace, which is well described by Begum Shahjehan (*Nigaristan-i-Sukhan.* p. 243) thus:

Ay Shahjehan darāz shud umray gunāh,
Shud nāmāyey āmāl tö chun qabrey siyāh,
Naumīd mashö ki dādgar hast rahïm.
Kohey gunhat shud bā wazaney parey kāh
Naumid neyam ki naumede mi Kufrast,
Har lahze umidwar rahmat bāsham.

"It matters not that the scroll of thy sins is very long, and if it be black as the tomb wherein on death they shall lay thee in, remember that He is all forgiveness, the Merciful One. He can turn into a feather-weight thy sins heavy like a mountain. Take shelter in His mercy for to be disappointed of It is heresy and doorway to damnation."

(4) Reverting to the subject of 'Pang of Separation', we quote another instance:

Says Sheikh Muinuddin: One day I was passing with Sheikh Ahmed Kirmani, through Kirman, when in the solitude we saw a man lost in contemplation. On reaching him I saw, he was reduced to bones by austerities. I asked him, "How have you been reduced to this state". Answered he, "Some forty years ago, one day I and a friend of mine were seated on a tomb, when during conversation I laughed. Instantly I heard an unseen voice proceeding from the tomb reprimand me with the words, 'When ye shall reach our state, when your body shall be eaten away by ants and for company ye shall have the Lord of Death, then ye shall repent this laughter.' Immediately I vowed never to see the face of man again, not to speak nor laugh

and to live in prayers in this solitary cell, shedding tears all the time at my past arrogance and craving for His forgiveness and acceptance of me." (*Isrārul Ārfin* p. 21)

POVERTY ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO DEVELOP LOVE OF GOD

In the Sūfi's travel along the Path, as I said, poverty is the first requisite. As to this poverty of the Sūfis, this practice originated before the time of the Prophet and was continued by him and by his successors and exists even to this day. In *"Fuqrai Islam"* and *"Insanyat Maut Ke Darwaze par"*, we have instances recorded which are worth careful perusal. I quote a few:

(A) One day one of the associates of the Prophet came to complain of poverty and removed his shirt to disclose a stone he had kept tied to his stomach, owing to pain he was suffering due to hunger caused by fasting and living without food. Mohammed smilingly removed his shirt and lo, there were three stones tied for the same reason and on account of his fast being of a longer duration. The Prophet encouraged him to hold on and go on living and remembering the Lord in spite of all that privation.

(Vide *Fuqrai Islam* p. 11)

The immediate descendants of the Prophet in spite of their rich following and the great Foundations of which they were heads carried the message of poverty in their life to a degree that deserves all praise. It is recorded:

(B) When about to leave the world, Hazrat Siddiq said, "My coffin should comprise only of the old clothes viz., the three pieces of cloth, I wore in my lifetime." His daughter said, "Father! we are not so poor as not to afford a new coffin for you." Answered he, "The living need new clothes more than those entering into the grave. For me these torn garments are enough coffin to serve me in the grave." (*Insanyat Maut Ke Darwaze Par.* p. 50).

(C) When a dear friend commented on the worn-out

garments and frugal meal of Hazrat Faruq, he said:

> O, Aiysha! Have you forgotten the day when the Prophet had only one garment in the house, which he used as a carpet in the day and as a cover at night. Once you had folded it twice to make it into a comfortable bed and when the Prophet had got up in the morning, did he not take you to task for making it so soft that he slept longer and lost some time of his prayer?

Remember lovers of God must decide to give up comforts of the World. They are verily their foes.

(*Ibid* 58)

This attitude is beautifully stated by the great Indian Sūfī Hazrat Shah Abdullah Gulam Ali Shah when he says:

Men may be divided into 4 classes:

A. *Namard* (literally, impotent) — the seekers of the world.

B. *Mard* (literally, men) — who seek paradise and comforts hereafter.

C. *Jawanmard* (literally heroes) — who seek the comforts hereafter and God as well.

D. *Fard* (literally Unique saints) — who seek God alone.

The Sūfī is a Faquir which means, who revels in fasts (*Fāqā*), is content (*qanāt*), lives in the remembrance of the Lord (*Yade-ilāhī*) and is given to spiritual practices (*Riyāzat*). This leads him in turn to excellence (*Faiz*), to nearness to Lord (*Qurb*), companionship with the Lord (*Yāri*) and gains him the mercy of the Lord (*Rahmat*). It means that the seeker after the Lord should not forget Him even for a moment.

Love is a gift for few and far between, because sings a Sūfī:

Yin sharbatey āshiqi ast khird.
Bekhuney jigar chashid nātawan.

The nectar of Love cannot be enjoyed but by them who have wept tears of blood drawn from their heart.

Ahley duniyā kafirān mutlaq und
Rozo shab dar rizk undar baqbaq und.

The worldlies are really heretics who are engaged day and night in the worldly activities to earn a livelihood.

They forget that attachment and love of the world is the highest sin and every sin sprouts forth and branches off the moment this sinful seed is planted in the heart. When attachment to the world arises, believe me, sin must be committed. Besides, the heart can treasure one love -- either that of mammon or of the Lord. Elect and live it.

(*Tazkara Auliyaye Hind.* Vol. 3, p. 125)

ASPECTS OF CONSERVATIVE SUFISM AND ITS PASSING LATER INTO PANTHEISM

The corner-stones of Sūfism are on one side for 'perfect renunciation' and on the other for 'total absorption in God'.

After detaching himself completely from all that is not God – the Sūfi gives himself up to meditation, contemplation and repetition of the Name of the Lord – all in the spirit of perfect humility and with fervency of heart. This practice of the Sūfi – Zikr grows by the *tawajjah* (attention coupled with grace) of the *Murshid* (Teacher) and in his *muraqba* (contemplation) he actually perceives the Reality, Truth, God. This union and absorption of the emanation (soul of individual) in its Essence (God), after divesting itself of all worldly encumbrances and ultimately body-consciousness of the subtlest kind (the Ego) is the goal of the Sūfi, and when reached, he enjoys intuitions, transports and ecstasies all the time. Whilst thus living in God he is practically dead to the affairs of the world.

At any rate old or new – conservative or transformed Sūfism, the following things are its life:

1. *Sabr* (patience), *fana* (annihilation), *raza* (satisfaction) *tawakul* (contentment)
2. *Tauhid* (Unity-consciousness)
3. *Wajd.* (Ecstasy)
4. *Maghfarat* (Grace, Forgiveness)
5. *Ishq* (Love).

It is these that make Sūfism dear to all.

The fire of separation that lives in the Sufis, the very conflagration that is melting their very vitals cannot but effect anyone coming nearer them. Of it they speak over and over. Says Shamsh Tabraiz:

1

"To what a state of pity have I, the separated one, reached? I look into my emaciated state and find as if Pain has idolised itself in my form. O my Beloved, in searching Thee blisters have appeared on the soles of my feet, while flow incessantly my tears as the waters of the river in floods. I am grown helpless. O my Beloved! I, the homeless one, nor have I wings wherewith to fly and reach Thee, and over and above all watch Thy callousness that Ye makes me Thy prisoner in a cage and strikes me by arrogant cruel glances. Tearing thousands of veils that hid Thy face from me, I have become verily a flower in Thy garden. Pluck and enjoy me with glee, O Beloved. O my dear One! Believe me how terribly I suffer from the pangs of separation. If ever the House of God – the Kaaba should meditate on me, it should be consumed and the Temple raised to boiling point, and the hearts of the idols there begin to palpitate and all of them cry out 'Is the day of Judgement come?' " (*Vide app. Item VII*)

2

Maghrabi sings to the same effect:

I called on the physician and explained to him my malady,

He answered, 'Love's pain demands closing eyes to all that is not God.'

I asked, 'what am I to avoid. He answered; rivet not thy attention on this world and the next.'

Drink thy blood, for no wine is pleasanter than that.

Strike thy teeth on thy heart for no meat is more tasteful than that.

Believe me, the scriptures have not found my Beloved.

If Thou seeketh Him, seek on the pedestal of thy heart.

Very long is the Path of Love, by feet ye cannot cover it.

Take recourse to the head (Crush thy Ego) that ye may reach Him. (*Vide app. Item VIII*)

3

The annihilation of the Ego is the first step to be taken in the Path.

Making an offering of life is the preliminary requisite in it.

I advise the lover to take one step out of their self
And ye shall verily reach Him.

If you want to hear my experiences they are only these, Love has turned my enemy.

It is consuming me, burning me and showering fire on me.

If ye want to hear of my agony, I tell that to Thee, Beloved.

So strong is the fire of separation burning within me that if ye sought in my heart the arrows of glances ye cast from thy eyebrows ye shall find them melted. (*Vide app. Item IX*)

And this love of the advanced Sūfī which first had its goal in *Tauhid* (Unity consciousness) and in effect rested its belief on the omniscient yet omnipotent formless (Impersonal) aspect of the Lord now leans distinctly

towards the worship of God with Form and craves for His Vision:

Banumaye rukh ki bagho qulastanam arzöost.
Bakushā lab ki qand faradanam arzöost.
Ay aftāb rukh banumā az naqabey abr
Ki ān chehraye shoshaye tabānam arzoost.

Beloved! show Thy face, for I seek contentment in the garden of Thy beauty.

Beloved! open Thy sweet lips, for me to kiss, for I seek to enjoy sweet candy.

Beloved! remove the veil that warps the sun-like effulgence of Thy face for I seek delight in that charming face. (*Shamsh Tabraiz*)

VOCAL ZIKR OR KIRTAN OF THE SUFI

More than silent *Zikr*, the remembrance of the Lord's Name, the most popular practice amongst the Sūfis of India, Egypt and elsewhere to-day is the one adopted from the Maulvi sect of Jalaluddin Rūmï, that of *Samā* (like the prevalent practice of *Kirtan* amongst the Hindu sects viz., of singing Lord's Name and praises loudly to the accompaniment of musical instruments in the public assembly of saints). And through this they gain all superb supernatural experiences, pass–into *Wajd* (ecstasy) and raptures.

Great is the praise bestowed on this *Samā* or *Kirtan* and it could not be otherwise. This is amply portrayed both by the mystics of East and West. (All the reasonings in support of its efficacy and importance and quotations from saints of the world are beautifully culled and collected by Sri Mata Krishnaji in the Introduction and Appendix of her *Brij-Chandra-Chakori Mira* (in Hindi) available at Mata Krishna Satsang, Brindavan.) Readers interested in the subject may refer to it, as for, paucity of space I do not deal with that subject at length here. I quote only two

instances from them which raise questions of importance:

1. Once whilst Maulana Rumi was proceeding along a street, suddenly he stood before a goldsmith's shop, who was working on gold leaf. The music sent him into divine ecstasy and he was blessed with the divine vision, of which he himself expressed:

Yeke ganj padid amad dar aan dukaney zar kobi.
Zahey surat zahe mani zahe khubi zahe khubi.

"I saw in this shop, the Beloved One, beautiful, beyond compeer, the conferrer of inexpressible joy on me, a veritable treasure indeed!"

2. Again when once Maulana Rumi was engaged in his ecstatic dances, he was seen to bow every time he reached a particular corner. Those assembled inquired of the reason for such a behaviour, after the performance was over. He answered, "Whilst the songs were going on, I felt so great an inebriation that flashed the desire in my mind, 'If some connoisseur of the spiritual art were present there, he would enjoy it exceedingly,' and lo! what would I see? Sanai (who had passed away 200 years before him) appeared immediately and joined the dance. I was bowing to him."

BELIEF IN TRANSMIGRATION OF SOUL BY SUFI

Pantheism becomes in fact inevitable for a Sufi in view of all his supernatural experiences. Teachers like Rūmī and Omar and others dared to proclaim publicly their belief in transmigration and other principles not warranted by Qurān. To take an instance: About transmigration Rūmī says; (*Diwan Shamsh Tabraiz* p. 212)

Awwal Jamad budī ākhir nabāt gashtī,
Angāh shudi to haiwāṇ in bar to chuṇ nihanast.
Ghashtī azam pas insān ba ilmō aqlō imāṇ.
Banigar chay gul shud āṇ taṇ ko juzv khāk dānast.
Ze inasāṇ chu sair kardī beshak farishtā gardī
Beyin zamiṇ azān pas jāyat bar āsmanast.

Bāz az farustgi ham baghuzar baro daraṇyem,
Tā qatraye to bahrey gardad ki sad amanast
Baguzar azin wald to mi go ze jahān ahad to
Gar pir gasht jismat che gham chu jāṇ jawanast.

"First I had my birth in the mineral kingdom, thence I passed into plant life.

Later I was born a beast and a bird.

Now I am born a man with wisdom, discrimination and faith,

From man I shall pass on and transcending human birth, I shall become a celestial being.

And thus from the earth I shall go to the celestial region,

I advise ye therefore to get out of this world and let the drop meet the ocean of consciousness.

Never should ye lament over this decaying body which ever changes.

Revel in the Glory of the Soul which is ever evolving (putting on new garments) and remains young."

PANTHEISM OF THE SUFI AND ITS AGE

Really, Sufism takes us above sectarianism and transcends formal and religious institutes. Although in its beginnings a pet child of *Shariyat* (Scriptures and Institutes) it passes into *Tariqat* (Experiences), transcending formalities it passes into inexpressible rapture and ecstasies of love. It being so, it is difficult to fix the date of Sūfism. It existed before Qūrän was given to the world and Prof. William James rightly states that the Sūfis existed in Persia from earliest times, and their pantheism is so much at variance with the hot and rigid monotheism of the Arab mind that it has been suggested that Sūfism must have been inculcated into Islam by Hindu influences. What is this pantheism, how much at variance it is with 'Traditions' (*Hadis*) and with rigid Islam is thus stated by Shri

Jhaveri (in his *Comparative and Critical Study of Mantra-sastra* on p. 115):

"The beginning of Sūfism is nothing else but pantheism" —as Jalaluddin Rumi says to Shams Tabraiz:

"O my master, you have completed my doctrine by teaching me that you are God and that all things are God."

Again when Junaid signed the order for Mansūr's execution out of regard for *Shariyat* yet could not refrain from expressing his position in the lines: "Mansūr and I are one and the same being – only madness has saved me and reason ruined him."

If pronounced before the wise, 'Analhaq' is really true. But another argument is urged by Rūmī when he says, '*Anal* (I am) before *Haq* (Truth) was used at an inopportune moment before fools, so Mansūr suffered.'

Rūmī quotes authority that "Bāyāzid of Bistam identified himself with Divinity when he cried out:

"Glory to me! I am above all things°!", and Caliph Ali said, "I am the living and speaking Qūrān", yet they were not taken to task as Mansur.

Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah, however, tries to clarify the point in a semi-esoteric fashion when, he says, "The Sūfi doctrine does not pretend to teach that, provided all its tenets are observed, man becomes as God. On the contrary, this never can be. Man by purging himself of all earthly desires and lusts rids the heavenly spark in him of all earthly things and is able thereby to return to God, the original nucleus. So that naturally man relieved of his earth-bound ideas and weaknesses realizes that the part of him which is God simply returns home."

And really extreme humility of the Sūfi in advanced stage bears witness to his belief in duality being the last stage transcending *Tauhid*. In his prayers for conferment of Vision through Grace this faith of his becomes manifest,

when even reaching the highest stage he re-emerges apparelled in his individuality (which in the stage of *Tauhid* had been totally absorbed in Unity) now eternalized and made supernatural and supersensual. This stage is styled '*Mahbub*'[14] (stage where lover turns beloved) although he eulogises and entreats the Lord for constant company. The nature of his wail now differs from that uttered before *Tauhid* stage was reached. Before the stage of Tauhid was reached it was a cry for the vision, for the first time; but now after he is blessed by that vision his desire is, so long his body lasts he be embraced by the Beloved who is now turned a Lover of him.

Sūfi's life veritably is a song, a poetry which only the poet can follow, if he lives it.

EFFECT OF VEDANTA AND YOGA ON ISLAMIC SUFISM THAT CAME TO INDIA BY MIGRATION FROM ARABIA THROUGH IRAN

The Iranian Sūfism with its warm mystical yearning after Union and fellowship with God nowhere found a more suitable soil in which to thrive than India where the atmosphere was charged with a deep religious longing to find God, with the result that today it is estimated that fully two-thirds of Indian Muhammedan population are under the influence of one or the other of the Dervish orders of Sufis' Islamic Sufism, says Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah.

William James also suggests that in India, training in mystical insight has been known from time immemorial under the name of Yogā. Yogā means "the experimental Union of individual with the Divine" and it helped Sūfism to flourish, offering a paternal caress. The result of this contact was that all the principles of Sūfism of Persia and Irān modified by the Yoga and Occultism of India, gave a similar form to Sūfism. Let us examine here the similarity.

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[14] Cp. St. John of Cross, 'Lover turned into beloved love's journey ended.'

Hazrat Data Ganj Baksh, the reputed Sūfī Dervish of Lahore, in his *Fuqr Nāmā* (a part of his famous treatise, *Kashf-ul Mahjub*) beautifully summarises the Indian Sūfī's rules of spiritual life which read like those of the Arabian and Iranian Sūfism:

"The Sūfī should never visit the kings and officers, for their friendship is worse than that of the serpents. The Sūfī should wake up in the nights and constantly shed tears in Separation. Let him not smile, because the Lord has said, 'the pursuers of the path laugh less and weep more.' The Sūfī should love solitude and dwell by the side of a river and keep away from the people of the world. The Sūfī should never collect any food for the morrow. He should ever pray to the Lord that till the end he may remain a believer in Him.

The Sūfī should consider wealth to be the source of all mischief; and so also all his bodily relations. He should consider even his senses as verily his foes.

The Sūfī should recognise God and turn away from non-God.

The Sūfī should never forget death and dwell only in company of saints and of his Teacher and should keep engaged constantly and only in Love of God.

The Sūfī should never marry, for marriage is a great and terrible disaster.

The Sūfī should depend entirely on God and rest his faith on His mercy and grace."

However this contact robbed Sufism of its special feature of old-undivided love for one God, a total surrender at His feet and complete detachment from the world. Instead of disinterested worship of God, began worship of miracles and possession of occult powers began to be recognized as a sign of sainthood. Sūfism in fact began to be converted into occultism. This may be seen by reading incidents of

lives of Sufis of India (*Tazkaratul-auliyay Hind Vol. I-III*). And one can see this change in the Sūfi's attitude of unworldly love to worldliness, by comparing the above incidents with those of the early Sufis given in *Tazkaratul-aulia* by Fariduddin Attar.[15]

Indian Sūfism also bases its foundation on the Qurān. However this is incorrect for Sufism existed before Mohammed in Arabia and Persia and the mysticism in India has its origin in eternity. Indian Sūfism is a child of both these forms. The ancient Arabian and Persian Sufism, it is true, was given an impetus by supporting it with the authority of Qurān. Alghazalli, Rumi, Sanai, Shabistari, Jami, Hafiz and Omar went a long way in giving esoteric interpretation to Qurān in support of tenets of Sūfism. It is this Sūfism which found congenial soil in India to flourish and has produced many Sūfis from whom we have selected five and given their sketches in this volume. In them we shall see salient traits of Indian Sūfism.

I—BABA FARID. In the main sketch (printed in this volume), we have omitted some incidents of his life, which we record here as they will be found interesting by the readers. Those who are interested in a detailed study of it may refer to the Urdu and Persian works — *Tazkarat Auliay Hind* Vol. I *Sairul Aulia, Sair-ul-Arfin* and *Gulshan-i-Auliā.*

Baba Farid was closely connected with Sultan Muhammed Ghaznavi. His grandfather had to leave Ghazni, when it was captured by Timur and they settled in India. Farid lived in Multan and enjoyed favours of the king. He became so very popular and honoured in his time that he was called by one hundred names, and adjectives attached

15 This book has been translated from Persian into English and is published by Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazar, Lahore in May 1961.

to his name signified some quality assigned to him and it was mentioned that all mishaps will disappear if one repeated those one hundred names of Baba Farid.

Here also appears the same tendency of Iranian Sūfism getting hold of Indian Sufism viz., replacing saint for God and repeating his name and seeking his aid instead of taking recourse to Divinity and His sat-chit-anand swaroop Names. (p. 58, 59 — *Tazkarat Auliay Hind*).

Many miracles are attributed to him especially his turning stones to sugar by mere touch. They are recorded in extenso in *Sayar Aulia* and *Sair-ul-Arfin*. We record here a few:

(1) In *Gulshan Aulia,* it is stated that one day while wandering in the forests, Farid felt very thirsty and reaching a well he looked for a rope and bucket to pull water but could find none. In the meantime he noticed a group of deer come near the well. On their approach immediately the water rose to the top and overflowed it. The deers quenched their thirst and ran away. As Farid stepped forward to take it the water again went down to its original level. Surprised, prayed Farid, "Lord of creation! Ye offered water to the beast, yet denies it to me, who is pursuing Thy Path and is dying of thirst." Came the Divine reply, "Farid! thy thought rested on the can and the rope and the deer took my shelter for water and so I gave it to them and not to thee". Hearing the rebuke, for 40 days. Farid remained hanging in the well and gave himself no water in order to crush this lack of faith in the Lord. The Almighty accepted him.

(2) Baba Farid was seen standing one day leaning against his staff. A little later his face turned pale and suddenly he threw away the staff. When people asked him the reason for it he answered, "as I was standing in that pose I heard God reprimanding me saying 'Farid! does it

behove thee to seek another support (*Takiya*) besides Us?' Therefore, I immediately threw away the staff and in awe turned pale."

Baba Farid was a widely travelled saint and he did it with a view to meet saints, as his famous lines portray:

Uth Faridā gaun kar duniyā bekhan jay,
Mat koyi baksha milwanjay tu bhī baksha jay."
Stand up, O Farid! and roam about the world.
May be in thy wandering ye may come across some emancipated Soul and receive his blessings and thereby achieve deliverance.

His travels took him to Baghdad, where he met Shaikh Ajal Shirazi; to Bukhara where he met Sheik Saifuddin Bakharzi and to Badakshan where many reputed saints met him. On his return once again he came to Multan, his home and there he met Sheik Bahauddin, who advised him to go to Delhi. He got his initiation from Khwaja Kutub Uddin Bakhtiar Kaki; and rose to such eminence through his austerities and meditations that many seekers by sitting a short time in his company experienced great spiritual elevation. Many miracles flowed from him. People had full faith that if Farid's name was repeated one hundred times in a particular way, they could gain their object.

3. Once Khwaja Muinuddin Chisti came from Ajmer to Delhi, and was so much impressed by the austerities practised in solitude by Farid that he conferred on him the greatest boon that a Sūfi could give viz., *Ism-i-Azam* (imparting the Name of Lord, so as to work in his heart). This made Farid, prince of dervishes.

Farid insisted that his disciples should have some academic qualifications to avoid being cheated by pseudo-teachers and insisted on renunciation very much. He himself lived what he taught. He kept no more than a blanket with him. So great was his faith in the saints that he

emphasized that wherever dwelt a saint, there was Kaaba-Mecca. He taught perfect dependence on God, even for meals, and insisted on the continuous remembrance and repetition of the Lord's Name to the exclusion of all other duties. He would say:

Shāh mā rā deh dchat minat band,
Raziq me rizq be minnat dehad.

"He the beneficent Lord provides me with food in His bounty without even my petitioning Him for it."

Besides, oftener he would describe the nature of the Lord in the following words:

Be true always to the Lord. Whatever He confers none can take away from you. And whatever He takes away none can get that back for you from Him.

No recommendations or bribe can lure Him.

The dervish should never indulge in comforts nor seek them, and should not degrade the Name of the Lord, with a view to win a worldly object. He should concern himself with yearning and praying for His vision. The Dervish should live in solitude, talk little, eat little, sleep little and mix less, and should never depend on one's good health, for death may overtake him at any moment.

Baba Farid observed great fasts, austerites and penances till very late in life. Saint Nanak[16] was much impressed by him; and Farid's *shlokas* which are very valuable pieces of instruction for spiritual aspirants, have been preserved in Guru Granth Sahib, the holy scripture of the Sikhs. We have reproduced for our readers some of them and they appear in the sketch of Baba Farid given later.

However, a painful incident happened in his life, and this great Sūfī, who always eschewed the company of the

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[16] For interviews of Nanak & Farid see Suraj Prakash, quoted in *Das Guru Sahiban* (Delhi Edn.) pp. 110-117.

rich, yielded to the humble repeated requests of the reigning King of Hindustan – Sultan Ghyasuddin, with whom he went to his palace. The consequence was that Farid married his daughter and six sons and three daughters were born to him – (vide *Tazkarat-Auliyay Hindu* Vol. I.). Here is a great lesson to be learnt by the seeker in the Path, viz., to beware of the company of the rich, for any day even the greatest austerity and piety may be shattered by contact with them in a moment.

II SARMAD. Sarmad offers a remarkable ideal of unswerving love for God till the end. It is a martyrdom of which Indian Sūfism will be proud for all times. Sarmad was that reputed saint before whom even the tyrant Aurangzeb shuddered, and out of ill-will and at the instigation of the Maulvis standing for formal religion crucified him. He cheerfully suffered all in the Name of the Lord. Truly here was a Majnun, who for his divine Lailā, courted the Cross for the sake of Truth and became an immortal name in the world of spirituality. The authoritative works on Sarmad are two – *Mirāt-ul-khyal* by Sher Khan Lodi (a contemporary of Aurangzeb) and *Riazul Shuara* by Alikhan Daghistana, who lived in the times of King Muhammed Shah – (a handwritten copy of this work exists in the Library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal). Sarmad was a rare individual, and was the recipient of Divine Grace whereby like the drop of water he was turned into a pearl to dangle on the Lord's bosom. Sarmad used to say to himself:

Sad mulkey-dil ba nimey nigāh mī tawān kharid
Khubān darin dil mamulā taqsir mi Kunand.

"To purchase half of Thy glance, O Lord, in many a kingdom of hearts have I meandered, seeking, amongst the Beloveds Thee and often did I make mistakes during my search."

Not hopeless, the quest proceeds and the last price—life, which transcends the two worlds in value is paid, the blood of martyrdom is shed and the Elusive Beloved is met on the scaffold. Describing this experience he says:

"Do alam naqad Jān bar dost darad.
Biyā zarey ki saudaye tu bashad."

The passage to Him is one step from the land of *Bakhudi* (ego consciousness) to *Bekhudi* (egolessness). It is the leap, which a creature entangled in gross or subtle world and activity cannot take and thereby cannot reach it till he rises above time, space and multiplicity. The taste of nectar of love is beyond the comprehension of the fanatic. Rightly does the Sufi state his view:

Ay tīrey ghamat ra diley ushshāq nishānā
Khalqe bato mashghul watu ghayab ze miyānā
Gar mautkifey dairam wa sakiney musjid
Yani ki taura mi talbam khānā bā khana
Maqsöodey mun az Kābayöo butkhānā tu budi,
Maqsood tuyi kāva wa butkhānā bahana,
Hajī bazahey kāba wā mun tālibey didār.
Au Khānaye hami joyad wa mun sahibey khānā.
(Khyālī)

Thy love hath pierced me through and through.
Alack! the world like me distressed is busy seeking Thee, while Thou hast disappeared from between.
Whether I sit in the mosque or circumambulate the temple,
My goal is one — It is Thou, mosque and temple are mere pretexts.
The Moslem pilgrim (Hajī) proceeds to the Kābā, whilst I to Thee,
He seeketh the House, I the Owner of the House.

It is no gainsaying the fact that:

Afsurdā rā nasīb na bāshad diley kabāb
Ān yabad yi niwala ki mehman ātish ast.

"The cup is not for the cold hearts but for those which have been roasted in the fire of yearning. This food is catered to him who carries the Fire of separation in his heart."

In fact, Sarmad tells the greatest truth:

Love of God is only for him who has turned away his eyes from creature and creation; from everything not God.

He who is madly, engaged in the affairs of the world shall never see God and attain emancipation.

He really gives out the highest truth. The reasons are clear. Unless you consider the world as real and as abode of happiness, ye shall never work for its solidarity and if ye consider it so ye are ignorant and such people never see the face of God. Ignorance about spiritual matters has already a tendency to reach culmination at the hands of secular Pandits (with academic qualification, void of spiritual experiences) and the so-called (pseudo) saints who are really *mahants*, ever engaged in amassing wealth and seeking fame in the world. Since spiritual matters in the absence of authorities will not be marketable, even new scriptures are being written to-day, and views quite untenable in the light of ancient authorities are being urged by responsible authors. One of them urges a wholly unspiritual doctrine based on an incorrect understanding of the religion of the *Gita* when he says: "The aim of religion is to spiritualize society ..... When the Indian world lost, it tended to become other-worldly. In a tired age we adopt the gospel of renunciation and endurance. In the active age of hope and energy we emphasize active service in the world and saving of civilization. Boethius affirms, "he will never go to heaven who is content to go alone.

"Participation in God's work for the world is the duty

of all devotees. Those who give up their duties and simply proclaim the name of the Lord, Krishna, Krishna, are verily the enemies of the Lord and sinners for the "very Lord has taken birth for protecting righteousness."

(*Bhagavad Gita* by Radhakrishnan pp. 40, 60)

About this we can say that this is a fantastic statement based on an incorrect reading of the scriptural texts by an eye and mind not steeped in renunciation and meditation which are the first requisites to a correct understanding of the works of ancient Indian Rishis whose flaming devotion to Lord Krishna is the life of all Indian spiritualism.

Another present-day teacher in his frantic zeal to urge a principle based on body consciousness urges: "I am a Bhakta. They have misunderstood me when they call me a poet, philosopher or mystic". He preaches the untenable doctrine, unwarranted by scriptural authority and insight that, "There is a holier music in silent service of the poor and lowly than in all the gorgeous chanting of temple priests .. So many gods of gold in the temples! If you will truly worship them, melt them and pour out the gold in service of the starving shivering gods of the earth." (T. L. Vaswani in 'Mira' for Dec. 1952 pp. 14, 15). Such thwarting of the fundamental concept of religion in India! God help! Such faith in this vain world's stability!

The mystics's outlook has been beautifully put by Tagore:

"There are seekers of wisdom and seekers of wealth
I seek thy company so that I may sing.
God honours me when I work,
He loves me when I sing.

The Sūfi sings in sighs and laments and writes letters to Him in drops of blood.

If you desire to be a Sūfi or like to understand him,

don the wool-sack, seek him away from Society and household. He is not found in the world. These facts and attitudes, I shall make clear from the incidents from the lives of a few Sūfīs:

Once Saint Bistāmī was asked, "What do you seek to attain by worshipping in the mosque?" He answered, "I seek Khizr". "And why? Is it to gain the world or the paradise?" He answered, "I seek neither the goal of virtuous acts, nor the riches of the world. To what avail is this world and the celestial abode for the Sūfī dervish? I seek only God."

This reminds us of the famous lines of Attār:

Kufr Kafir rā wā din dindār rā,
Zarray dardey dil Attār ra.

"I seek not blasphemy, let its fruit go to the faithless. Nor do I seek joy of the celestials; let Him confer the paradise on the faithful. I seek of Thee, O, Lord, a particle of the pain of Thy love. Deny that not to me. It is nectar for me."

Beautifully is the feeling resounded in the prayer of Mother Mary Du Borg, "If they sold Thy pain in the market, I would hurry to buy it." (*Mysticism*, Underhill, p. 222 F.N.)

Sarmad paid the price and purchased the "wound of love."

This wine of Love is for those who have for lives been drinking it. In one life one does not become a confirmed lover. It is in the last life in the vast cycle of million lives when the individual cheerfully lays his life on the Cross to win the Crown. And here the Sufi transcending the tenets of Islam has to pin faith on Transmigration (*Tanasukh*). Rūmī and Omar Khayyām and other prominent Sūfīs have clearly said: "We are not dwellers of this

country called World. The country of our soul is not the country of our body. We are not citizens of the realm born of body-consciousness. We are citizens of God's country of which this world is a mere fragment and our patriotism is manifested in Love of God and our mission is taking men out of the slough of body-consciousness and leading them to God. The search for truth can stand no vision-bound trammels of formal religion."

So does Lord Krishna say: "Transcend all duties and rest in me. I am the goal and I the Path."

(*Gita* XVIII. 68)

The pantheism of Sarmad is summed in a few words:

Āshiq ham az Islām kharabast wā ham az kufr.
Parwana charaghey Haram was dair nā danad.

"The lover of God who is out to sacrifice his life at the Altar of the Divinity and cares not for the mandates of the Orders. Like the moth he offers his life on the candle-light — be it burning in the temple or in the mosque."

Tariqat (Experiential Sūfism) transcends *Shariat* (Formal Religion). To the Sūfi even this garment of a body is a hindrance to meet the Beloved. Sarmad wooed this spirit of Sūfism and won martyrdom.

III BULLAH SHAH. Next we come to Saint Bullah Shah, who gained the goal of spirituality by total surrender of life and faith at the feet of his teacher, the reputed Inayat Shah. His pangs to meet the Lord find the tongue of fire to express the feelings of agony of separation. His is a pantheism of the highest order and with very happy experience. It is clear from his saying, "O, Krishna! Why hast thou made me mad sounding Thy flute, the very strings of my bed are turned to cobras." The trammels of the body and the fetters of the formal religions born out of its association, must be transcended to bask in the sunshine of spirituality. There

is a fire and frenzy in his lines, which you may read and enjoy.

IV SHAH LATIF. Next is Shah Latif. Mr. Sorley has written a well documented volume on him, entitled 'Shah Latif of Bhit,' from which I have drawn at places in this work. Mostly the work on this seer, poet and the Chief mystic of Sind is available in the local archaic Sindhi dialect. Unlike Sarmad and Bullah, although born in a spiritually advanced family, Latif lost much time in remaining a householder and in the end that life being found incompatible with the pursuit of spirituality was given up and he turned a Dervish. Dayaram Gidumal in his works gives many traditional episodes current about him which are interesting. By reading them, the readers might remember that Sūfism is Love of God truly and less occultism and miracle-mongering. It is primarily Love of God and purchasing his pain by renouncing all worldly possessions. The world and God are poles asunder.

The fire in the poems of Latif, bubbling with nectar of life with which he is drunk, establishes and brings out boldly the message of total surrender, search and sacrifice. Latif carried the Quran and Masnavi of Maulana Rūmī with him always and his lines bear witness to the mark of Rūmī on him. No surprise his words are piercing. Read him to have the wound yourself and tend the fire, so that the dross of the world may be driven away and the flame of Eternal Love may shine in you in which ye may play the moth till eternity.

V NAZIR. Nazir of Akbarabad (Agra) is the next subject of our study. He like other Indian Sūfis owes much to the Sūfis of Irān – Hafiz and Rūmī – and to the Indian Sufi, who came to India from Khorasan and Iran and settled down here like Khusru, Khānkhānān and others. In spite of his thus borrowing inspiration from Irānian Sūfism,

originality is evident in every line of his poems. The theme is always the old one—Vanity of the world and eternity of Love of God and Path preached is one of renunciation by which is fed the flame of Love for Divinity. It is urged that it needs a vast heart to lodge that Love in oneself and that is offered by Poverty. He lived what he preached. Swami Rāma Tirtha used to go in ecstasy over his poems and say "Nazir hath seen God" — a greater compliment could not have been offered by a saint to another saint.

What loneliness, solitude, aridity and silence must not be endured in life: What surrender and self-abnegation must not be gone through by the Dervish and the ardent Sufi are seen in these lives of mystics and we are left wondering at them: Let us leave them to their musings and to the enjoyment of the darts shot and the balms offered by their Divine Beloved.

PART II: NIRAKAR, SHABDA MARGA AND ADVAIT UPASANA

VI SHANKARACHARYA. The next subject dealt with in this book is the worship of the IMPERSONAL ASPECT of the Lord under the above captions. The first is Shankaracharya's sketch. About his mission we have hinted already. Although the incarnation of Siva, and a great devotee of Sri Krishna, he came to this world to preserve the highest *Pursottam Upasana* of the personal form of supreme God, Sri Krishna by hiding it from and stopping it falling into the soiled hands and veiled eyes of heretics by directing the eyes of the world to *upasana* of self — I — the Atman and even urged them to the lowest *upasana* of *devïs* and *devtās* (goddesses) and (gods) as so many songs and eulogies (*stotras*) composed by him show. By some his mission is sometimes stated to have been to give a blow to Buddhism which was leading people towards atheism. Be that as it may, we must

never forget that every sect and religion has two aspects — one part consists of an eternal gospel whilst the other part of it comprises a gospel suited for the time which has a message only for the time. The eternal aspect of Shankaracharya's gospel was worship of Sri Krishna (vide his *Bhaj Govindan Stotra*) and the other message for those particular times was his Mayāvād, the baneful effect of which is seen today amongst many sanyāsïs who although proclaiming themselves as, "I am Brahman" are freely indulging in worldly possessions, yet insisting that they are renouncers of the world and recluses and the world is Māyā.

VII GYANDEVA. The reputed Yogi of Maharashtra considered by some the *avatar* of Sri Vishnu is the next subject of our sketches. He was a poet of high order. Initiated by his brother Nivrittinath, who disappeared after that in a mysterious fashion, Gyandeva by his learned commentary on *Srimad Bhagavad Gita* given at the age of sixteen startled the literary world and contributed to the joy of the saints. He wrought great miracles and established the principle of devotion to the Guru on a very firm basis in the South. He was a great devotee of Sri Krishna and passed his brief life in the propagation of the message of renunciation, meditation and realization preached by the yoga of *Bhagavad Gita.*

VIII NANAK. We now come to Nanak. About his creed also I have said a little before. It may be added here that the later Sikh gurus infused the militant aspect in their religion which in the first instance was akin to Shankaracharya's worship, "I am Brahman" and later concerned itself in fighting the outrages on Hinduism by Muslim rulers of India. Thus the contribution of Sikhs to keep alive the integrity of Hindu religion should never be forgotten by Hindus.

IX KABIR. The next sketch is of Kabir, who at the instance

of his reputed Guru Sri Ramanandji preached *Shabda Marga* which could be practised by every class of every age and status in life. It insisted, in short, on the worship of the Formless aspect of God and consisted in repeating and contemplating on *Shabda,* the Word or the Name of the Lord.

Nanak and Kabir themselves being householders were most misunderstood when the householders considered the worldly life was no bar to the pursuit of spirituality and was compatible, one with the other, and could go hand in hand. Here the greatest harm was done to real quest of God with undivided attention. Because our worldly life would remain undisturbed and we could enjoy our riches and relations all right many came into its fold and still are taking to it. These adherents forget that Kabir and Nanak were beings specially endowed who could even in household practise spirituality. The household must be disturbed to be a home of spiritual life and it is this that Nanak and Kabir taught i.e. renunciation and repetition of the Name of God and contemplation of Him.

X NAMDEO. Namdeo, the next subject of our sketch, was one of those rare figures whose love for *Kirtan* (Singing of Lord's exploits and Name loudly in the company of saints) knew no bounds. He enjoyed the company of great saints and was especially dear to Gyandeva. However, no influence of Yoga and other practices could effect his decision and he proclaimed to the world:

> "In this Iron Age God can be reached only through singing His Name and praises, with complete detachment from the world and its affairs."

XI RAMDAS. Ramdas the last subject of our sketches was himself a votary of pure mysticism and a man of great renunciation but oftener on occasions preached religion combined with ethics and politics due to the condition of

times and on account of his affection for his disciple the great Maratha chief, Sri Shivaji Maharaj. However, he laid emphasis on renunciation as a necessary prelude to God-realisation which alone is the goal of human existence, and not solidarity of the world, that ephemeral, transient, ugly, unclean thing as is incorrectly thought of by the ignorant sensual beings. Men are very glad to catch hold of the hem of garments of saints who could preach a gospel combining worldly prosperity with God-realisation. Of course, no true saint will associate with the world and capricious worldly beings or teach that world and God can go together. Who do so ultimately fall, turn worldly and enter the cycle of rebirth, the womb of eternal suffering.

CONCLUSION

My object in these works (*Minstrels of God*, Part I and II and the present work) is to convey to the world the spiritual legacy of India, viz., the goal of human existence is God-realisation and the pathway to it is *Sankirtan* (singing the Names and the exploits of the Lord in the company of saints) preferably after total renunciation of the worldly activities, possessions and the little self. This is to be done with one pointedness and unswerving devotion.

The lives of the saints incorporated in this work relate to the saints who can be classified as the worshippers of the Pursottam aspect of the Lord Krishna and His premier *Vibhuti* the *Atman* or the *Parmatman* the latter being styled also as his omniscient (*antaryamin*) *swarup*. The difference in the two classes of *upasana* is due to the difference in the goal, attainment of the Personal or the Impersonal aspect of the Lord. This difference in outlook is due to the natural aptitude of the worshipper of personal form to retain his personality (now turned *satchitanand swarup*) after emancipation and reaching His Divine Abode to join

the Lord in His sports (*lilas*) and serve Him along with the emancipated souls dwelling there eternally. Whilst worshipper of the Impersonal Formless aspect aims at losing his separate individuality in the omniscient all – pervading personality of the Lord, the merger in the Ocean of Bliss, and thus coming out for ever from the cycle of transmigration. The first seeks eternal service of the Lord in His eternal Abode that is constant association of the *Moksha*-Conferor, and the other is wooed to His eternal emanation, the *Atman* (*Parmatman*) Godhead. Both confer *Moksha*. And the path to attainment of both is perfect renunciation, for it is no gainsaying the fact that God is never met by a soul living in the household and in the midst of activities of the world – is the message of the saints both of the East and the West, who have attained to realisation. This is prominently brought out by Underhill in her *Mysticism* p. 210:

"Poverty then consists in breaking down of man's inveterate habit of trying to rest in or taking seriously things which are less than God.....Hence the sharpened perceptions of the contemplatives have always seen poverty as a counsel of prudence, a higher form of commonsense. It was not with St. Francis or any other mystic, a first principle, an end in itself. It was rather a logical deduction from the first principle of their science – the paramount importance to the soul of an undistracted vision of Reality.

HERE EAST AND WEST ARE IN AGREEMENT

"Their science" says Alghazali the great sufi, who practised like the early Franciscans, a complete renunciation of worldly goods, "has for its object the uprooting of all violent passions from the soul, the extirpation from it of vicious desires and evil qualities, so that the heart may become

detached from all that is not God and give itself for its only occupation, meditation on the Divine Being."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This book is meant to show the Path pursued by the Saints who realised God in one Life, and thereby to guide aspirants after God-realisation who have a similar desire to get His Vision and thereby emancipation in this present life. It insists that such God-intoxicated souls, adepts or *jigyasus* never dabble with the affairs of the world, social or political. They are totally and exclusively wooed to the Lord.

I shall be amply repaid if this work turns one a genuine hermit on the Path wooed to realisation of the Lord in THIS life. I wish it could wake up tense yearning to meet the Lord, and develop a decision to woo Him with tears of blood flowing through the eyes pining for a sight of the Lord of Brindaban—Sri Radha Krishnaji.

My thanks are due to the authors and publishers of the works noted in the Bibliography attached to this work. My gratitude to the lady saint Shri Mata Krishnaji of Brindaban for translating the poems of Baba Farid, Bullah Shah for this work. My thanks are due to Shri P. T. Sipahimalani for looking into the proofs. To Shri S. Ramakrishnan I am indebted for seeing to the early publication of this work.

Mata Krishna Satsang,
Basant Panchami Day 1962. BANKEY BEHARI

PART I

SUFI-SAINTS

Having done all that is possible to you, say we are unprofitable servants. God's justice is so harsh that though a man should do all the good works wrought by the company of Saints now in eternal life, yet being found in any of the mortal sins (pride, slothfulness in God's service, hate, anger, greed, overeating and drinking, and unchastity – the seven deadly sins) he would be lost eternally. I hold it would avail him nothing for all the saints in heaven to intercede for him. I affirm, moreover, were Christ to supplicate his Father, and Mary his mother, it would not avail to save his soul.

Further concerning this I may say that I would sooner have the man who sins a thousand mortal sins and know it than him whose sins one in ignorance; that man is lost. I hold that he may have practised every virtue of Holy Christendom and it will not avail him, he is damned with the lost, while he of a thousand conscious sins is saved provided that renouncing them heartily in true repentance, never to do them more, he mends his ways steadfast in love till death.

That man ranks with the Saints. —MEISTER ECKHART

I. BABA FARID

(1200-1280 A.D.)[17]

Says the Sage Vyas, 'by discussion I am not attained.'[18] As in Vedanta, so in Sufism 'the language of experience in the pursuit of the Path is more vocal, than pure logic or expression in words'. Baba Farid demonstrated this great

[17] The principal data of his date is from the fact that Baba Farid nominated Nizamuddin Aulia his successor in 1268 A.D. (vide Amir Khusru of Delhi by Prof. Md. Habib).

[18] *Tarko Pritistaham* Brahmsutra.

truth. And the occasion on which it was done was simple, yet queer. The place was really humanity's last abode the graveyard, where Farid gave out his Gospel. Thus it came about:

Baba Farid was passing below the balcony of the reputed songstress of Lahore, when attracted by her celestial music he climbed up the staircase Seeing him, she rushed to greet the Great Dervish with the words "Father! What kindness and mercy to visit this abode of sin! Surely good awaits me or else how to account for the Lord's shower of Grace in sending here his dear saint to me...."

Days pass on. The scene changes. The spot is the same. But today the house is crowded by the people and the coffin of the same prostitute is being borne to the graveyard. Quietly Dervish Farid follows the company and is heard softly murmuring:

"Our last abode is the greatest school for teaching the highest Truth. In death is laid the seed of resurrection." A shriek follows and the Dervish is seen rushing off tearing his long woollen shirt. What he saw that made him behave thus, who can say?.....

Years roll by and seated on the deserted grave of the same prostitute, with her skull lying before him, St. Farid sang:

1

The eyes that were so delicate that they could not bear the weight of collyrium in them, to-day the skull that held them has been turned into a nest for birds to hatch their eggs in it. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [1]).

Since then Baba Farid was seen singing songs so ably collected in the Bible of the Sikhs – Sri Guru Granth Sahib – of which translations are given below:

2

The day a man is born, the date of his death is inscribed on his forehead. This writing cannot be effaced; the marriage with the God of Death must come on the appointed day, entreaties are of no avail. The path by which the soul has to pass is subtler than the thickness of a hair.

(*Vide app. Item X* [2]).

3

Very difficult it is to pursue the path of God's Love. The fruits of the past acts one must carry on his head, howsoever, heavy be their load. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [3]).

4

Turn thy left cheek before him who strikes on your right. Never think of retaliating. Remember it is all the play of the soul. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [4]).

5

Despise not the earth, for none is greater than it. So long as you are alive you tread it under your feet, but on your death it lies over your head.

(*Vide app. Item X* [5]).

6

To what avail is your seeking Him amidst thorns and brambles that prick your feet? He dwells in your heart. Seek Him there. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [6]).

7

If thorns you sow do not expect to reap grapes. If a shirt of wool is to be carded, expect no silken garment in return. As you sow, so you reap. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [7]).

8

The love for thy teacher should brook no obstruction. What matters if you have only one garment, and the path that leads to him be muddy and even if it be raining

heavily, decide to go to meet thy beloved preceptor. Never allow any rift to be caused between you and him on any account whatsoever. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [8]).

9

Sugar, honey, candy, molasses and milk, all are sweet; but none of these can compare with the sweetness of the Name of the Lord. It is the sweetest of all. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [9]).

10

Remain always content. Never envy the lot of others. Carry a wooden loaf tied to thy belly.[19] Eat whatever

[19] Baba Farid's activities are proverbial and well echo the traditional notes struck by Prophet Mohammed when he was seated in worship with his companions in Kahaf. In 'Fuqraye Islam' it is mentioned that when a Mohammedan devotee approached him there and showed a stone tied to his belly to keep off the craving of hunger, Prophet Mohammed raised his cloak with a smile and the man was surprised to find 3 stones tied there meaning the Prophet had been fasting for 3 days without complaint.

Likewise, of Farid it is said for years he hung himself in a well and later for 12 years moved alone with a wooden loaf tied to his belly, because his mother told him to accept food only when it came by itself and never ask for alms; (*Swanah Hayat Amir Khusru* p. 30). His austerities drew no attention of less a saint later famed as Nizamuddin Aulia of Delhi, the teacher of the reputed poet-saint Amir Khusru. He became Farid's disciple. Later Farid conferred the spiritual suzerainty of Delhi on him. It is no wonder that even to this day Nizamuddin's name is worshipped in spiritual circle in Delhi (Ibid p-31). It was the pantheism of Farid that ran through the veins of Nizamuddin Aulia whose reputed fearless answers to the then reigning kings who threatened and persecuted him go down to posterity. To Sultan Allauddin once he replied, 'O Sultan! I refuse to help thee by giving advice in the governance of the country. We saints are concerned with the eternal country of the soul. We do not interfere with your worldly affairs (the country of body). Such repartee may well be taken to heart as a noble piece of instruction by *pseudo-saints of today who fight for political offices, thus bringing shame on God's Name and sainthood.*

Again, when offered riches he said, "We Moslem saints care not for the wealth of this nor yearn for the riches of the next; we live in and for God". Here we have the echo of Julian of Norwich's remarkable observations: "Saint is one who has seen the Maker. Whoever has seen the Maker never looks to the things He has made (world)."

ye get in alms, looking never to the dainty dishes others enjoy. It behoves thee to be satisfied with thy lot. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [10]).

11

Care not for the destruction of beauty. Let it go. But let not thy affection for the Lord suffer a whit. Do you not see how many beautiful faces lie underneath the earth? So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [11]).

12

Make thy mind the bed, and agony of separation the bed-sheet. Thus should you live the painful life of agony, suffering for the Beloved, telling your tale of woe to Him alone. Everybody has praised the agony of love, which is the greatest king who rules the lover. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [12]).

13

This world is like unto the sugar-coated pill of poison. Beware lest you lose in the game and pass away empty-handed. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [13]).

14

When I heard the gong being struck in the temple, the sight pained me, for the thought occurred to me, "When this faultless thing is being struck mercilessly for no fault, what punishment would I not have to endure in the end, when I have so many faults to my account?" So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [14]).

15

They who dwelt in the mansions yesterday, and whose arrival and departure was announced by beat of drums, now lie unattended in the grave in the solitary churchyard. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [15]).

16

In pining in separation for the Lord, all the blood in my body has dried up; not a drop can be discovered now.

This is ever the condition of the lovers of God. Very lean and thin in body they are. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [16]).

17

Seek the enlightened Guru. He is like unto the deep sea in which you will find the pearl (God). It serves ill purpose to seek Him amidst shallow waters (pseudo-teachers).[20] So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [17]).

18

Do not make brick mansions the seat of thy affections. They are so full of dust of ages that they cannot befriend thee. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [18]).

19

Go, dwell and make love to the Lord. Dwell amidst the graveyard. For that shall be thy last enduring place of rest. (*Vide app. Item X* [19]).

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[20] Cp. Maghrabi — the Mystic of Iran:

Ze Ahley fuqrö fana pürs zaukey fukrö fana
Az ankey hast giraftar malö jah mapuras.

Ask not about the mystery of the Path from the Pseudo-saint who is after the world, its honour and riches. He knoweth it not. Ask for the Path from the Dervish, who is dead to the World. Or, again the beautiful lines of Girami:—

Zübaney bulbulan anam key midanad midanad
Ki zaghe shoomey dushmanan nalayey mauzun cheymidanad.
Tapidan ha chey mi danad diley afsurda zahid,
Adayey kavashey nashtar ragey be khun chey mi danad.
Afalatun illatey betabiyey Majnun chey midanad
Tu yin hikmat ze Laila purs Aflatun chey mi Danad.
Girami Khum nashini digarast wa Khun chashi digar
Tu israrey khum az mun puras Aflatoon chey mi danad.

The language of the nightingale only the nightingale can follow, not the crow, who is its enemy.

They who measure their steps and ponder, can never enjoy the sudden leap into the Divine Deep.

What joy can he experience from the thrust of the lancet, in whose veins runs not the blood (is dried up).

To know the heart throbbings and pangs of the love Majnun approach Laila for explanation. How can Plato interpret them.

Says 'Grami' the taste and relish of the wine the toper knows and not the dealer who sits at the counter.

20

My clothes are all soiled and I am full of sins. Alack, the people are duped by my saintly exterior and call me a dervish. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [20]).

21

Get up and offer thy prayers to the Lord. If thy head does not bow to Him, strike it off. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [21]).

22

The head that does not bow to the Lord, burn it in place of firewood in the oven underneath the kettle. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [22]).

23

Do you not see that before your very eyes, your father and mother passed away. Beware, fix no hope on the fleeting objects of the World. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [23]).

24

The world is held by Him, and He dwelleth in creation. Knowing this, do not look with disdain on any trivial object for He pervadeth all of them. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [24]).

25

I thought I alone was a victim of suffering in this world but when I evolved into a higher state, I found the world was under the yoke of tyranny. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [25]).

26

The world is ever up to lure us by appearing in variegated colours. It is full of the deadliest poison. He alone escapes it, on whom the preceptor casts his glance of grace. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [26]).

27

The beauty of the body is all vain. Its charms are all

useless if through them the love of the Lord is not cherished. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [27]).

28

The day was passed in agony and the night in suffering pain. The boatman standing opposite remarked, 'the boat is in a whirlpool'. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [28]).

29

The body is shrivelled up and turned into a skeleton. The crows peck and are eating off the sole of the foot and the skin of the hands. Alack! Very unlucky am I, not to have met the Lord yet. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [29]).

30

O Crow peck not my body. Fly off, I beg of thee, because within my body dwells my Beloved. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [30]).

31

O Crow! Eat away every bit of flesh on my body wherever ye can find it. But pray do not touch the eyes, for still I cherish the hope of seeing the effulgent face of my Beloved Lord. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [31]).

32

Mute lips are turned vocal. The tombs cry out 'O ye dwellers in the transient worldly abodes! Ye, homeless ones, come to Me, your Eternal House. Fear not death (and pursue the path). One day ye shall have to embrace it in spite of yourself. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [32]).

33

Discard costly garments. Put on the wool-sack. The Lord is met in poor dress. So says Farid.

(*Vide app. Item X* [33]).

34

The Lord does not forget thee for a moment and feeds

thee. It behoves thee to keep vigils in the night, passing the hours in His remembrance. If ye do not do it, ye are like a dead man. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [34]).

35

Believe me, saints' outlook is different. They feel really suffering and comfort belong to the same category. They remember whatever He does for them is for their benefit. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [35]).

36

Why entangle thyself in 'I' and 'My-ness' and waste time over thy relations of the body. Believe me, he alone renounces the world on whom He confers His grace. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [36]).

37

Our heart is entangled in this worthless unreal world. Poverty of the soul is a real thing which breeds love of God. If one gets it, he is really lucky. So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [37]).

38

Remembrance of the Lord in the first part of the night is like gathering flowers and prayers performed at the close of night (in the small hours of the morning) are like those flowers fructifying. He who shall keep awake the whole night will of certainty receive His grace.
So says Farid. (*Vide app. Item X* [38]).

39

His grace may fall on us at any time. There is no definite rule regulating it. Some do not get it even after performing great austerities and nightlong vigils, whilst it is forced on those who lie asleep. (*Vide app. Item X* [39]).

II. SARMAD

THE MARTYR-POET-SAINT OF HINDUSTAN

(d. 1657 A.D.)

If I were pure, never could I taste the sweets
Of the forgiveness of Sins. If I were holy, I

could never behold the tears.
O! Love! O! Mercy! O divine Humility!
O! Forgiveness, O! Pity and Compassion!
If I were pure I should never have known Thee....
Would thou love one who never died
For Thee, or ever die for one who had not died for thee?
And if God dieth not for man, and giveth not Himself, Eternally for Man, Man could not exist, for Man is Love, as God is love. Every kindness to another is a little death.
In the Divine Image, none can exist but by brotherhood. *(Jerusalem Ixi 44 and Xcv 23)*

Great words about the only Great thing – God, Love and Man. Underhill quoting these passages styles them as "almost perfect epitome of Christian theology and ethics."

Such sublime ideas were understood, loved and lived by a great Sufi Saint Sarmad, whose blood at the hands of Aurangzeb shall soil the garments of the latter – on which will be written – The fanatic understood not the Truth proclaimed in fiery living words by that Great Mystic.

As a merchant, Sarmad came from Iran to India, but Love, manifesting itself in the form of human beauty captivated his heart and wrested away as price, honour, wealth and everything society holds of value. He, whose gold-worked garments drew crowds now wandered naked in the streets of Delhi. They were the days of Emperor Shah Jahan, who with his son Dara, recognized, adored, nay worshipped, the greatness in Saints to whatever creed they belonged. A brief acquaintance with the Emperor and the learned dervish became later the companion of Emperor Shah Jahan and tutor to Prince Dara whom he taught the *Upanishads* and the *Bhagwad Gita*. This inti-

macy was responsible for Aurangzeb's enmity to this saint, who, although he feared the latter, yet being compelled by the fanatic Moulvis accused him of going naked in the streets – which was against the mandates of the Holy Quran. When he asked the saint the reason for such behaviour, the latter replied:

He, who hath conferred on thee the crown of Kingship–
On me hath conferred the madness of Love,
He offered thee dress to hide thy faults,
But let me, the faultless one, pass naked.[21]

When again criticised for his free thinking the valiant Knight of God, replied in memorable words:

Sarmad passeth through the lane of Love caring not if the world calls it disgraceful.
From Jewish faith he passed into Islam,
And then next he had wandered further estranged from Islam passed on into the
Garden of Sri Rama and Laxman[22]

Who could toleratē this blessed freedom urged by love? Truth would not let him stop in any of the citadels created by the institutes of formal religion as understood by laymen or the priests. He pushed on fearlessly observing:

The dawn and sunset of the world I have seen.
My heart is cleansed of the hypocrisy and tarnish of worldly love.
I have watched the bud which when in its philanthropy,

---

[21] The Persian text in original runs:
An kas ki tura taje jahanrani dad
Mara hama asbabey pareshanī dad.
Poshanad libas har key ra ayb did
Beyaybanra libasey uryanī dad.

[22] *Sarmad ba küye ishq badnam shüdī*
Az dīn yahüd suye Islam shüdī.
Malüm na shud az khuda wa Ahmad
Bargasta basöye Lachman wa Ram shüdī.

It gave out its secret and smiled,
It invited calamity on itself for the next day it was dried and turned to dust.[23]

And he started proclaiming his gospel as summed up in his great work in Persian entitled *The Rubāiyāt Sarmad*. I give translations of a few of the quatrains out of the three hundred and twenty-one composed by him.

1

Thy forgiveness transcends my transgressions,
This emboldens me to err the more.
Everywhere and ever from experience I learn,
My sins are great but Thy bounty is greater still.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [1])

2

I approached all and questioned them
And I unravelled the knots of the world.
Alack! I struggled in vain,
I found no one true, nor discovered as just one.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [2])

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[23] *Inquilabey zamana dekh liya hubbey duniya se qualab saf hüwa,*
Jo kali thi khil ke khaq huyi jo phul tha kumhla ke khaq huwa.
Again see what Ghans Azam says:—
Na daram gar chey an dida ki binam dar jamaley tu
Nim naumid chun unram guzasht andar khyaley tu
Tu jannat ra ba nekan deh man bad ra ba dozakh bar
Ki bas bashad mara anja tamanayey visaley tu
Man diwana dar dozakh ba zanjir to khush basham
Agar ek bar pursi tu ki Majnun chist haley tu.
If I am not the lucky one to witness Thy vision,
Let me not forget till the end that I the unfortunate one cherished to the last that desire in my heart.
Confer on the virtuous paradise, and the sinner, like me, cast into hell.
But let my memory be kept fresh by Thy grace that I ever cherished the desire for union with Thee.
Yes, I have a reason to be pleased whilst lying in fetters in the dungeon of hell,
For I know that Thy goodness shall compel Thee one day to come to my cell enquiring, "tell Me where is the lover mad for Me."

3

Lord! In the wilderness of experience,
My traffic was with the good and the bad.
Except Thee none gave ear to my complaint,
Although I approached the best and the worst.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [3])

4

O Hidden Glory! Come forth and manifest Thyself;
The anxious query wearies me, where art Thou?
I long to enfold Thee in my embrace,
How long shalt Thou keep behind the veil?
(*Vide app. Item XI* [4])

5

Men find their happiness in religion and the world,
Deliver me from both; this is my happiness.
To be enamoured of Thee, is my desire vain,
Drop then the veil and let me look.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [5])

6

I did frequent, both the good and the wicked ones
And I plucked the rose and the thorn to learn their secret;
In quantities more or less, I witnessed everywhere uniqueness,
The moment I applied on them the touch-stone.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [6])

7

From the breeze, my heart sought, Thy fragrance.
From the blooming garden, this eye craved for Thy vision.
Alas! my hope remained unfulfilled through them,
Till my meditations revealed the Path that lay to Thee.
(*Vide app. Item* [7])

8

If in His manifest cruelty you did not meet Him,
Or His abounding grace, did not show you the path to Him,
I tell you the mystery of creation shall remain a sealed chapter to you.
For, verily, the warp of pleasure and the woof of suffering are like reins in His hands.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [8])

9

In Thy Grace forgive me my transgressions
And accept the tears of repentance I shed in the night.
Though my sins are great,
Yet Thy forgiveness and mercy is greater still.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [9])

10

In company of friends in the garden and in wilderness
How happily my days were spent in gossip and drinking.
That jolly company is gone and the happy conversation disappeared.
The inverted bowl of the sky has upturned everything.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [10])

11

Of me the devotee, the quest for my Beloved is my solitary pursuit
I care not for the sacred rosary and the thread.
I despise this garment of wool which hides a thousand mischiefs,
My shoulders shall never carry its burden.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [11])

12

Sarmad is like unto an arrow held in mightier hands.
He, a frail human being is tried

With the perpetual strife of the world which he sought to avoid.
Yet failed in his attempt and found to his wonder that he was helpless like a cow tied with the rope.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [12])

13

With what anxious looks the pilgrim scanned and passed by the garden of the world.
He plucked a few flowers, snatched a few thorns and crestfallen departed from the World.
This world is a complete mystery,
Pity the man who does not understand this secret.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [13])

14

I seek not the world which is of less value than the blade of grass.
So long I do not find the Beloved I lie in a cage.
Union is all I seek; that is all I can say.
If you must treasure someone in your abode, let it be Him and no other. Be sure.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [14])

15

Sarmad lies intoxicated with the love of the Beloved,
Lost to everything, his cup is filled with the wine of Love.
No terror of the executioner's sword can make him forsake his love.
Thus doth he reach the plane of Unity.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [15])

16

Why seeketh thou His abode only in the Chapel and the mosque?
Seeth not thou, His creation above and below, wherein does He not abide?

The whole universe made by Him recites His tale
He alone is wise who for Him is mad.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [16])

17

Everyone is not acquainted with the mystery of the Cup and the wine,
To every callous heart the secret is not told,
Verily it is the feigning Puritan, who is never acquainted with the Lord.
The solution lies not in the hands of the ignorant.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [17])

18

Few can distinguish between the lover, the idolator and the trickster,
The dwellers in the kāba, the mosque and the chapel, of course cannot recognize.
Enter thou the realm of Unity and watch oneness pervading all round,
Discriminate the rose from the thorn, and the lover from the Beloved, if you can.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [18])

19

Separation from the friend, even for a moment is unbearable.
Concord is beyond the reach of words.
He is the Ocean, whilst my heart is the poor pitcher,
Can the pitcher contain the vast ocean within itself?

(*Vide app. Item XI* [19])

20

I am non-existent, and the meaning of existence I cannot comprehend.
I am a flame, burning smokelessly.
My heart and my soul I have offered at the Altar of Love

Methinks it is a fair exchange, what care I for the return? (*Vide app. Item XI* [20])

21

O Sarmad, if He be a faithful one then He shall come of His own accord to thee.
If the rules made by Him permit, He shall visit Thee.
Why then go and beg from door to door?
Sit at peace – He knows your heart. He shall come.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [21])

22

He who seeks permanence in this world,
Let him take lesson from the rose in bloom and the season of autumn.
The colour and fragrance of the one and tyranny of the other
Lasts like the gusts for a moment and then passes on.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [22])

23

How can the sensuous one hold the fire of Love?
Can the fly imitate the heart-consuming passion of the moth,
It requires the ardour of ages, to experience the Friend's embrace,
Nor is this eternal wealth bestowed on everyone.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [23])

24

What matters if all my friends turn my enemies?
To me the friendship of the ONE gives joy,
Freed from the many to the ONE I turn.
I become one with Him, and find Him in me.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [24])

25

Friendship here is all for a loaf of bread,
None seeks to befriend the spirit.

Like the dogs they beg crumbs from door to door.
And these they term friendly visits.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [25])

26

In the battle of love, none but the lovers are slain;
The weak and the wicked escape from injuries.
You, who are the true lover, fly not from the battle,
They, who are not killed, are dead to love.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [26])

27

I yearn for the day when I shall be underneath the earth.
On this earth there is no better place of repose for me.
It is difficult to live in this world;
Therefore it is better to find pleasure beneath the earth.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [27])

28

From God every one seeks wealth and salvation
Or else craves the boon of a moon-faced beloved.
My heart leans towards this nor that,
It seeks only the Union with the Beloved.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [28])

29

Whenever you see the failings of others or cast glances on their virtues,
Throw the searchlight within you also and count your virtues and reckon your sins as well.
This then is best and nothing is better than this,
To examine oneself and not to hold the trial of others.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [29])

30

Like the carving in the stone of the ring, is your beggarly craving after fame.

Alas! whilst life is approaching to its close you are running after name.
From the barn of life, collect, thou a few sheaves, which are life's sustenance.
The harvest time is come, still thou art not ready to be reaped (by Death) fearlessly.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [30])

31

No more of thy advice; why bore me with it?
The cauldron of Love is lighted in my heart.
Take heed, watch the tavern (of heart) within,
Where the wine of Love is causing commotion.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [31])

32

The light of Truth I saw in my citadel,
When I had renounced all, I was bathed in it.
If thou too aspirest for it, give up thy lower self
Then shall ye find thyself bathed in Truth's sunshine.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [32])

33

Thou drawest every moment the wine of His remembrance
So do not waste thy breath on temporal pleasures.
Thou hast lighted the fire of desire,
Which if not quenched forthwith, shall raise a storm.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [33])

34

The madness of my heart is the height of my intellect
The tumult of Love is beyond reason's contemplation
It is impossible to control it as it is impossible to contain the Ocean in the pitcher
Whosoever sayeth to the contrary is mistaken.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [34])

35

May this heart bloom like the rose-bud
O my soul, chant the tune like the nightingale
Even in the autumn I feel that freshness of the spring,
When with the Beloved I drink the wine (of love).
(*Vide app. Item XI* [35])

36

If thou callest me the love of the garden and the wilderness it shall be true.
If thou considerest me the wine and the wine-jar it shall be true.
Sometimes I am the seeker after the world, and I seek salvation at another time
Thus bewildered I roam, knowing not where the steps lead me. (*Vide app. Item XI* [36])

37

I am mad after another Beloved.
And His beauty only I seek.
This world dwells on other thoughts, I ponder on different deeds.
Intoxicated by the Wine (of Love) I move, different is this vintage from the one drunk by worldlies.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [37])

38

I wept out my heart and its tears flowed in rivers.
My madness created a vast wilderness.
The joy of meeting old friends is not now for me.
I sit alone, friendless (yet with the Friend).
(*Vide app. Item XI* [38])

39

The froth of the bubble claims birth in eternity.
So also the mark on the mirage ages old.
This ancient inn, the world, is a-thirst for a new foundation.

This house stands on age-old ruins.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [39])

40

I tell thee, grieve not in this world,
Nor seek relief in hiding in mountains and wilderness.
This world is but a mirage. Look carefully at it.
It is mere froth of the bubble, a mere ripple in the sea.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [40]).

41

I am king of kings, quite unlike my naked self you see, I am a monarch, Sheikh!
I am all athirst for Him, and the joy of Him is heaving in my bosom, yet undistracted I lie,
I am an idol-worshipper and not among the believers,
I go towards the mosque, although I am no Moslem.

(*Vide app. Item XI* [41]).

42

It is difficult to gauge the bottom of His sea of mercy.
This tongue is helpless and the heart too circumscribed to express and hold it.
It is bewildered by its vastness.
Whenever I dived in my sins I always found Him by my side. (*Vide app. Item XI* [42]).

43

How long underneath this blue canopy and how long above the earth,
Shalt thou roam sad and sullen musing over silver and gold?
Sit at one place like the stone set in the ring.
This world is like the line drawn on water — a shadow and a mirage. (*Vide app. Item XI* [43]).

44

Tell me the cause of my broken-heartedness.
Tell me how long I shall endure this pain.

I know I am a sinner and a suppliant at the door of Thy Grace.
And if Thou can not forgive me, lead me then to the door of another one more compassionate than Thee.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [44]).

45

Tell me then who born in this world did not commit sin?
And how did the pious one pass his days, enlighten me?
If thou takest me to task for my sin,
Where is Thy Grace then and tell me what is the difference between Thee and me?
(*Vide app. Item XI* [45]).

46

Grow not careless from the people of the world, guard against them,
Many a wolf and tiger live disguised amongst them.
The cup of the heart is in danger of being broken by the stroke of the stone-hearted one;
Remain careful, lest, subtler as it is than glass, it be broken. (*Vide app. Item XI* [46]).

47

Thou manifesteth Thy glory in innumerable forms;
Sometimes in the hyacinth; sometimes in the cypress, and oftener in jasmine thou art seen;
In the mountains, in the desert and in the garden Thou liest hid.
And at other times how Thou turneth into the light of the lamp and scatterest effulgence in the grove and roamest in the Hall of Gaiety.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [47]).

(48)

Howsoever little be Thy mercy and howsoever great the pangs of Thy separation,

Yet mightier and more comfortable it is than all the world's kindness and sympathy.
Wheresoever I loiter in this world with open eyes
I see that where the broken heart dwells there I find Thee tending, the ailing one in love with Thee.
(*Vide app. Item XI* [48]).

Sarmad, the seer, saw the evanescence of the worldly enjoyments and preached asceticism, quietism, intimate and personal Love of God, contentment and humility as the gateway to the realm of Divine Beatitude, disparaging mere lip-service, formal worship and piety. His ethical and spiritual teachings echo once again the words of Hafiz and breathe the fragrance of the sayings of Khayyam. The debt to those poet-saints he confesses in all meekness:

I care not what people think of me and say;
I have adopted in my odes the style of Hafiz,
In quatrains the disciple of Khayyam am I,
But like them I drink not the wine of pleasure they drank.

These last words point to the pride [24] and vanity oftener seen in Hafiz,[25] born out of the homage he paid to his wealthy patrons and because of the evil habit of drinking wine. Sarmad was free from all these taints. His boldness and utter disregard for wealth and his constantly bowing before the Holy Shrine of the Lord, cost him his life which he offered cheerfully. Although he knew of his tragic end, he never tried to eschew it, as is apparent from his following lines:

Ah! How merciful is He that He ordered my head to be severed from my body!

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[24] When drinking of wine was abolished by King Mazaffar Hafiz was greatly annoyed and wrote verses of protest. (Vide Literary History of Persia Vol. I page 277).

[25] When Shah Shuja was displeased with Hafiz, the latter added a verse to his lyrics to placate him (Vide Ibid page 281).

From a serious headache I was suffering, He cut the matter short.[26]

The incident of Mansur was forgotten through passage of time.

By ordering my crucifixion, once more he renewed the Tale of Great Love.[27]

Sarmad is a martyr (died 1657 A.D.) whose name shall ever be written large in the Temple of Love. Our obeisance to him who raising the hands invited the very Lord to witness the holy scene on the scaffold that bore the sacred marks of his blood remarking:

Bā jurmey ishq tu am kushand ghaughayest
Tu nīz bar sarey bām ā ki khush tamasha yest.

Beloved! Climb then thy balcony and watch this festive scene, where the ignorant world charges me and hangs thy lovers on the cross.

And then rushing to the scaffold and offering his life for his lifelong Beloved greeted Him saying:

Fidaye tu shawam bey ā bey ā,
Ki tu bey har surat ki me aa yi
Man turā shanasad.

I am a sacrifice to thee, my Love! I see not the Cross but Thee in it. I recognize Thee and with the offering of my life I embrace Thee.

Thus passed off the great saint. He was buried opposite

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[26] 'Sar juda kardanad az tanam shokhey kiba ma yar büd
Kissa kotah hard warna dardey sar bisyar büd.
Deyr ast ki afsanyay Mansür kohun Shud
Akhnun sirey nau jalwa daham daham daro rasan ra.
(Vide Nigarastane Faras — Azad p. 198, 199)

[27] Mansür. Al. Hallaj. (flourished at the beginning of 10th Century A. D.) was crucified for his cry of 'Analhaq' (I am God), a dictum which was justified by Jumaid who said 'The supreme degree of the Doctrine of Divine Unity is the Denial of the Divine Unity', it is the highest Pantheism. It is God Himself speaking in the saint. (Vide Literary History of Persia, Browne — Vol. I, page 427.)

Juma Masjid in Delhi where every year an *Urs* (annual festival) is held to commemorate his memory.

III. BULLAH SHAH

(1680–1752 A.D.)

I wasted my life in achieving success,
Now I must learn to lose in the Game.
It profiteth not to gain a victory,
It is worth diamonds to court defeat.

If ye learnt not to earn failure in the Game,
Ye shall be cast out of the company of Saints,
As one without a guide and preceptor.
So says Bullah. (*Vide appendix–Item* XII [1-25])

The holy preceptor! Hallowed by Thy Name! None can pursue the delicate path of Realisation without his guidance. Absolute surrender is necessary at the lotus feet of the teacher. If ye art not fortunate in securing him in this one life, realisation, is not for you now. Besides, said the Great Tibetan Yogi Milarepa, "the Guru is settled for you from the dawn of eternity. He is joined to thee by Kārmic connection." Sri Guru Nanak said, if destiny has written on Thy forehead that in view of the virtuous deeds of your past lives ye shall find your Guru in this life, then alone ye shall secure the teacher[28] now in this life and in no other wise."

Tukaram prayed for over a decade and then got the initiation from his Guru in a dream, and then too by one who had passed away 200 years ago.[29] Miraji renounced a kingdom and walked day in, and day out, in the wilderness and amidst burning sands and then obtained the

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[28] Cp jo sant sachchey sada hain premi who harey hiko jitakahtey Na prem prabhü ka ho jis ke andar to jit us ki bhi har samjho.

[29] Vide sketch of Tukaram in Part II of *Minstrels of God.*

Guru and his grace. In Iran the great Jelaluddin Rumi's and Shamsh Tabriz's meeting is well-known—where the recognition of the Guru and disciple cost the former his head. Baba Farid for years lived in a niche in a well, and wandered hungry and thirsty before he got his Guru. His life shows what a tremendous lot of sacrifices, fasts, vigils, repetition of his Name, service of Saints and Sadhna are needed to get one's Guru. Ask Vivekananda and he shall sing his master Ramkrishna's praises and recite the trials which made him secure him. All salutations to the Guru! A Guru is an emancipated Soul, who does all to secure realisation of Truth for his disciple. In the words of Sri Ramdas, he comes from the Abode of the Lord. Sri Mirabai says that the Guru gives the Gift of the Name by which the fortunate disciple crosses the Ocean of metempsychosis as if by the boat.

Bullah Shah was born some time in the 17th Century A.D. in Lulani, a village that lay betwixt Lahore and Kasur in a respectable Saiyad family of Pirs. His father Mohammed was also a reputed Dervish. His early days were passed in the company of saints — Vedantists and Sufis primarily. He did austere Sadhna. Sometimes he would retire to the graveyard and often go to the banks of rivers to carry on his meditations amidst calm surroundings. The result followed in due course. He was turned into a pining heart with an emaciated and pale face. He was silently and constantly repeating the Name of the Lord and crying, "Tell me where can I find Thee?" And he seemed to hear a voice in reply say, "Seek my Lover and ye shall meet me there."

Leaving his house as a pilgrim without any appurtenances, Bullah proceeded in search of his Guru. Incidentally near Lahore he was drawn to the reputed Shah Inayat who at the time was planting onions in the fields. As he accosted

the saint, the short but memorable conversation ensued:

Shah Inayat: Son! How have you come here?

Bullah Shah: To inquire about the Path to the Lord, I have arrived here.

Shah Inayat:[30] It is easy to find Him. It is not the least difficult. Sever at this end (from the world) and join at the other (with God).

The disciple recognised the Teacher, rather the Teacher accepted his disciple.

Bullah served the Teacher with great zeal and assiduously. Complete surrender and service of the Teacher with a life bubbling with total renunciation and unswerving devotion to the Lord gained for him the Grace of the Lord and the Teacher. Bullah soon became an adept, and unable to control the joy he began expressing his divine experience before the uninitiated. This displeased Inayat and for a time Bullah was expelled from the hermitage of the Teacher.

To win back his lost kingdom—the shade of the lotus Guru was much interested, and when he became proficient in it, disguised as a dancing girl he went to the congregation of Sūfis held at Shah Inayat's place and melodiously sang the following:

2

My Lord! My Guru has left me, what shall I do?
He has left me, I must pursue him.
The flames of the fire of separation are leaping, without a sight of him.
Without my preceptor I have lost both my worlds.
(*Vide app. Item XII* [2])

3

Oh my dear One! I shall never annoy Thee.

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[30] Rab da ki pawna
Idhrö pütna udhrö lawna.

Love is of Lord's nature, born out of His grace, however it is the object of ridicule at the hands of the people.
To whom should I relate the Tale of my woe? All are mere strangers who meet only to pass by.
He alone knoweth the secrets of His Divine Abode, none besides.
Tonight is the sweetest, pray stay on with me, O Beloved,
And untie the knot of my heart and gaily talk to me.
O my dearest Friend, ye hath promised to meet me, why hast not Thou stood by Thy Promise.
I offer my life to Thee, teach me the Secret Mystery,
I have sought Thee long, pray do not forsake me now,
All my comrades ask me, is now the time of meeting arrived?
Thou killest the egoist and also those supplicating before Thee.
Thou oppressest and causest them pain.
What does all this mean?
What faith one is to lay in Thy love, for Thou claspest those sunk in the quagmire of sin,
And I who am filled with piety, Thou shunneth.
Says Bullah, O Dear one, come to me, it is the happy time of meeting. (*Vide app. Item XII* [3])

The melody of the voice, the depth of the meaning, the piercing agony of separation made Inayat recognise his disciple Bullah, despite the attire of his disguise. And when he interrogated, 'Is it Bullah?' answered the disciple 'not Bullah but Bhullah. (meaning literally 'erring one').

An embrace followed and once again Bullah and Inayat were together. In 1141 A.H. (1727 A.D.) Shah Inayat passed away but long before that no difference lay between the attainments of the two in the spiritual sphere.

Bullah's *Kafis* (songs) are famous all over Sind and Punjab amongst the select coteries. We quote a few for our readers for the enjoyment of their excellence:

4

O Lord, I ever remember Thy Name,
Better than Bullah is an oven, over which food is prepared,
For that food is shared by the faquirs seated in company.
Better than Bullah is the dirt – covered red stone on which the sole of the foot is rubbed to make it clean.
Bullah says the Lord can be met by him who prefers to live like the goat of the butcher on whose head hangs the sword i.e., who fears death.

(Vide app. Item XII [4])

5

Come and meet the separated one pining in agony for Thee, O Lord!
He who is a victim of Love always draws the long wail.
What know ye of the agony of love suffered by another one?
Who wants to wed Love, let him first offer his head.
They who have done Sadhna pass over the Bridge on Judgment day; but ye alone are the Lord and protector of the helpless ones.
They get to the Lord who wear the garments to be worn on the day of resurrection, (that is one who is adorned in agony and suffering);
Who recognises no other relations but God, they alone can attain to God. So says Bullah.

(Vide app. Item XII [5])

6

The fire of Love caught me, who can quench it?
Who is beloved of the Lord, his face is pale and is ever-shedding tears of blood.

He bids goodbye to his life, for "Separation claims him as his own".

O Lord I am Thine for ever and ever,
I am drowned in the Sea of Love,
The eyes are turned red weeping for Thee.
Why dost thou sprinkle salt on my fresh wounds?
Having wooed Thee, I offer my life to Thee,
I am the goat in the hands of the butcher, let me be eaten, yes, every part of me,
They are happy who live in Love, why makest thou noise when you do not Love and only pretend it?
Like the river my tears flow,
As the Cuckoos coo, so do I cry,
I am separated now from the body and the world,
I have become useless in the eyes of the world,
Since then the recipient of world's jeers and the target of their abuses have become. (*Vide app. Item XII* [6])

7

Where is the fun in making friends with the Cruel One?
The eyes have to shed tears always.
His separation pierces our hearts and takes away our life as
He the cruel one departeth. How cruel of Him!
How can I now depend on Him, who has not a particle of mercy in Himself for me?
We are like the birds shot by the Hunter who kills us and then passes on carelessly.
He had told us that He would return, but He broke all promises.
Why did I love Him? – I the foolish one.
Such a clever dealer He has been – why did I enter into a bargain with Him?
Ah, I got in return only poison and neither loss nor

I had to carry a load of pain and agony for nothing.

(Vide app. Item XII [7])

8

Now a victim of love I have become, neither life leaves me nor can I live.

Ye hear my tale. I know no rest in the day nor in the night.

Without the Lord my brows are scorched waiting for Him.

The fire of separation has burnt me, such is the queer way of Love.

How can I cross the Ocean without His vision,

I am very sick and oppressed. Save me.

With His long pain I am consumed. How am I to be saved from it?

So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [8])*

(9)

You treat me – I am in great pain.

My lord in my heart dwells and holds secret talks with me.

But I raise a query. He flies away like a falcon.

Prostrate I lie at the door of my Teacher,

I received only kicks from every place,
and in the whirlpool of the world suffered much.

I suffered under torrential rains in the night.

What are these cruel deeds, O my Dear One?

All night I have to keep awake, the strings in my bed are turned into a cobra.

All hail! These magicians' tricks of Thee.

Thy Flute, O! Krishna, has pierced my heart by its notes.

Its notes are like a long-drawn wail which irresistibly draws out of me tears.

The madness of Love has frightened me.

It has vanquished many a one. I am like a goat in the hands of the Butcher.

I am always in fear of Love — Queer is Love.

I always ask myself why has He cast me into the whirlpool?

To whom should I go for a cure? — to a magician or one who drives the devil out from the body of the possessed ones?

Tell me, is it a magician's trick or the devil's mischief?

I am but a child, I know not what is Love? Tell me why does it torture me? Are its fruits sweet or bitter?

Who can tell me this — the physician or the chemist?

If I can reach the lotus feet of my Teacher,

I shall lay my head on them and not leave them thereafter.

Lost are all these years that I did not reach Him.

So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [9])*

10

O Physician! Thy love's pain has made me dance. Why do you not care for me?

Thy Love's agony has fixed its tent in my heart, and tied me with strings of poison,

O Physician, come at once, or I shall pass away, I shall die. Ah! I shall die away.

The sun is set (my life's vitality is gone), only its red glow (a breath or two) linger on.

If Thou appearest even now, I shall be a sacrifice unto Thee.

I lament at my ignorance that prevented one from following Thee.

I did not know the secret of Thy Love, namely

To yield my head to it when with sword in hand it came to make an end of me.

Instead of submitting myself to its torture I raised a hue and cry.
My teacher in his mercy garmented me in love's garments, and offered me the crown of Love I was yearning for.
So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [10])*

11

Watch, O! my Comrades! What has my Beloved done with me!
He has taken away my heart which was my constant companion, and turned me into a pilgrim of the Path.
My parents rebuke and beat me whilst my brothers taunt me.
O my people! I am a sinner, show me the way to my Beloved.
He sounded the conch at my door, which destroyed my intellect,
I trow by God, my laughter is turned into tears,
O Love, halt! Why play pranks with me! Dost thou want to hang me like Mansur Al Hallaj?
When it fell to the lot of Bullah, he removed the veil of modesty. *(Vide app. Item XII [11])*

12

I shall learn incantations and thereby secure my Beloved.
With the help of mantras and charms I shall even burn away the Sun, and making the collyrium
Of the black water-laden clouds I shall apply it to my eyes and light the fire with my brows.
Of course, beyond that I cannot go. I shall offer my all, my beauty to Him.
From out of the seven seas in my heart, I shall raise storms,
And turning myself into lightning I shall frighten Him with its flash.

Like rain-clouds I shall encircle Him and light the fire of love and sparkle like the stars; with the Sun I shall make my offerings to Him.

With my Lover I shall lie in His embrace. Then I shall be called a wife.

Neither I am married nor a maiden am I, yet the new-born babe shall I fondle in my laps.

I shall do all, seated on the roof of the Formless and chanting the Word (Name of Lord).

So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [12])*

13

Cast aside Thy veil, O Beloved! It is no place for modesty.

Thy curls round Thy ears are formed into circles,

Like the young ones of the cobra they are striking us with poisonous fangs.

Dost not Thou even now pity us in our helpless plight?

Instead we see the fire of anger in Thy eyes,

The arrows ye shot by glances of Thine eyes have struck me, the humble one,

Who hath taught Thee thus to strike and then veil thy face from us?

With the sword of separation Thou hast struck us,

And rendered us helpless and still Thou dost not take care of us.

Is this the fruit of Thy love.

Mute I wander, O Shah seeking Thou in every object that crosses my path.

I cannot understand although thou saw me ripe and firm in my quest, yet Thou broke Thy Promise (and did not come to me). *(Vide app. Item XII [13])*

14

O Beloved! Come and meet me some time.

When I shall hear the news of Thy coming, in joy I shall offer my head to Thee.

In the garden sings the cuckoo and its melody wakes up the notes of love in my heart.
Lord Shyama has wounded me and I pine in separation for him.
When will the lord visit me and quench my fire of separation? Asks Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [14])*

15

Why delay my Beloved? pray, come.
Do you not know the story of my love? Then hear it. Bullah recites it: "He knoweth of the Agony of Love who is victim of its shafts."
In it the heart within relenteth and outside the relations of the body chastise – this is the heritage of love that comes to the lot of the lover like me.
Now I have taken shelter of tears, being tormented unto Death by the abuses of the world
Since Eternity till Eternity, the agony of separation shall be my lot, and in tears my life shall be passed.
I sought out the cup which Mansur drank and had the vision of the Lord.
I tasted the wine of my own blood,
The muezzin heralded the approach of my Lord,
I came out and bowed so long and so hard that it left marks on my forehead.
I lighted the fire in my heart. He was drawn to me and I came out to greet Him.
I saw my teacher Inayat in the company of my Lord
And received the grace and embrace of my Teacher and my Lord." So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [15])*

16

What was my fault, that thus you forsook me and went away?
I pass my nights and days in tears.

More tense and brutal are the shafts of love than the cannon shots and sword.
None is cruel like Love. It is very deadly and painful.
It does not give you comfort for a moment and the agony and pain is terrifying.
If my Guru Inayat Shah would confer his grace on me all my agonies shall cease.
So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [16])*

17

He who suffers the pang of Love is lost to himself and dances out of tune in the world.
Let none trouble them who suffer from the malady of Love.
They that love like to bear the pain themselves and tend it too cheerfully.
Even the God of Death dare not root out the tree of their Pain.
They control their future which they foreknow.
Whosoever donned the garment of love, he obtained the passport from the Lord,
Since I drank the cup that reached me from his Abode I have no doubts and delusions left.
In whom the Lord makes His abode, he ever cries, 'O Lord! Where art thou?'
He needs no rhythm nor schooling in music,
He is ever drunk to the point of madness and knows (Truth) as my Teacher did.
I discovered the Truth and thus the chaos of untruth for me ceased.
I have told you the secret of that Truth.
So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [17])*

18

My comrade! from eternity I am a victim of Love.
My day of birth is the day of my annihilation.

Love is consuming me over and over again like vegetables in the boiling cauldron,
It burns those who are already consumed in separation for the Beloved.
I do not know that whether He, my Beloved, had developed a bias against me,
For He deals with me in such a way that I do not doubt it is so.
Love's shaft pierced my heart and is not capable of being taken out.
The love of the Lord is incomparable and peerless.
So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [18])*

19

For my Beloved's sake I put up with all sorts of evil remarks made by the world.
Now I stand by the side of His bed.
Why does the world teach me different ways. I cannot remain without my Beloved.
You teach me, considering me young. But I tell you that my Lover Ranja[31] cannot live without me His dearest Hïr.
He pulls me with the string of Love — How can I sit quiet?
The Pang of separation of the Beloved's love has entered my courtyard and in variegated forms it appears before me.
Except Thy Vision now there is no remedy of my pain and agony,
I die! Lord come to save me!
I pray that my Lover Ranja may come and with Him
I may pass happily my night, and this agony and anxiety may pass away too.

[31] The lyrical story is similar to that of Soni and Meval and of Laila Majnun and is well known in the Punjab as the love episode of Hir and Ranja.

Tell me when will my Lord come to woo me? So asks Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [19])*

20

'Dust thou art, to dust returnest' is a great truth.
Therefore do not amass these fleeting objects of the world.
They who were comrades have left me never to return,
They were those who could not live for a moment without me.
I cannot even distinguish and recognise now their skeletons lying in their tombs,
There is magic in Yama's (God of Death's) touch – it deprives us of our sense of recognition.
I cannot bear this agony of the Fire of separation nor can I hold back the breath that is burning me as I draw it . . .
I have crossed the Ocean of metempsychosis that is beyond the ken of the Dead.
Today is the hour of our departure, we must gain the gift of immortality for us this very day.
We had come at His order from His Divine Abode naked and barefooted into this world.
This place is not for us. The world expels us from here.
Lord, where are we to go?
We are to suffer the worries and troubles as our forerunners endured in the path,
Since the world does not permit us to live here.
Thus battered we trudge along to reach the other shore,
His Name shall be the food to be taken by us on the way.
No other wealth we shall carry with us besides it,
As the world is a dream and all who dwell in it are dreamers,

So do I live in it, as in a reverie.
So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [20])*

21

Truth cannot be suppressed. It rushes to express itself.
It is a fact that by uttering the untruth I might save myself but if the Truth I speak it raises a storm.
Long does the mind ponder over it and cannot decide what is to be done?
In the end the decision is made, I express the Truth which cannot be suppressed.
The only Truth worth disclosing is the Lord's secret, although many a worldly matter too I know.
In the whole world the Lord permeates; somewhere He expresses Himself, at other places He hides Himself.
Who sought within, found the way to Him and got entrance into the eternal Abode of eternity.
In this world darkness prevails and it is full of dust and is a mire of sensuality.
Seek within; there He dwells, the ignorant seek Him outside.
In this world all is false and is an empty show.
He, the great secret, is entirely different from this world.
All this world is a manifestation of a scintillation of His Fire of Effulgence.
His ways are full of coquetry, sometimes He plays the saint and shows the path to Himself,
Sometimes the Beloved He is and sometimes the Lover pining for the Beloved.
When Moses witnessed a fragment of His effulgence, the Mountain was turned to ashes.
And when Mansur saw Him, he had to climb the cross and to kiss the sword.
'My and mine' are our ego's tricks. They do not find their way to Him.

If the great secret I express, all your discussions shall cease,
And the Beloved will then take me to task.
It behoves me therefore to take shelter of veiled esoteric (enigmatic) language.
I have the knowledge of Truth and this Truth alone I know and speak.
All besides it is futile talk and an aimless discussion.
My lord is not separate from me.
He alone is and there is nothing besides.
But the eye of Knowledge alone can discern it. The world misses it,
And therefore suffers the agony of rebirth over and over again. So says Bullah. *(Vide app. Item XII [21])*

22

I know not who am I.
Neither I am a believer resting in the mosque nor a *Kafir* seated in the temple,
I am neither pure nor a sinner,
Neither I am a Pharoah nor a Moses.
Nor can ye find me when ye seek me in Vedas.
Neither amidst the coterie of the intoxicants nor amongst the drunkards ye can find me.
Neither I am amongst those asleep nor amongst those who keep the vigil at nights.
Neither I woo mirth nor sadness,
Neither I perform virtuous deeds nor suffer from the taint of evil ones,
Neither I am constituted of the elements — earth, air, water.
I belong to no country, India or any other.
Neither I dwell in the village nor in a city,
Neither I am a Mogul, a Hind, nor a Turk,
Neither I dwell in the centre nor at the circumference,

Neither I know the secret of spirituality, nor that Adam or Eve gave birth to me.
Neither am I called by a name nor do I dwell in the house nor in the wilderness.
I know only this that I am the beginning and the end.
I recognize none besides me.
None is cleverer than me.
Who art thou, Bullah? I am who called himself Bullah.
So says Bullah. (*Vide app. Item XII* [22])

23

All discussions lead to Truth, which is like unto a fine point.
Take hold of the point and leave all other business.
Cleanse thy heart of all idle ambitions,
Lay aside all talk leading to heresy,
In this point alone lies real beauty.
Why rubbest thou thine forehead in obeisances and makest a mark there.
Your reading the scriptures and repeating the Name without following the import becomes a mockery to the people.
The Truth will be revealed some day.
Many after returning from Pilgrimage of Kābā wear long blue garments and
Sell the fruit of their pilgrimage for a small sum and later waste away that amount also.
Who can like such an act?
You can never hide the Truth.
Bow before your teacher and pray for enlightenment from him.
In this world you show love in perfect detachment,
Renounce all desires and hopes and cleanse your heart,
The Truth will surely shine therein. It cannot remain veiled any longer.

Salvation does not lie in going to Mecca.
All hopes and desires shall have to be renounced to obtain it.
Nor does it serve any purpose to go to the Ganga and to bathe over and over in it.
Neither by offering cakes at Ganga can any purpose be served.
Salvation lies in effacing the ego.

(Vide app. Item XII [23])

24

Go to the mosque and tell the people,
It is to no purpose your assembling there, if your heart does not bow in prayer.
Outside purity is of no avail, if thy mind be impure,
Even with the Perfect Teacher's guidance all thy prayers are of no avail.
Such prayers are like unto a bath in muddy water, such obeisance is like unto a dive in the oven and such repetition of Name is like painting with coal.
I found my Lord in myself,
When misguidance I gave up and sought Him thither and thither. So says Bullah. (*Vide app. Item XII* [24])

25

Give up studies: this worldly knowledge is worth nothing.
Only the first letter of the alphabet is enough for thee.
Life is passing off, take heed, depend not on it.
You have collected the holy Scriptures round you, but learnt not the secret. Without the Guru's guidance you shall fail even if this light of learning be in thy hand.
By study many have turned into teachers: Through study they have tried to fill their stomach and enjoy a comfortable sleep.

Ultimately they had to die in the midst of the current of worldliness and were subjected to pain of rebirth.
By lecturing they duped the ignorant ones and carried away rich harvest, stealing from them.
When rebuked, first, they tried to deny but had to confess their mischief in the end.
Spending life in the study of Scriptures they became victims of desire and ascending the pulpits befooled people by long speeches on spirituality, about which they had no personal experience.
Sometimes they turned into judges with sinister motives.
I say the Lord loves the ignorant Faithful ones.
Their (of the faithless ones) desire dons a new form every day and seeks new gain always,
So every day they try to teach new rules and laws: all to eat dainty dishes.
They speak one thing while the opposite thing dwells in their hearts.
They are false inside and pretend to pass for honest ones by putting on pure external disguise,
Sometimes they turn poets and at another time astronomers.
Oftener they teach incantations and with *mantras* try to deceive the people.
The result of this study is that those with eyes turn blind.
And give such foolish judgments that the criminals are acquitted and the honest sent to Jail.
As a result, only disgrace comes to them in this life and the one to follow.
This worldly knowledge is a great entanglement in whose net many lose the True Path.
Both in this world and in the other they carry heavy loads of sins, for that alone fall to their lot.

This knowledge or learning gives them respect and they sell themselves for money and do many cruel acts, carry on dishonest business and are friends of the cobblers.

Do they not know that Satan too is very learned but with all that he had to burn in hell,

And disgrace came to his lot? And did he not lose the game in the end?

When I learnt the essence of love and saw the passage into the Vale of Realisation, I was terrified by its majesty and was drowned in the intensity of the divine light and well-nigh blinded by it.

My teacher then took me out of it and ushered me into the realm of Real wisdom and Beatitude.

(*Vide app. Item XII* [25])

Bullah Shah lived in a period of great turmoil. It was a period when Mughal supremacy was fading out and the Sikhs were gaining supremacy. He met Sri Guru Govind Singhji and others and heard to his great pain the atrocious deal of the Muslims in decapitating the heads of Hindu Saints. It was a time when a few decades before Sarmad had been beheaded by Alamgir for his pantheistic leanings. A dweller in eternity, Bullah, whose illumination and realization by the grace of his teacher Shah Inayat had landed him in the realm of free thinking, recognized his country as the country of his soul and his religion as the religion of Man and his God the Universal Diety. He could not tolerate the feigned religious practices nor stand the caste and creed distinction in the realm of Love. The pseudo-Moslem Haji was as much the target of his denunciation as the Pandit who considered religion a formality consisting in bowing before the idol. He was all praise for his teacher and worshipped him as his God, for he said that, 'the teacher is the path and the path and the ġoal meet when soul reaches the culmination of spiritual experience — realization of God'. His leaps into the fire of separation are

eloquent and like a moth does he fly into the divine embrace of the Eternal Divine Light.

His philosophy can be summed up in these lines of Sarmad:

Ashiq hum az Islam Kharabast wa hum az kufr.
Parwana chirāghe harum wa dair na danad,

Who loveth Love is like unto the moth loving the flame on which,
It bestows its life whether it is burning in the mosque or the temple. So our love knows no fetters of tavern or mosque.

Farddudin Attar also speaks in the same strain:

Kufr Kafir rā wā dīn dindar rā
Zarraye dardey dil Attar Rā.

Let the heretic revel in heresy and the meek rejoice in his perfection but the heart of Attar prays
for a particle of love and agony on the separation of the Lord.

Bullah Shah was much influenced by the works of the Iranian Sūfīs — Jami, Rumi, Sadi, Hafiz and of some Arabian saints. The Vedantist appealed to him to a great extent as also the lover suffering pangs for Lord Krishna. He decried learning that is prized so much by the world and turned on the pursuit of the path of love of the Lord which he urged demands a different training of the head and the heart.[32]

His renunciation was marvellous. He closed his eyes to the pomp and gaiety of the world. He lived the life of indifference and detachment so beautifully described by Nazir in the following lines:

Ye ghunchā jo bedard gulchinne tora
Khuda janey kiska ye nakshey dahan tha.
'Nazir' āgey hamko havis thi kafan ki
Jo sochā to nahaq ka diwanapun thā.
Taney murda ko kya takalluf se rakhna

---

[32] The meanings of all scriptures were revealed to me when I opened the book of the heart' — says Nazir.

Gaya wuh to jisse mazayyan yeh tun tha.
Kayi bār hum ne dekha haijin kā
Mushayyan kafan tha muattar badan thā
Jo qabar kohun unki ukharhi to dekha
Ney qabar kohun unki ukharhi to dekha
Ney azo badan tha na tarey kafan thā.

This little bud that the gardener plucked, alack! who knows of which beloved's heart it was? Says Nazir, 'formerly I wished that my coffin should be embroidered, but now I feel it was mere foolishness. It is futile to decorate the body after its tenant, the soul, has left it; oftener I saw that many who in lives had perfumes sprinkled over the body and wore rich garments, in graves they lay naked and their bones and skin were being eaten away by worms.'

Bullah never even clothed himself well nor indulged in pleasures: He considered this world as a great school where we must live far from its fleeting objects and feel that we are travellers and need not make our homes here. Bullah passed away at the age of seventy-two in 1752 A.D. at Lahore.

IV. SHAH LATIF

(1689 – 1752 A.D.)

Within whose heart love's fires glow
They have learnt all men can ever know.

—SHAH LATIF

A dervish passed by a little village set amidst sandy hillocks, singing such elevating songs to the music of a *tamboora*,

'Within the heart red embers glow,
But never outward vapours arise
Heap up the fire and fan desire,
That being burnt may make thee wise.'

There was sweetness in his voice and a thrill. His eyes looked to the skies and then drenched the earth with tears. He faltered. He struggled, as he passed on. I followed him. My fancy made it possible. I pursued him in my dream, wishing it should outlive me. For with him I sipped the

drops of nectar flowing from the lips of divinity. I could not vie with him nor make a sacrifice he called for. Did he not say? —

'One breath from the Beloved's lips
Is better than a thousand lives.'

I rushed, I dared. I begged. I prayed. I loved. I put the dust of his feet on my head. I expostulated to be initiated into the mystery of the path. He beckoned, and burst out into a sad dirge, the message of love, for all times to his disciple who lay at his feet:—

1

O lovers! The gallows invites thee,
If ye have courage falter not, pursue on.
First strike off your head from shoulders,
And then enquire of the Path of Love.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [1])

2

True lovers love and adorn themselves with the scaffold as garments,
And consider it a matter of shame to hesitate and lag behind.
They accept it by troth, wagering their life for it.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [2])

3

The noose doth adorn and decorate the lovers,
And lovers hold fast to their decision to sacrifice their lives,
Offering their bodies gladly on the scaffold.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [3])

4

The love of the gallows makes lover rush fast to embrace it;
They never falter nor lag behind.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [4])

5

A hundred times a day they rush to climb it
Bidding goodbye to comforts, they suffer cheerfully to woo love.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [5])

6

The lover complaineth not of the knife nor of him the knife-bearer.
He is lost in enjoying His effulgence, and slaking the fire of yearning in him.
The smarts of separation for the Beloved ever torment him (when His Form is not before him).
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [6])

7

Beloved! let not Thy knife be sharp but rather blunt,
So that softly and for long ye may go on striking me slowly with it. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [7])

8

That it may cut into twain the bones of my body,
And the delay of Thy performance may make it
Possible for me to enjoy the smart and torture, at Thy hands longer. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [8])

And he spurred off. I called out, 'Where are you bound to, my master?' He replied, 'To the wine shop'. And 'Why?' I remonstrated. He answered, 'Because, this head has become a dire load, too difficult for me to carry it longer.' I moaned, 'To the wine shop!'.....and I heard the wind answer me:

9

If ye yearn to love, go and seek the lover's company,
Making first the offering of your head at their feet,
Then ye shall purchase the cup full of Love's wine, and shall quaff it off.
I tell thee very cheap is the bargain, if love could be bought for the head. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [9])

10

If ye desire to taste the wine, go to the wine shop of love.
First cut off thy head into big bits, then into smaller ones, lastly into finer parts still,
For this is the way with the lovers.
Therefore, if acting thus on my advice, ye gain love, ye have struck a bargain cheap. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [10])

11

The lovers delight in drinking the cup of poison.
And smile when the snake frowns on them with its poisoned fang.

They woo bitter, piercing and deadly shafts that wound them.
The lover is drowned in the ocean of his love, he has merged his separate existence into His;
And although the pangs of separation have consumed his very bones, he never betrays the pain with any outward sign.
So sings Latif the lover's tale of Woe.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [11])

Soon I shadowed him. He was coming out of the wine-shop where dwelt the lovers. I appealed to him to complete his half-given instructions, in a hurry. He looked at me, his eyes, red-shot, dripping blood. He raised his hands to the very heavens and began the sad dirge:

12

Lovers do not love their head,
They strike it off their shoulders themselves,
And offering it as price, seek the Path of Love.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [12])

13

To what purpose, should lover his head conserve?
It is a load to carry, if it be without love.
A hundred heads if he had, he would offer,
And purchase in bargain a sip from the divine cup of love. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [13])

14

Every fibre of the lover is turned into a veritable string of the guitar, which repeats His Name every moment.
He never complains or utters a sigh;
Instead he says that He is my Beloved, who hath roasted my flesh as in a cauldron and played havoc with my heart. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [14])

15

Who would love Him, as I love my Beloved!
He would have to remember Him all night long and all day;
And shall have to climb the hard steep hills.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [15])

16

Who will aspire to love and be a friend to Him,

He will sit alone and weep tears of blood.

(*Vide app. Item XIII* [16])

17

He, who would bestow his heart on Him, like me;
I trow his tears shall never dry up.

(*Vide app. Item XIII* [17])

18

As today my eyes remembered my Beloved,
The tears started flowing down the cheeks incessantly and knew no drying up;
My love knew no diminishing, and cared not for witnessing any worldly sight that crossed the path.

(*Vide app. Item XIII* [18])

Who is he who sings the song of my yearning soul, is teaching the very lessons my soul sought. The mystic ocean of Love in which he dives and successfully brings out pearls of the notes of superb qualities. He echoes the notes—aye universal notes which have enlivened sleeping lyres. Ah Latif! I cried out in every vein of your living songs; I can watch the throbs and pulsations of the lovers of the East and the West. Of the Sufis of the East, as reverberate their heart-beats in the lines of the Punjabi saints, we have already spoken. Let me point to the same vein that rules the mystics of the West. Let me quote from them:

Why dos't Thou hide Thy lovely face? O, why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of that soul—enlivening eye,
Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my Light; in Thee
I live, I move and by Thy beams I see.

—Francs Quarles: *The Divine Lover*

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked anything?

—George Herbert: *Love*

Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.

Let mystic deaths wait on't: and wise souls
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
—Richard Crashaw.

Dead by my heart to all below
To mortal joys and mortal cares:
To sensual bliss that charms us so
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf my ears.
—Issac Watts: *The Farewell*
(Quoted in *Shah Latif* by Sorley p. 309)

Shah Abdul Latif, admittedly the greatest among the Known Sufi-saints of Sind was the patron and enricher of the Sindhi language, which although is the child of Sanskrit yet is much moulded and modified by contact with the language spoken by the Persians, Afghans, Mongols, Greeks, Turks and Arabs. Each found Sind an amiable receptor of his culture, for Sind is by nature 'easy-going' and blessed with a nature full of faith, religion, surrender and devotion to his Pir (Teacher). Luckily Latif was born in a rich family, being the son of Saiyed Shah Habib of Haveli who did not stand in the way of the solemn contemplative leaning of his son and his meeting with the Saints of various denominations, rather he encouraged it. Once when a *Yogi* visited young Latif and he asked him, 'Where does your God dwell?' The Yogi answered 'In Hinglaj'. Thereupon Latif rebuked him remarking: 'He is omniscient and omnipotent. Why do you confine Him to one place?' Thereupon Latif's father slapped him saying 'True, He is omniscient and can appear everywhere for His devotees. But why should you quarrel with the Yogi? He saw Him (His God) appear for him in Hinglaj and so he says that, and therefore is correct.'[33]

Thus from childhood Latif imbibed a catholic spirit as appears from his poem:

> The gifts of the Almighty do not depend on caste. The worker is the finder. The all-powerful Great King bears coaxing of the ignorant who passes the night with Him,

---

[33] Dayaram Gidumal: *Something about Sind* by Sigma p. 42

Will find his trouble's burden hath no weight.[34]

Although born in a rich family, he eschewed comforts, and added to his sparkling humility by his kindness. Who can doubt the tradition about him which is well known all over Sind: 'It is said that Shah Latif's wife while enceinte longed one day for a certain kind of fish and her maid sent one of his followers to procure it. When Latif learnt of it, he observed, 'When the embryo is such a trouble to my *fakirs*, what will the full-blown adult be? May such a blossom be nipped in the bud? The child died in the womb'.[35] Here is an echo of the austere life which Latif, like the reputed Saints of India, lived and preached.

Let us examine his message from his songs, which we give below:

19

Far off lies the port:
Oh! if I could reach there early.
But not a farthing have I in my pocket,
Nor a penny to my credit.
How can I then take the boat?
O captain! be kind and offer me thy hand.
That I may soon cross, and meet my Beloved.
I pour my prayers, standing at thy cabin-door.

(*Vide app. Item XIII* [19])

20

The sailor did not let me enter the boat,
Since I did carry no purse.
Tired, sitting in the hot sun on the shore,
I passed the long day.
Then did my Lord take pity on me, and His compassion safely took me o'er. So says Latif.

(*Vide app. Item XIII* [20])

21

Why be a slave to the people of the world?
Why not serve the omnipotent Creator, and make complete surrender to Him?

---

[34] Shah Abdul Latif of Bhit, – Sorely – p. 329.
[35] Ibid.

He will confer the boon of happiness on His lover, if ye be one such, ye shall enjoy eternal beatitude in return of love for Him.
The ways of the world and the Beloved, although in appearance and form they look similar;
In as much as both woo likewise and enchant by the adornment of their face,
However differ in substance inasmuch as Love's chief activity is to make one God-intoxicated and turn insane.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [21])

22

The world seeks transient possessions, and prays for them, day in and day out.
However, the Lover yearns always for the company of the Beloved.
He offers all joy of the world at His lotus feet
And chants His Name, which is no sweet and makes him richest of all. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [22])

Although born a saint and in a saintly family, soon the intellectual and mystical tendencies in Latif fixed his attention on the literary gem of Sufism. The Masnavi of Maulana Rumi he ever carried by his side as also the *Quran*. Here we have clue of the influences that moulded and regulated the flow of his thought. Under their influence the imaginative impulse of this God-intoxicated man rushed demolishing the subtle mounds of intellectual, theosophic and philosophic mysticism as understood by classic authors, to shine brilliantly in the realm of Love, into mysticism often of erotic type enriched with spiritual and religious experiences.

Having learnt very early that the quest in the labyrinthine thorny path of Realization can stand no contorted vision, and the search is by the divine emanation in man to its Divine Source, he refused, although living in the troublous time of Nadir Shah's invasion, in the age of revolution, to be perturbed by those incidents and like Hegel and Kant, took no note of those stirring political movements, the outcome of the capricious tendencies in man. His disregard even to notice them in any of his poems goes a long way

in establishing his true Sufi nature which ever dwelt above the prakritic (sensual) world, in the realm of Eternal Beatitude. Prejudiced pragmatic writers have tried to disbelieve supersensual tradition about Latif, because they could not pigeon-hole them into the moulds of rationalism. Would they had known that Latif is dealing with the Reality which while transcending dimensions is all-dimensional and is ever above them. Where Dean Inge's mystified eyes cannot probe the mystery of grace (if West seeks to interpret Latif) let it look through the eyes of Crashaw, Blake, Watts and Patmore. With the Lord's grace they may also have occasion to sing with Patmore:

I go with a perpetual heartache.
None can see god and goddesses and live,

And to soliloquize with Crashaw:

Lord, when the sense of sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek *thy* face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire
I die in love's delicious fire.

Comfortable sofas and fashionable societies must be replaced by solitude and picturesque natural surroundings, aye, the sand hills of Bhit, to understand Latif. A sense of humility before the majesty of God must go deep into the mind of the seeker before he can interpret Latif.

The philosophic quarrel between monotheism of Islam and the pantheism of the Sufi which is observable in the lines of Latif, is a problem which the commentators find hard to reconcile. If they had known the life of Latif, his contact with open-mindedness and devotion, with the Indian Vedantists, Sufis of Persia, Arabia and Upper India stock and with the Yogis, difficulties would not confront them in understanding Latif. There is an insatiable thirst for Truth which marks the lines of Latif. Ah! the lament of Latif and his catching the hem of the Sanyasin and Yogi and his entreating them is well portrayed in his poems:

23

If ye desire to be a *Yogi,*

Wear not the rosary, put on no marks on thy forehead, and
Build no *Ashram* (abode) for thyself.
Ever dwell away from the haunts of the people,
And always by the side of the Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [23])

24

If thou desirest to be a Yogi,
Renounce the world.
Dye thy heart deep in His Love.
For real lovers drink the cup of Nothingness, and
Pass away into the Valley of Amazement, in remembrance of Him. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [24])

25

If thou desirest to be a Yogi,
Die to thy self (ego).
Make thy body the seat, and the mind spot for contemplation,
And renounce all Thy possessions.
The path and the goal both lie within thee,
Seek them not outside thyself.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [25]).

Again witness Latif's knocking at the door of Sufi, rolling in dust at his feet, his flute lying away, on which he was till now playing; and above all, his persistent request for a draught of sweet pain, is so touching:

26

Strike such a wound, O my Beloved:
That my head I may offer to thee.
And may I thus (headless) meet Thee.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [26])

27

Wherever the Beloved wounds His lover;
The physician fails in wit and cannot administer to the patient's cure. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [27])

28

If the Beloved would once strike the wound of Love;
I shall not approach a physician for cure;
And shall kiss and tend the wound with love and tenderness. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [28])

29

The true lovers do not feel the pain (of the wounds inflicted by the Beloved);
Nor turn over the sides to allay the anguish thereof.
Within their hearts the red embers glow, whilst outside the tears flow incessantly.
Who remembers the Beloved,
He passes his night in tears, and his breaths die away in sigh. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [29])

30

Lover's body is the string, his mind its knobs, and the heart the guitar.
In every pore dwells the hope of meeting the Beloved, and notes of His remembrance are always heard.
Every fibre is playing the music of Love.
Even if the lover lie asleep, the music still goes on without interruption.
Their sleep is veritably worship of the Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [30])

31

In agony, lovers turn on sides,
And cry, O Pain! O Agony! O, Woe.
Their vitals are all bound and
Consume the very nerves.
If thou believest not what I say,
Go, and witness for thyself the fire that burns in their heart. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [31])

32

Every lover's heart is ailing and crying, constantly, 'O, my Lord!'
Its internal roasted state is revealed by the smell that spreads outside
If ye have no faith, go near and witness for yourself.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [32])

33

If I be burnt in the hot embers of the Babul tree and the thorny bush,
Or be roasted on the spit, what matters it to me,
If this be the gateway to attain to my Beloved. I woo and court it with Love.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [33])

34

Love's fire burneth within;
Its vapours do not appear outside.
With sighs go on working it up, and let your breaths play the bellows for it to flare up.
If thus ye shall feed the yearning of Love for the Beloved,
I trow, ye shall succeed in the Game of Love and carry the trophy away. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [34])

35

First a mere flame, then it flared up into a conflagration,
The fire of separation rose, and developed insatiable yearning to meet Him.
All other desires left me, only the urge to meet the Beloved developed.
All this was the result of my following the precepts of the lovers of yore, at whose instance I went in for this risky game of Love.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [35])

36

Ask the moth of the joy of burning in the flame.
At the sight of the first effulgence, it offers its life.
Likewise, do lovers offer themselves a sacrifice at the Beloved's feet.
In whom the dart of love has made its home.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [36])

37

If ye art a lover, play the moth!
And rush to devour the flame.
(And thus play the Samaritan, quenching the
Fire by offering thy life and saving others).
Even there, proclaim not with pride thy martyrdom.
For humility is the Koh-i-noor of the Path of Love.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [37])

38

Always draw deep but silent sighs.
And let not the fire appear outside and reveal itself.
Keep thy hope fresh,
Remembering His compassion can never forsake us.
I trow, who know this secret, ever are pining for Him.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [38])

39

The brave ones have won Him.
The idle lost Him and fell into darkness
(of cycle of rebirth).
In whose inside burns the fire of Love,
They alone know what love is like!
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [39])

40

The true lovers of the Lord forget Him not for a moment.
They are ever sighing and yearning thus to give up life
(in sighs). (*Vide app. Item XIII* [40])

41

True lovers know no sleep and rest.
The Word (Name of the Lord) taught by the Teacher
hath turned them maniacs of God.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [41])

42

The lovers never count the odds.
At the Beloved's door they constantly shed tears of blood
And silent and mute they go on contemplating on Him.
Thus they pass the heavy years of their life.
All this they do to woo the Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [42])

43

The lovers of great attainment do not brag of their love
They appear like yearning's idol, having renounced all
adornments;
And careless of their dress, their minds are ever turned
away from worldliness. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [43])

44

Your pretension of being lovers is false,
Since ever a pin-prick brings a drop of blood from your
body,
How dare ye to call yourself a lover, if you are so weak
(carry still blood in your veins and it is not dried up
in separation's fire)
How shall ye face the dart of Love?
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [44])

45

Be steadfast in love. It is not a game for those who weigh
the pros and cons before taking the leap.

If one desires to be called a lover, let him be prepared to be cut into bits.
Love is not that is temporary and lives only for a moment.
Nor can its pangs be shared with other.
It is a false profession, if ye call yourself one in love and yet live the ordinary family life, namely, eating, drinking and remaining merry.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [45])

46

To ascend the gallows is the Pathway that leads to the Love of the Lord.
If ye desire to have His vision, go and wait in the love of the Beloved
And be ever prepared to wager thy life for His sight.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [46])

47

Who yearns to meet the Beloved, associate with him.
Who knoweth not of Love, mingle not with him.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [47])

48

O lover! Go and dwell in the Lane of the Beloved,
And never forsake His door.
Some day He will cast His glance of Grace on thee,
And that shall infuse delight in every pore of thy body.
I cannot endure a moment's separation from Him.
How can ye live without Him (and yet call thyself a lover)?
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [48])

49

The beloved invited me and slaughtered me with His glances today;
And accepting my flesh cast my bones away.
Then He, the Cruel One smiled and wounded me to death.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [49])

50

The fire that He hath lighted burns within me.
How can that fire be quenched which He has lighted?
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [50])

51

Lovers do not display the pain they suffer from.
It is foolishness on the part of the injured
not to treasure and hide the pain of Love.

Beloved! How I suffer, yet Thou heedeth not.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [51])

52

Very sweet is the Name of the Lord.
And likewise does it offer me shelter.
To speak the truth, I got no better abode of rest and safety than It. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [52])

53

So omnipotent is Thy Name! Pray, confer Thy Grace in conformity with It, on me.
I have no friend besides Thee, Thou art the only post against which I can rest.
Ye are the only roof underneath which I can lie for shelter.
Very ignorant am I, ye knoweth all my need, pray act as Thou deems proper. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [53])

54

O my Beloved! Break not with me, poor thing.
I am mean and repellent, there is none besides.
I am ever sitting at Thy door and repeating
Thy name. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [54])

55

O sleeping one! Wake up. It behoves not thus to sleep.
Thy companion of life lives; the Lord, shall not meet thee, if thus thou sleepest.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [55])

56

Sleep a little, and also keep vigils, observe caution; and beware of excesses.
Consider the world, a mere *caravanserai*
Where pilgrims meet for a moment and then proceed on their journey. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [56])

57

Waste not time over sleep. Rest will not help thee. Remember thy Lord.
For, if this moment is lost, long shall ye repent for it.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [57])

58

By milching the hoof of a cow, it is as foolish to expect milk
As it is for one to try to seek comfort in this world.

Such wrong belief is a departure from true religion and taking shelter in a wrong creed.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [58])

59

In His mercy He bestows His grace,
On him who assiduously works for it.
He cares not for thy high caste,
The poor and the helpless earnest seekers are most dear to Him. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [59]).

60

Futile is thy tear and cry.
Besides Him none can play the successful physician to thee
Remember Him and thy pain shall pass away.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [60]).

61

Who suffers from pain in body, enjoys health when he is cured,
Likewise the true lover who pines for the Beloved welcomes the agony (expecting to enjoy cure and happiness on His sight. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [61])

62

Who can diagnose my agony? He alone is the physician who can cure me.
That one is He, who has inscribed 'suffer in Love', on my forehead (as my destiny)
When He shall confer His grace, pain shall leave me.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [62])

63

O my mind! pursue the path of love of God.
And kiss the dust lying on His threshold.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [63])

All this reminds us of the eloquent picture of this aspect of Love portrayed by Jalaluddin Rumi, where he says:

Ay khudawandā yekey yār jafākārash deh
Dilbarey ishwā gar sarkash va khunkarash deh
Chand roze ze paye tajarbā bimarash kun
Ba tabibaney daghā pesha sarokarash deh
Ta bedanad ki shab ma ba hisan mi güzrad
Darade ishqas deh va ishqas deh va bisyarash deh

'O, Lord! bestow on me a turbulent Beloved, who may

torture me in a hundred ways by the shafts of His glances and otherwise.

O Lord! bestow on me a physician who shall always betray me.

So that I may pass my long torturous nights in agony in the pangs of separation, and kiss over and over the shafts of love that come piercing my heart .....'

The readers of the West will do well to ponder here on the cardinal spiritual experience of the Sufi and the Vedantist, transcending Tauhid (Unity-consciousness: Oneness: Non-existence: Egolessness), and passing into the realm of *Fana – fil – Allah* (complete surrender at the Lord's feet), where sublimated Consciousness, that had crossed the limits of Unity consciousness (Tauhid), garmented in a new divine consciousness (duality)[36] tastes the brilliant Effulgence emanating from the beautiful face of the Lord (That is duality's experience). The best illustration of it we find in Bayazid stating.

"I witnessed the Lord as a beautiful young boy in His teens," and Maulana Jelaluddin remarking on this experience says "It is possible that the Lord used to appear before Bayazid Bistami as a boy....."

(*vide Sawanah Maulana Rumi by Haji Malik* Muhammad Uddin. p. 116).

Latif also has his say regarding the personal form of the Lord and about His beauty:

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[36] On this point the views of Dr. Khalifa Abdul Hakim in his work the Metaphysics of Rumi are worth pondering!

pp. 138 – "As Rumi's God is not an abstract Unity, so living in Him and losing oneself in Him too does not mean the merging of the deep in the homogenous ocean. He is a believer that ultimately one is clothed in His attributes *without losing the essence of one's own personality*. Rumi employs the analogy of the stars in the morning losing themselves in the light of the sun.....

pp. 152: Is Sufism identical with Pantheism, is a matter difficult to answer, "When we see the Sufi engaged in intimate conversation with a Personal God, we have to stop and think. It is not surely God dealing with Himself, even though the Sufi will tell you it was so. When he wants to get rid of his limited individuality, and let God live in him some sort of *dualism* is still there, though the nature of

64

These eyes are very benevolent to me.
They look at the Beloved as I raise them.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [64])

65

The eyes are to be cast to the crows,
That look on one besides Him.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [65])

66

My eyes enjoy and are satisfied on seeing Him.
They dance with joy at His sight.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [66])

67

Blessed are those eyes, who at a very tender age
Have gone a-seeking for His vision,
Offering their life as the price.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [67]).

68

The eyes are incarnated only to see Him
And pray at their birth to bestow His vision on them.
And pass the rest of life in enjoying the
glory of this vision when it comes to their lot.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [68])

Here is the climax of all religious experiences reached, the Vision of the Form of the Lord. We find its echo in all Saints and mention in the Shastras. If Sri Radhaji, the Beloved consort of the supreme deity Sri Krishna says:

Sri Krishna rüp adi nisevnam binā
Vyarthani mey ānyakhil endryānyelam.
Pāshanshuskeynadhanbhārkanye ahö

---

it is unintelligible and unspeakable. By dying to himself, he lives in God, it is not simply God living by Himself.... So we must repeat it is not pantheism but panentheism.

pp. 138. "By many Rumi is considered to be a Pantheist." Dr. Nicholson, the leading authority on Rumi, "acknowledges that it was his first impression when he translated some odes of Diwan Shamsh Tabraiz, and knew less about Sufism, but a fuller knowledge of the subject convinced him that the standpoint of the *Sufis like Rumi is consistent with belief in Personal God* (Vide *Idea of Personality in Sufism* — Nicholson).

Vibhurme vā tani katham hattrpah.
(Sri Krishna Chaitanya Charatramrita Madh Lila., p. 145).

'To what purpose should I carry my eyes and other senses when my very life is futile. Alas! how shameless are all those to me! I feel they are like stones and dry fuel, if without a vision of Lord Krishna they survive.'

Sings Sri Sukdeoji in Srimad Bhagwat (2-3-22):

Varhayitey tey nainey naranam
Lingani Vishnör na niriksito ye
Pado nrānām to drümjanm Bhajo
Shetrāni nanobrajto Hareryo.

'The eyes that do not enjoy the Divine Vision are like the eyes painted on the feather of a peacock; and the feet that do not repair to Him are like unto trees, standing immobile at one place.'

The Lord Himself states

'Vishyā nivartantey nirāharasya dehināh,
Rasvarjam raso'py asa param dristvanivartantey'
(Gita, 2-59).

'Not till ye have My direct Vision, Cycle of rebirth, the womb of eternal pain shall cease,' thus says the Lord and enjoins complete surrender (vide XVIII 62 Gita—*Sharanam gach sarv bhaven Bharat*). This surrender is the theme with all the mystics, and is the only Pathway suggested by them for realisation of God. It demands 'perfect annihilation of the lower self (ego)', and adds Rumi, 'Here the devotee lives like a goat that lies before the (Divinity) lion, at His beck and call'. (vide Masnavi Book IV)'. Of this supreme pantheistic experience, the monotheist experience of unity consciousness (*tauhid*) is merely a facet. But this experience fell into the lot of only a few of the reputed Sufis like Jami, Rumi, Sanai or Latif. It is only another way of expressing in practice the great doctrine of *Jabr* (pre-destination) of the Sufis. Much has been spoken, based on experience, by the Sufis on *Jabr* and *Kadr* (Predestination and Free will). We shall content

ourselves by giving the views of a few of them on the subject:

Jalaluddin Says: This experience varies with the development of a Sufi and summarises his views thus:

Ambiyān dar kare duniyā jabri und,
Kafirān dar kare duniyā jabri und.
Ambiyā ra dar kare ukba ikhtiyār
Kafiran ān rā kare duniya ikhtiyar.

(Masnavi Vol.I)

'The saints are bound qua worldly activities (because they are free souls come into the world to do *those* worldly acts, for which He has ordained them), and are quite free qua spiritual activities (i.e. are competent to emancipate even *unadhikari* souls. Whilst the Worldlies cannot of their accord perform spiritual deeds (being bound by the fruits of their activities of past lives), and are free (to create bondage on themselves qua worldly acts) to act in accordance with the impulse born of past lives.

Dr. Mirwali Uddin in his elegant work 'Quran and Tasawaf' sums up his views on the subject as follows:

'If we are bound (destiny) to act in a particular way, it is meaningless to punish a thief..... and if we are free, well does Spinoza raise the question, why are we slaves to our passion...[37]? The Prophet advises on this point, 'When they inquire regarding the problem of *Kadr* (free will), to observe silence. Because, it is a matter that concerns the Lord and His secret must be kept sealed....'

Ibn'Arbi says, '*Kadr* is a very secret doctrine and highly divine, and the Lord initiates in it only one who is very enlightened and dear to Him.....'.

Let us glance on other revealed dictums contained in Hadis, like the following.

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[37] Cp. The same problem is raised and answered in *Srimad Bhagwat Gita* 111-36 to 43 ('Prompted by what, although unwilling, does a man commit sin?).

'We have created everything, deciding about their activities, long before they were created.'[38]

Sir Mohammed Iqbal in his *Jawed Nama* states about 'Jabar' (Destiny) thus:

In hamā faiz az bahārey fitrast,
Fitrat az parvardigarey fitrast.

'All is a manifestation of nature, and this nature is a creature of the divine wish (nature)'. Cp. *Gita* 11-40 where the Lord says, 'Even without you Arjuna all these warriors standing arrayed here have been destroyed by Me, it is so destined by Me. Be therefore only a pretext, doing in time, what has been performed by Me in the Timeless through My Nature.'

Speaking on *Kadr* (free will) says Iqbal:

As the Quran says *'God created all things and assigned to each its destiny.'* The destiny of a thing then is not an unrelenting fate working from without like a taskmaster; it is the inward reach of a thing, its realizable possibilities which lie within the depths of its nature, socially actualize themselves without any feeling of compulsion.....

After eulogising the quality of compassion in the Lord, Iqbal ends the subject beautifully stating:

Khüdi ko kar baland itnā ke taqdîr se pahley
Khüdā bande se Khud pūchey batā teri razā kyā hay.

Let thy yearning and agony to meet Him rise to such a pitch, that the Lord be constrained to ask of thee, 'what is thine wish and fulfil it before destiny starts (working it to the contrary)'. He ends the topic, well-nigh expressing in words feelings similar to what Rumi has said above.

Jabr bāshad paro bāley kāmilā
Jabr ham zindān wā band jahilān,

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38 Cp. Eckhart: 'God saw all things as they would happen in His first glance, and in that same glance both how and when He would make creatures. He saw the humblest prayer that would be offered, the least deed that any one would do and saw withal which prayers and which devotion He would hear....With Him nothing is past or future. He does not see in time.....He in no wise acts from any way at all, for everything is a foregone conclusion.' (p. 343.)

Bāle bāzān rā süye sultan barö,
Bāle zaghān rā bagoristan barö.

Pre-destination is like unto wings with which the emancipated souls freely fly;
While it serves as bonds and fetters for us ignorant, tying us to worldly posts.
The feathers take the saints, the royal eagles into the presence of the Sultan (Creator),
Whilst they lead the worldly crows to the graveyard.
(p. 152)

We cannot end this discussion better than by recording the illuminating conversation that took place between King Bahlol and an enlightened Dervish. When the former asked, 'How dost thou fare?' the latter answered:

In qadar bāshünu ki chun kulli yār
Mi nigradad jazba amrey kardigar
Chün qazāye haq razaye bandā shüd
Hukm oo ra bandaye khuahandā shüd.

'Know this much that when everything proceeds in activity from Him, at His command,
Then the Lord's command, and the devotees' desire (activity) Unite and are literally one and the same thing. So I desire only that He wishes or in His goodness has ordained for me.'

Reverting to our theme, the Sufi aims to be established in this acme of realization, the cream of submission, the crown of humility. This is an experience that transcends merits and sin, faith and faithlessness, and it is towards this goal that Lord Krishna in the *Bhagavat Gita* asks Arjuna to proceed:

'Sarvadharman parityajya
Mam ekani sarvam vraja
Aham tva sarvapapebhiyo
Mokshayisyami ma suchah (XVIII 66)

'Giving up all *Dharmas*, take refuge in Me.....'

The Lord enjoins, 'Pray for nothing mortal or heavenly, but only for My will, and act in accordance with it': and the Gita ends at that supreme stage where the devotee

surrenders completely and unreservedly. The door is reached after traversing the weary path that led 'to God'. Now one dwells in the incomprehensible, inexpressible region 'in God' a region of incommunicable experiences.

Describes Rumi likewise in his Masnavi Vol. 2:

Mā darün rā bā nigrem wā hāl rā
Mā barün rā Nā nigrem wā qāl rā
Nāzirey qālbem agar khāsā büd
Gar chey guft lafz nā khāsā büd
Chand azin alfāz wā Akhmarö Majāz
Soz khaham soz bā āān soz wā sāz
Müsiā adabey dānā digarand
Sokhta jānā wardān digarand
Milatey ishq az hama dinhā judast
Āshiqān ra millat wa mazhab khüda ast.

'O Moses!' says the Lord, 'I look into the heart, and go not by wordy professions. It matters not if the words are few, when the heart is pining in separation for Me. I woo them who are afire, with Love for Me. I seek agony in them. Remember meditation is one way and the path of Lover's melancholy quite different. The code of Love for Me is entirely unique and without a parallel in any religion or system of thought prevalent in the world.

And even Khusru (King Bhahadur Shah) beautifully portrays the very same point:

Kafirey ishqam Musalmāni mara darkar neyst
Har regey mān tarey gashtā hājatey zunnar neyst.
Ma asiran ra tamāshaye chaman darkār neyst
Daghhaye sinaye mā kamtar az gülzār neyst.
Āshiqan rā roze mahshar bā qyamat kār neyst
Karey āshiq juz tamāshāye jamāley yar neyst.
Az sarey baliney man bar khez ay nādān tabib
Dard mandey ishq rā darü bajuz didār neyst.
Shād bāsh ay dil ki farda barsarey bāzārey ishq
Muzdaye qatlast gar chey wadāye didār neyst.
Nakhudāye kashtiye mā gar na bashad go mabad
Mā khuda darem mā rā nakhudā darkar neyst.
Khalq mi goyed ki 'Khusro' but parasti mi kunad
Arey ārey mi kunam ba khalqo alam kar neyst.

'I am a Lover, free from all formal sects, I need no initiation to the Faith of (Islam). Every fibre of mine thrills with Love's note; I need no rosary to count its beads.

'I am a bondsman of My Lord. I crave not to roam free in the garden. The red glowing wounds of separation in my heart shine bright as the veritable rose beds.

'What dread is there for the lovers on the day of Judgement? Their business and concern lies in witnessing the effulgent face of the Beloved, Who shows His face to them.

'O, my heart, rejoice, for the Beloved hath decided to sever my head tomorrow with His sword in the market-place of Love, although He has made no promise to confer the priceless gift of His vision.

'What matters if there is no boatswain, if He is there to steer my boat clear out of the storms.

'That is, if God play the Helmsman, fearlessly we should plough the turbulent waters of the world, for surely we shall reach Home.

'The world complains that Khusru is turned an infidel and an idol worshipper. I do not care what the world says. My only concern is my Beloved.'

Here we see Mansur – Al – Hallaj and Sarmad are of his ilk. Muteness reigns at this experience. The wail, the hardness of the passage, the glimpses and the experience of the Way – the Divine madness and the murmur, the tete-a-tete and the Quarrel and the Finale, these are signposts in Love's path tread by the Sufi.

We shall now end the sketch by giving a few notable passages from the lyrics of Latif on the aforesaid topics. Says Sasui (who like the famous Leila is mad for her Majnun, Punhu):

69

When I fled from Bhambhor and sought my beloved in the jungle, and
Ultimately seeking him reached my Punhu's village Kech,
I said to him, dear one! ye art every thing to me,

To whom am I then to complain of the troubles
and worries of the Path. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [69])

70

When we met,
All the troubles I had experienced in climbing the hills I forgot.
In joy of meeting, the very mountain ceased to exist for me.
All fear of his men who opposed me, left me.
So much did the pain for Punhu transform me that I felt as if I was Punhu myself.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [70])

71

O my friends, my lover's brother had tortured me
When I fled from Bhambhor, love for Punhu transformed my pain into joy.
And lo! through constant contemplation on Punhu, veritably I myself was transformed into Punhu.
No pain was for me, ah! nowhere.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [71])

72

I annihilated myself and to a Punhu I was turned.
The search in the path of love must always be made, alone, without any company.
Then doubts shall vanish and peace shall be gained in return. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [72])

73

All feminine adornments left Sasui, as she to a Punhu was transformed,
Which was as a result of her constant contemplation of him.
This was real acquisition indeed, and a transaction that was to her heart. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [73])

74

Sasui became Punhu, her feminine nature seemed to have left her.
Lost was she to herself for hours as she sat in the way, under the trees, constantly contemplating on Punhu,
Ever praying that her yearning may secure for her the cherished hope, the embrace of Punhu.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [74])

75

Sasui's female grace hath left her, as she to Punhu was transformed
All lovers have to pass through this experience of self-loss.
As we pass by Bhambhor, even now,
where lie the remains of Sasui of old,
we experience this transformation.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [75])

76

'It was mere phantasy that made me think I was Sasui, really I was Punhu'— So said Sasui, and added:
'When ego left me, I gained my beloved one.'
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [76])

77

To reach the Lord and gain His direct vision,
Gird up thy loins and pursue the Path,
Bid good-bye to the life of comfort,
My advice is given to those who know the mystery of love, they will hear me and none besides.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [77])

78

'Far off lies my Punhu's abode, and long way off live his people.
Much do I suffer for my beloved Punhu
What should I do? I cannot survive,
Without Punhu for a moment'. So says Sasui.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [78])

79

Very commendable is your decision to follow the foot-prints left by Punhu on the Path ye are treading.
Merely yearning for the beloved, and sitting idly and weeping will not do.
It is inscribed in your destiny that you should be up and seek out your beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [79])

80

Who lag behind or pass their time in idleness,
They never meet the Lord.
He who seeks Him assiduously, finds the Beloved,
And reaches Him surely. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [80])

81

Seek Him, mere sitting and waiting will not do.
By wasting time in sleep, ye shall not gain Him.
Keep weeping for Him, for that the Beloved loves.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [81])

82

Keep fanning the fire of Love
Lest it smoulder, and ye suffer.
Roast all desires for sensual objects (in the fire of love),
And consider this world as a mere phantom.
Heed not its calls. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [82])

83

Says Sasui:
Friends! Will ye accompany me to my Punhu?
Those false in their love shall not bear company with me.
Remember it always, who suffer for the Beloved,
For them hard stones turn into soft silk.
This is the secret of love.
I welcome even the bite on my body of the dog dwelling in Punhu's village, for he is more fortunate than I am.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [83])

84

I am the miserable one, what claim have I on Him?
I am the hungry one, how can a smile appear on my face?
I am naked, with shorn clothes I sit in remembrance of Him. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [84])

85

Even garments are a load to carry.
Therefore go naked to meet Him.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [85])

86

O, friends! proceed naked to meet Him
Do away with all covetousness and desires
Even sleep must be discarded, if Beloved is to be met.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [86])

87

Rush on! falter not, neither rest on the way.
Then shall ye meet the Beloved.
They lose their Beloved who halt on the way.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [87])

88

Who dresses well or dons ornaments, she loses her beloved.
Lilan foolishly lost her beloved because of her love for a jewel.
Beware lest ye make the same mistake.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [88])

89

Who approaches the Beloved, all the world becomes tasteless for her.
She gets the Beloved, who renounces the world.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [89])

90

Follow the teacher's instructions, and kill thereby
All vagaries of the mind, which serve to deviate thee from thy great purpose-Love.
Give up all thoughts alien to that divine goal.
Cautiously and firmly tread the Path of Love, keeping emotions bridled up till the goal is attained.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [90])

91

My bosom friend has left me.
To whom shall I repeat my tale of sorrow?
In agony I pass my hours amidst the valleys,
And none bears me tidings of my beloved,
Neither do I find rest by remaining silent for a moment.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [91])

92

Says Sasui:
O trees! Don't grow too tall and hide the sight of my beloved's path.
And O mountains! Don't grow too high, so as to warp the vision of my beloved's route.
O my eyes, do not shed tears incessantly, for this makes it impossible for me to recognize my beloved's footprints on the sands (*Vide app. Item XIII* [92])

93

O my companions! Give me some news of my beloved.
O hills! I have climbed up high to your top, give me some news of my beloved.
O trees! and ye groves! I beg of thee to tell me some-

thing about my beloved. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [93])

94

I am very weak, I must not entangle myself in the labyrinthine mazes that lie in the path.
I must proceed in hot haste,
Lest I be left mid-way. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [94])

95

O trees! pray, give me some news of the beloved I am bruised and very much disappointed, the responsibility of my life lies on you.
True it is, they who are experienced bear up against lot of troubles and vagaries that cross their path
But I the frail one seek information everywhere, even I beg of thee to give me. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [95])

96

Let thousands of thorns prick my foot,
And the rocks on me fall and shatter me into bits
Even if I suffer many a slip and set-backs,
Yet I must go to meet the Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [96])

97

I shall not be a fool to put on shoes;
I must proceed naked.
My feet are not more dear to me than my beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [97])

98

Whilst alive, die, and then the Beloved's beauty ye shall enjoy.
If such be thy determination, the Beloved shall accept the offering of thy life. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [98])

99

The Beloved shall like thee, if whilst living ye die.
Love Him so much that the pinch of thirst for water even, ye may not feel.
Then shall ye enjoy His Love, when He meets thee.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [99])

100

Die ere death overtakes thee, then shalt thou the beloved of thine Beloved be.
So long as there is breath in thy body, strive to reach the Beloved's abode.

On meeting Him, ye shall enjoy nectarean bliss.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [100])

101

In life court death;
It matters not, if ye feel the game is lost,
Yet with zest continue remembering the beloved in every breath.
Then ye shall of a surety meet thy Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [101])

102

Die! Falter not.
Nor seek another shelter besides.
Keep remembering Him at all times.
Even if the Beloved's trace ye do not get, go on.
Much pleasure lies in passing a life in the quest.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [102])

103

If thy feet get tired, with the help of hands proceed to walk to meet the Beloved.
If even hands fail, pursue the path on knees, aye, on the breast.
Then shall fidelity bring its fruit for thee in the path of Love.
Remember, ye must pursue the path till the last breath.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [103])

104

Trudge on the hands on feet and on the knees, aye, with the head press ye on to Him.
Forget it not that the Beloved always remembers thee.
This is a single heart that I own, if I had a thousand hearts, I would bestow them on the Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [104])

105

With hands, and feet, and on knees the path of Love should be pursued,
And all alone, seeking no other company
It is a maxim to be followed in the pursuit of the Path,
'Alone proceed to the Alone'.
Only the thought of the Beloved should be thy company.
Such should be thy love for the Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [105])

106

With hands, feet and on knees proceed in the path of Love.
With all caution and foresight proceed step by step to meet the Beloved.
Never keeping account of the time spent and trouble endured in the quest. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [106])

107

Proceed with hands, feet and on knees to meet the Beloved and remember Him in every breath ye breathe
Through Love ye shall meet the Beloved in the Lane of Love.
So long as life lingers, carry on love with thy Beloved.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [107])

108

Let thy determination be firm, and howsoever much one may restrain thee,
Ye should always cry and yearn for the sight of the Beloved. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [108])

109

I am feeble and worn out and ignorant, and my weakness shall last till I meet my Beloved.
I have given up all care of this world, and all association with the people.
All day long I lie at Thy threshold, little fearing Thy kicks and threats. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [109])

110

Death wants to take me away, I beg of it to wait a little longer.
O beloved One! don't defer my interview for the morrow.
I can't abide till tomorrow. Meet me today and come to kill me or to love me.
I, the wretched one, cannot wait till tomorrow
And this remembrance and wish I shall cherish till my last breath. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [110])

111

Hours come, and years roll by,
Yet, my beloved comes not to me.
Shall I pass away then without a sight of him?
O Sun! Why art thou sinking?
I have not yet met my beloved, pray hold on longer

Carry this message of mine to my Beloved when next ye rise in His village,
'I saw your beloved lying dead on the path, wearied in the quest." (*Vide app. Item XIII* [111])

112

My last breath still lingers on.
Alack! my Beloved I have not met yet.
I pine and weep and ask the way that leads to Him.
O, my breath! Leave me not till my Beloved I havemet.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [112])

113

O, my companions! The fire of love consumes me within,
How can I remain happy then?
The pain of separation has shattered my brain,
When I meet my Beloved, joy and happiness shall be mine. (*Vide app. Item XIII* [113])

114

As Sasui wandered in quest of her Beloved,
She was heard saying these words,
'Would this quest last for ever,
And I never find my beloved?
This yearning may grow and the thirst be not quenched by a meeting.' (*Vide app. Item XIII* [114])

115

All my seeking has been futile, I could not meet my Beloved.
To some distant land on camel's back He is taken away
Much did I seek Him. It was all in vain.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [115])

116

Very far is my Beloved gone away,
And my mind is restless for Him.
Nothing besides Him pleases me.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [116])

117

O, my beloved! May I ever be seeking thee?
And ever if I meet thee not, let thy remembrance permeate every pore of my body to the last.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [117])

118

Every moment I pray to meet my Beloved, and

His love hath weakened my vitals,
And nights I pass keeping vigils,
Would that my hopes be fulfilled and I meet Him!
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [118])

Many of the Western scholars have thought to interpret Latif by examining the ephemeral natural surroundings and the history of Sind. What influence can it have on the genius of Latif who breathed the breath of eternity and harped on the eternal theme – Truth. Traditions of Persian mystics and traditions of Indian Sufis alone can be sure guides to give true glimpse of Latif's heart-beats that find expression in his songs. Rationality (the creature of Prakriti – Nature) after all is ever transcended by the Spirit. If the Western scholar seems to interpret Latif, let him consider what contribution the Sufi spiritual culture of Persia and India made in nurturing his leanings towards spirituality. We have already spoken of Latif's Love for Rumi. In India he knew of the great Sufi Amir Khusru's writings to take an example and was acquainted with the incidents of his life, which alone were enough to account for his rushing in for the experiences detailed in his poems. Let me narrate this incident from the life of Amir Khusru, the Sufi poet of India:

"Nizamuddin Aulia, the great Saint of Delhi, was so enamoured of Amir Khusru that when he would hear his poetry, he would go into ecstasy and in rapture say:

"Lord! I pray because of the fire the poems of Khusru possess, forgive me my sins on the Day of Judgment".

When Khusru was a child and his father looked after him as his mother died very early. The father would notice daily in the morning when he would change Khusru's shirt, after he woke from his sleep, that the portion of the shirt which covered the child's breast was scorched as if by contact with fire. Such was the fire of love that was constantly burning in the heart of Khusru."

(*Nigaristani – Faras* – p. 83.)

He was also conversant with the experiences of Sheikh Ali Hazi Sufi, saint of Iran at Laar who stated. "I saw in

the village Laar, a lover who was constantly inflicting wounds on his chest by striking it with a sharp knife. On inquiry I learnt that he was a great lover, who on the death of his beloved turned a maniac and was indulging in this cruel pastime. I learnt that on first hearing the news he lost his senses, and thereafter he had been acting thus, and if any one intervened, he would request him not to intercede lest their kindness cost him his life. Later I found once he thrust the knife into his stomach and the bowels came out and he passed away." (— Ibid pp. 204,205.)

A memorable tradition recorded about him is: "Once Latif was seated on a hillock above a rivulet, where came a beautiful girl, the daughter of a zamindar, a disciple of his, to wash her clothes daily. On the hillock lived a saint, who whenever he saw the girl coming would daily place a stone on which she might clean the clothes by threshing them, and then would hide himself. It was the girl's wont to curl up her nose every day and say, 'This stone is no good.' Daily the saint would lay down a new and better stone and every day the girl would remark likewise. One day Latif met the Saint and asked him, 'If I arrange a meeting with this girl, what would you offer me? The saint said, 'I shall get you a letter of introduction for entrance into the presence of God' (*Imān ki chiththi*). The bargain was struck, Latif asked his disciple to let his daughter entertain the Saint with a sumptuous dinner. It was agreed. Then the saint came to take meal and the girl was pouring water on his hands. She noticed that so intense was the fire of separation burning in him that immediately the water would fall on his hands it would pass into vapour. Noticing this the girl fell into an ecstasy and passed away. Seeing this the saint also gave up his life. Latif entreated the father of the girl to let these two corpses be carried together in one coffin. The father refused the suggestion. They were interred separately in two tombs. In the night Latif visited the tombs, and approach-

ing that of the saint, said, 'You had promised the letter of introduction; give it to me now.' Immediately out of the tomb of the Saint appeared the hand of the girl the beloved of the Saint holding the letter. Seeing this, Latif remarked, 'You had promised the letter and I find it is the lass who is giving it'. There was a silence. Then the voice of the Saint was heard: 'The Lord accepted her before me and offered her the crown of love first.'

Such fire of separation which afflicts the heart of the Sufi cannot be conceived by the Western critics for want of proper traditional and spiritual background. But it is an everyday matter of experience with the illustrious mystics of Arabia, Persia, Sind and India. Does not Nazir say:—

Wagar dar dum kasham tursam ki maghze istikhan sozad.
Mara dardeyst andar dil agar goyam zaban sozad

'The fire of separation burns in my heart. If I speak it, its heat shall scorch my tongue; and if I suppress it, its heat shall melt away the bones within me.'

Because the fire in the heart burns them so they speak out their experiences in words; and these sparks and scintillations proceeding from their heart safely guide, as beaconlight, the faithful sojourners on the Path to his goal — realisation of the Lord.

V. NAZIR

(1735 A. D. to 1846 A. D.)

With the guitar in his hands, eyes soaring in the ethereal regions, a dervish was singing in the suburbs of Agra in Akbarabad:

My life is like unto the lighted candle on the graveyard,
A gust of wind comes and it dwindles off.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [1-39]).

Such being the fleeting nature of my transient life visit me if Ye so wills, O my Lord!

Or else soon ye shall find me fading off with the first
Ray of sun, like the drop on the blade of grass.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [2])

We lived our life for a definite reason vir., to develop. A yearning for the Divine Beloved like unto that of Majnun for Laila.

You ask what was it like?

Then hear that tale: (*Vide app. Item XIV* [3])

While wandering in the valleys the foot of Majnun was suddenly swollen. On search it was discovered that the reason for it was that actually at the moment a thorn had pricked the sole of Laila who was then seated in her mansion.

On another occasion when the surgeon applied his lancet to Laila's arm, the blood was seen to ooze out of the body of Majnun loitering in the wilderness[39].

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [4])

All homage to Love — when two bodies become one and no difference remains betwixt the lover and the beloved.

This yearning was Nazir's life impeller and imparted to him the eye of divine knowledge whereby he saw the Tale of Eternal love written over the walls of Time and amidst prakritic (natural) surroundings.

Beautifully he portrays it:

The sweet water in the pools seen in the wilderness in which the lovers quench their thirst is really Farhad's blood turned

White, making surrender to woo his beloved Shirin!

The blades of grass you see growing on the tomb of Majnun, are the cordial tresses of Laila giving love caresses to her martyr in Love.

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [5])

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[39] In this connection it is worth reading the account given by Jalaluddin Rumi in his reputed Masnavi (Vol. 5) thus: Majnun in the agony of separation from Laila developed a disease which necessitated the opening of the veins and taking out his blood. The surgeon being called in, he tied the affected part of the hand of Majnun and was about to apply the lancet when Majnun stopped him with a rebuff. Thereupon the surgeon asked, 'Majnun! You dwell in the forests and do not fear even the lions, and yet I see today a mere lancet terrifies thee. Why is it so?' Majnun replied, 'I fear not the lancet. But I fear lest it strike Laila who dwells in every pore and artery of my body and permeates my whole self. . . ."

(*For text of this footnote see app. Item* XIV [4])

But who knows of the valley of pain through which lovers have to pass before they gain entry into the great realm of divine experiences — the school of Love. With Nazir it was as with the Sufis elsewhere. Nazir had read about Sanai the following beautiful account:

"Sanai came of a noble family of great respectability. He even refused to be married to Sultan Behram Shah's sister when the ruler offered her to him observing: 'I seek to take poverty for a bride in marriage and not a Kingdom and a princess.'

One day when he was going to pay his respects to the Sultan, who was on a crusade to India, carrying with him a poem written in praise of the ruler, he stopped to hear the song of a dervish seated in a tavern who was singing on his guitar. Sanai heard him say to the cup-bearer:

'Saki! Fill a cup in memory of the blind Sultan Behram and give it to me? On Saki asking him, *why* he called the great king blind, the intoxicated Dervish replied: 'Is the Sultan not a fool to try to win further kingdoms while he cannot keep control on his own. A slave to insatiable desire, he miscalls himself a ruler and torments the creation of God.'

Again cried the Dervish: 'Saki! give me another cup, in memory of the blind Philosopher-poet Sanai? Hearing this, interrupted the Saki:

'Why call the reputed Sanai blind?' Answered the Dervish, 'Can there be greater madness and folly than to waste the intellect in praising Kings instead of eulogising the omnipotent Lord?' Sanai tore his garments and became a Faquir and his austerities reached such a climax that he refused a pair of shoes even in his wanderings in the forests observing. "They halt the swiftness of my steps".

Sanai thereafter sang immortal songs which Nazir not only enjoyed but being inspired by them drank to his fill and expressed the effect in his poems thus:

"Rivet not your hope on this body in this world nor seek joy in the next.

Transcend both and dwell above the higher and lower regions (i.e., in Unity consciousness).
Seek not the Path of Unity with thy intelligence.
Seek it through the divine eyes and aimlessly wander not (amongst sensual delights)
Yield Thy head to the thrust of the sword of love so that it may gain for Thee eternal life.
Drink deep of the wine of Love and 'know thyself'; speak it not." (*Vide app. Item XIV* [6])

Nazir got enough material from Khusru, Sadi, Hafiz and Rumi to make his choice and cleverly he made it. His renunciation is praiseworthy. All his life he wooed poverty with the vehemence of the Christian Latin mystic Jacopone da Todi who sang:

Poverta alto Sapere
a nulla cosa sojacere
en desprezza possedere
tutte le cose create.
Dionon alberga en core stritto
tant'e' grande quant hai affetto,
povertate ha si gran petto
che ci alberaga deita.

(Oh Poverty! High wisdom! to be subject to nothing and by despising all to possess all created things .....
God will not lodge in a narrow heart; and it is as great as thy love. Poverty has as ample a bosom that the Deity itself may lodge therein.[40]

Of Nazir it is recited:

Once Nawab Wajid Ali Shah, the ruler of Oudh, hearing of the fame of the Sufi poet Nazir invited him to his court sending him a present of Rs. 3000/- with his letter. When the messenger reached Nazir who in those days was a teacher of the sons of Raja Balwant Singh on Rs. 70/- a month and had to support a family of four, Nazir took the money and kept it in the box; and told the messenger to wait till the next morning for a reply. However the anxiety for the safety of money did not let him sleep the whole night. He told the messenger in the morning to take back

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[40] Quoted in Underhill — *Mysticism* p. 207.

his money apologising that he could not accept the offer which deprived him of his sleep and faith in his Lord, and added, "Tell the Nawab Sahib that my love for poverty and my God make me incompetent to sit in the company of the rich.[41]

His lack of interest in worldly affairs is evident from the fact that he never collected the poems he wrote. Only his successors and friends kept them. His love of the poor was as remarkable as his love of Poverty.

Doctor Fallen writes of him:

"Really he was a true Sufi who had completely renounced the world. He wanted nothing, desired nothing, hoarded nothing. He lived what finds expression in his poverty. His purity of life was remarkable. He never wanted fame and eschewed wealth and company of the rich. He recognized the good point in everything, sought it and loved it, the faults he always overlooked. He is the only poet of the Poor with whom he had the greatest sympathy.....[42]

Nazir, the great musician was steeped in Pantheism, which did not rest with him as a mere philosophy, but fired by the agony of separation, he suffered, underwent, penance and austerities and realised the Truth. Who does not enjoy his great Wail in the Quest? Let us also follow the trail of anguish and join him in his sobs when he sings:

7

Thus doth Thy separation torture me, O my Beloved!
That a prayer flows unconsciously with tears from the lips even of my rivals.
It brings in wake for me—restlessness, sleeplessness and pain.
Neither I find joy at home nor peace in the wilderness.
If I relate the agony of my state I am traitor to Love
While suppressing it means languishing in the cinders that burn within me.
The heat of the fire of separation is so terrible that the very bones melt away if it is repressed.

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41 Kuliyat Nazir — Asi & Ashraf Ali, Introduction p. 11.
42 *Ibid* — Quoted on p. 13.

However if I express it, this love's message burns my throat and tongue. My expressing the pain of Love is inviting laughter of the world. It is difficult to remain silent as grows deeper the wound within me.

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [7])

8

I knew not that Love meaneth living on sorrow,
Wooing restlessness of the heart and extreme depression,
Sighing, painful breathing, shedding tears,
Rolling in the dust and in the end turning into a maniac.
One suffers in Love and is sorry for all he did,
And ultimately rubs his hands in disappointment.
If I had known in the beginning that such shall be
The pain of separation in Love;
I would not have dared to light the effulgent lamp of Love in my heart.
I would have proclaimed instead of that in the lanes,
Beware! enter not the Path of Love.

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [8])

9

Love demands me to pass the day wandering alone in the solitude of the jungles,
And from sunset till daybreak to watch the sky and count the stars;
And to sigh and draw hotbreaths whilst embers red burn in the heart.
In spite of all this, one finds that He on Whom he offers his all sitteth unmindful and careless about His lover.
Yet he cannot help repeating the following lines.
In contemplation of Thee I pass my hours
Heavy, tiresome painful and excruciating, whilst Ye cares not —
O, Creator! Why this my heart Ye hath joined to a Beloved,
Who is callous like the candle-light, which never,
Loses steadiness howsoever passionately the moth burns itself in the fire.

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [9])

10

Sometimes I tear my clothes and rush into the wilderness,
Finding my search futile at home,

The heart is burning like the candle slowly and gradually,
And the smoke in the form of sighs is issuing forth.
I rub my hands as I see the red cinders lighted in my heart.
Whilst the wounds appear in the body and like the faithful (Sati) wife seated on the lighted pyre I pass my hours.
By troth I see, as the physician tries to touch my hand,
His hand is burnt and patches and swellings immediately appear on it.
Such is the heat of the fire of separation.
He alone knoweth my condition who hath endured such pang cheerfully when it fell to his lot.

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [10])

11

Many a problem appears before me – first and foremost is that my heart knows no rest,
Whilst in contemplation the Beautiful Form of the Beloved constantly appears and tantalises.
In such a state it is but natural that the heart should get tired and go to bits.
And in sheer helplessness strike the head against the walls.
It is the way of this fire of separation that when once lighted it ceaseth not burning.
Only if the Beloved quench by the shower of the Grace of His Beauty; then alone it can be appeased.
All I have to say is this, 'Fire of separation is such that it burneth and oftener reveals not even the smoke.
It is known only to Him in whose heart it burns or He knows who hath lighted it by His love.'

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [11])

12

How long am I to endure the misery of pain? It has become unbearable now.
Mere words are sad palliative to alleviate the agony of heart.
My steps falter and I cannot proceed further in the Path.
It is not possible for me to lay aside for a moment the heavy load of pain that presses against my heart.

I am like unto the traveller who lies in the thick forest and cannot find the Path.
Even if I try to elude it, I cannot escape it,
High up and far away dwells the Lord of my heart.
While I have not the wings to fly nor feet to pursue.
I am perplexed, what am I to do?
In pain I rise up and fall down helplessly.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [12])

13

The heart entreats me, proceed to the Beloved's threshold.
But the body stops me from courting agony by proceeding thither.
The heart alone befriends me if I follow its mandate;
But if I hear the call of the body, it means much mental anguish to me.
I am in great trouble – neither the heart nor the body hears my advice.
'Advise me a way out of this trouble.'
The body seeketh comfort of senses; but the heart is yearning to go in quest of the Beloved.
I am unable to decide – what to do when such is my condition – the quarrel between the mandate of the body and the call of the Soul?
Thus asks Nazir. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [13])

Swami Rama Tirth went in tears when he visited the tomb of Sheikh Wali Mohammed Nazir and sang before the audience the following songs of Nazir amidst sobs in which is detailed from the beginning to the end Nazir's march to the Lord and his reaching the goal of realisation:

14

My dear friend! how am I to relate the vagaries of the Path of Love.
How it happened with me? One day suddenly tears began to flow from my eyes,
And the desire arose in me to seek Him whose praises I had been hearing everywhere, and
Having found Him to enjoy the Beauty of That Beloved's Face. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [14])

15

Contemplation of the Theme made me restless.

All self-poise and thought left me and a yearning to meet Him leapt up in me.
I became impatient, restless, and unmindful of consequences,
In my search I sat alone and silent.
Finding myself helpless I began to weep and ponder how to get out of this trouble I had created for myself.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [15])

16

In this state of my yearning, Love showed me the Way,
I soon dyed my garments and head-dress in ochre colour.
And put on a garland in my neck
I rubbed ashes on my body and became a Yogi to all appearances,
And I put a rosary on my neck
Thus attired, I stepped out in quest and looked like a teacher in the eyes of the World.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [16])

17

I took up the pouch of yearning, my eyes turned a-seeking for Him.
I put on the garland of love and my mind was intoxicated with a desire to meet Him.
I put on the Ochre headdress and kept the trident on my shoulder,
Having turned a Yogi I started a-seeking the Beloved from door to door,
In the lanes as in the street, I determined to seek Him.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [17])

18

My heart was a-fire with love; while the sighs came out as vapours,
My mad state drew a crowd around me,
I sought my Friend in flesh and blood, but they offered me wordy palliatives.
The result was I lost all hope and unmindful of the consequences was my body and head.
Neither I cared for food nor for worship.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [18])

19

A change came whilst thus I wandered as a Yogi,

Whosoever came before me I enquired of him
'O, tell me where can I meet my Beloved?'
If he talked something in point I entered into conversation with him;
If he spoke beside the point I bade him good-bye.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [19])

20

Sometimes I took to counting of the beads and taking them in confidence,
Inquired of them the way to the Beloved.
Sometimes in mere disgust I wept, yet smiled at other hours.
Sighs involuntarily issued from my lips, whilst tears streamed forth from my eyes.
The yearning for my Beloved had thrown me in a deep sea of anxiety. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [20])

21

Some would invite me to come and dine,
And not fritter away life like that but to sit in comfort for a time abandoning those wanderings.
I would never ask for anything nor refuse what was offered.
I had no consciousness left of myself and I could not distinguish between the stranger and the friend.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [21])

22

I was in a fix and knew not whither to go and what to seek and where?
Whom was I to ask and where to wander?
What prescription to follow and what instructions to pursue whereby I might get my Friend?
I could find no trace of him, like a mad man (Majnun) I wandered,
Like one amazed and dazed I was drowned in the sea of wonder. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [22])

23

I reached the mosque seeking Him,
There too I found vain discussion on sacraments and ceremonials.
Mere forms were being discussed and suggestions invited and offered.

Whenever I could not find peace, I left the place in sheer disgust,
And departed from there shedding tears.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [23])

24

My heart advised me to go to the Theological College.
Maybe, there, I may meet my Lord,
But when I approached it I found the condition even worse,
The *shastras* (theological tomes) were lying open and problems in heat discussed.
There was great noise and uproar and in discussions the scholars were waxing eloquent.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [24])

25

When I left that place in sheer annoyance,
I was advised to go and visit the Temple,
When I reached there, I found only Idols being worshipped and gongs being sounded.
Disgusted, I sought for a stone against which to strike my head.
For I was unable to discover anywhere that turbulent Beloved of mine. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [25])

26

Then my heart advised me to go on a pilgrimage to the pilgrim-spots.
Maybe, I may find my Beloved there.
I therefore wandered through many holy spots and bowed before the deities in the temples.
But it brought me no comfort, and when I found myself helpless,
I left the love of the town and exchanged it for wandering in the jungles. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [26])

27

In the wilderness I wept much and shed hot tears.
I asked to myself how long in His separation I was to pass my time thus?
But I found no place where to go and take shelter.
So I felt it was better to drown myself and die.
Maybe by this sacrifice of life, He may be met.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [27])

For many days I kept on roaming and weeping in the forests,
A helpless, poor man, a pilgrim and a homeless faquir.
In the mountains too, I struggled as in the towns I passed anxious moments,
Empty, hungry, thirsty, in a miserable plight.
Without a morsel to appease my hunger without a drop of water to quench my thirst.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [28])

29

One day I was lying in the burning sands, in the hot sun overhead,
My mind's eyes were fixed on the desire to have His vision
But all was in vain, I was helpless and could not force the Lord to bestow His vision on me.
I was shedding there tears of blood which sparkled like rubies on the sands. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [29])

30

When I reached this anxious state, then He, the Careless Beloved,
Came like one extremely worried over me and sat by the side of my head.
He placed my head in His laps, and said,
Now see whatever thou desirest to see
I am disclosing before thee all the secrets latent and patent. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [30])

31

Remember this, first we try our lover,
Torture Him, oppress Him and force Him to shed tears. Then we invite Him to Us,
When we find in all the states He hath well acquitted Himself,
We allow Him to approach us and confer on him our Grace and embrace.
When we consider Him perfect all-round.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [31])

32

As these sweet words reached my ears
I recovered life, gained consciousness, and pain left me.

Then as I cast one longing lingering look on His effulgent face,
The mystery of the whole creation lay bare before me.
And in a moment I washed off my fruits of actions good and evil of ages. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [32])

33

Then from duality I passed into Unity,
And all the illusions vanished like phantom shows
Since then whatever I see and wherever I cast my glance,
I alone see Him and none besides.
The Moslem and the Hindu and the Jew have all become the same to me — differences have vanished in that experience of unity-consciousness.
So says Nazir. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [33])

Pantheism turned him a cosmopolitan. He saw the Lord everywhere. His meditations led him to the realization of the Forms of the Lord as well as the Formless Divinity. He sings of Shri Krishna with the greatest fervour as of Hazrat Ali and the Prophet Muhammad; and turns his face if he comes across the pseudo-saints and religious preceptors who are wanting in realization and yet profess it. By far he is best in portraying the heat of his yearning for His vision.

Says he:

34

From a far-off country we had come to the tavern O Cupbearer!
Alack! disappointed and unserved we have to return.
Although the wine is there, also the cup and the bottle, but, where is the wineserver?
Out of wrath we feel like smashing the whole show.
O, Dear One! Why care ye not for us; have we worshipped Thee only to woo pain
Why should we blame the hunter if we preferred ourselves to be netted?
If we love Him, why should we waste our lives in earning the drop of water and the particle of grain?
Believe me, mighty power is wielded by the curved brow of the Beloved.
Therefore we should worship the Temple of the Beloved.
We find no comfort in the garden of the World and its wilderness frowns on us.

O, Wild heart! Where shall I take thee to:
Asketh Nazir: Tell me, Lord, how have I offended Thee?
So that by offering up life in repentance I might rejoice,
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [34])

Lucky he is. His wail is heard. He comes.
Who can doubt his realization: the very picture of Sri Krishna floats before his eyes as he sings:

35

I saw Him; the Beloved was wrapped in wild coquetry attired in resplendent garments.
His age only ten summers but His beauty was in the fulness and perfection of youth.
Very simple and innocent to look at, and sweet to converse with.
But so callous of heart that He was ever vigilant to play the tyrant.
When from out of His mansion He proceeded the restlessness of every step of His was displayed.
Sometimes He would clash with some, kick the other, raise quarrel with the third and abuse the fourth one.
If you looked at Him, His glances were shot in one direction whilst fell the steps in another.
But when He would play the modest One, never would He for a moment raise His eyes.
When irritated, a world could not reconcile Him and He would hear no apologies.
And if He would determine to torment the lover, who could hold Him back from torturing him.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [35])

Remarkable is the portrayal of his experiences in the matter of the mutability and frivolity of all sensual objects. Here again we have the echo of Hafiz in Nazir's lines:
Hafiz sings:

36

O Cup-bearer! Offer me wine, the nectar of life
And once more grant life to my dying self.
What a place is this world,
Where every relic excites thought,
When on the brick of the fallen kingly castles I cast my glance.
I see in it the particles of the head of an Alexander or King Kaikobad;

And every rose that blooms in the garden,
Reminds me of the blushing cheek of some beloved mixed in dust;
Every tall cypress flourishing in the garden I see,
I remember the tall body of the beloved out of whose remnants it is grown.
Under this inverted bowl (sky), I see
Nothing but the dust of the bodies of the charming beloveds. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [36])

Quoted from *Diwan Hafiz* p. 519 Lucknow Edn.

Nazir sings as follows: 37

How much dust is not heaped upon the graves of the beautiful ones?
And on their faces are not long blades of grass grown?
They sleep today underneath the ground, with heavy bricks on their breasts.
On whose castles of gold flags of myriad colours were unfurled when they ruled.
This world is a device to guile and entrap the innocent ones,
To love it means nothing but courting ruin and disaster.
If a simile is wanted I would say the life of the worldly is,
Like unto the fly held up to death in the cask of honey,
Who apply themselves with zeal to the affairs of the world
Ultimately rub their hands in despair.
If ye shall also entangle thy heart in it,
Remember from this fruitless tree of the world, ye shall only gain pain and misery in the end.
(*Vide app. Item XIV* [37])

And if Hafiz offers the remedy from the Vale of Suffering in drinking the cup of the wine of Love and in living constantly in His remembrance in his memorable lines:

38

When I pass out of myself intoxicated with the wine of love,
And quit this mortal frame,
I shall also pass into the glorious Path tread by my predecessors — the Lovers of God.
I pray construct my coffin box of the supple branches of the grape-tree and

Bury me in the road that leads to the tavern.
Give me a bath on the occasion in the fragrant waters of the rose pregnant with love.
And let the topers carry me to the grave.
Besides sprinkle no perfumed waters except the fragrant wine,
And sing no melancholy dirge but the usual notes of love on stringed instruments.
Let none express pain on my parting, but the musical instruments should play their notes alone and give me company.
Hafiz, turn not thy face from the tavern and fear not intoxication,
Because the king does not tax barren land's owner.

(*Vide app. Item XIV* [38])

Nazir states emphatically that the way out is the theme enunciated by the sufis and saints in India and outside and it is the repetition of the Name of the Lord and His Remembrance. In support of it he gives a memorable instance of Moses:

39

One day a devotee repeated the Name of Allah before Moses with sweetness.
Moses was so pleased with him that he offered to him the comforts of this world and of the next.
Besides, he requested him to repeat it once again to soothe the yearning of his heart.
But the man remained silent, for he knew that if he pronounced the
Name again, Moses will offer with pleasure his very life in ecstasy and he would not see Moses thus pass away. (*Vide app. Item XIV* [39])

Living at the time of the great upheaval when Nadir Shah ravaged the country, the afflicted heart of Nazir sought rest in eulogising Him. His realization, practices, and contacts with sufis made him a remarkable saint and he has been rightly styled a realistic poet, who can well be entitled the Chaucer and Shakespeare of India. Born in Delhi in 1735 A.D. this great sufi poet saint passed away at the age of 111 in 1846 A.D.

PART II

ADVAIT—NIRAKAR

(IMPERSONAL FORM WORSHIPPERS)

YOGIS AND SHABDA MARGIS

VI. SHANKARACHARYA

(C. 400 B. C.)

The Philosopher-Devotee of Sri Krishna

"Mother! If ye agree to permit me to take up Sanyasa[43] here and now, the crocodile which has held my feet fast in the deep waters shall leave me." On the banks of the river Purna, in South India, a little child thus proposed to his weeping mother who stood at its banks.

The tear-bedimmed eyes of the loving mother closed, lips faltered and softly she muttered: "I grant thy wish, child, and put thee in the hands of my dear Lord Krishna." Great words uttered simultaneously in despair and faith and with great consequences. The child became the famous hermit Shankaracharya — the great prophet of India.

Yet in his teens the brilliant intellect of the child showed great merits, and at the very tender age of eight he became a reputed pandit.

Initiation at the hands of Acharya Govindpad came in queer circumstances. As the child knocked at the door of the great master, came the reply "Who art thou?" Little Shankar replied, "Thou!" The teacher recognised the disciple and opened the door. Advised by the *Guru*, Shankar proceeded to Kasi (Banaras), and there he wrote his commentaries on the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Brahm Sutras and the Upanishads, which are a marvel to the philosophic, literary and spiritual world for all times.

He next proceeded on his Dig Vijaya, and on itinerary to establish his *maths* (foundations), sacred to Lord Shankar at Puri, Dwarka, Srirangam, Badrinath and Amarnath. Many miracles are attributed to him and stories about his siddhis and marvels of his learning like his vanquishing the

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43 Renunciation of the world.

reputed Pandit Mandan Misra and later his wife who put to him questions on sex.

The philosophy propounded by Shankaracharya is styled by the various schools of sanyasis as Mayavad or Advaitism. He sums up his teaching in his reputed *shloka* which runs:

Slokardhan Pravaksami Yaduktam granthkotibhi
Bramh Satyam Jagat mithya jivo Bramhevkevlam.

In half a shloka I state the teachings contained in all the sastras. It is this that Brahman is the Truth, the world is non-existent; and Jiva is Brahman. There is no doubt about it.

This serves as the spectacles through which his adherents look to enlightenment when interpreting his writings. However he is the founder of the Sanyasi Smark Sampradaya which allows the worship of the devas, gods and goddesses also to whom he himself has offered praise in his reputed stotras, although he was commissioned divinely to preach the gospel of advait. His personal leanings were lodged elsewhere as we shall show later. He therefore first mildly modified his views as follows:

Satyapi bhedapgamcy nath tvahum na mamkinnotvam
Samudro hi taranga kwachin samudra na tarangah.[44]

It is true, O Lord! There is no difference between Thee and me. We are one. But it is well-known people call the wave as of the sea but never the sea of the wave.

Later he took a longer step in his brief life and expressly gave out his heart to his intimate disciples when he confessed to them that he was a devotee solely of the cowherd boy of Braja, the Lover of Gopis, Lord Krishna, the God with form. In his *Prabodhya Sudhakar* he has expressed this creed thus:

1

I contemplate on Sri Krishna who is seated crosslegged in the Padma posture underneath a *Kadamba* tree by the banks of the Jamuna, in the beautiful Brindaban. His

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44 Cp. Vaishnava view of Sri Ramanand school of thought expressed by Sri. Hanumanji is:

"Deh Dristya to daso ham, jiva dristya twad ansaka.
Atma dristya tavamayvahum iti may nischit mata."

When body-conscious I am thy slave: as Jivatman I am part of thee; but as pure Atman, I and thou art one.

effulgent blue complexion is casting aside the darkness of the world. He is donning the yellow *pitambar* and the sandal-paste is rubbed over the whole body which spreads its fragrance all round. His eyes are big and extended to the very ears in which are dangling beautiful ear-rings. A charming smile plays on His red lips, and on His breast rests a necklace bright with *Kaustubha* diamond. Beautiful ornaments adorn his body. How beautifully the flower garlands, the enviable *vaijayanti* with multi-coloured hues, sparkle on His bosom. Mistaking his sparkling face for a veritable fullblown lotus rush, the ringlets of his raven hair, with thin twist and tangled curl and knot, like *bhramars* to woo it. Oftener He rests in the bowers of Brindaban served by His companions.

He is the same Lord who is served with fragrance carried by the scented Malayan breeze, the Lord from whose lotus feet has emerged the Ganges. We bow to Him.

The perfume emanating from His body has filled all the directions. He is surrounded by glorious herds of cows. He is the conferrer of boons on Devas, celestials, and the terror to the devils. We offer our obeisance.

Millions of cupids fight shy of His beauty. He is the ocean of compassion, the conferrer of all boons and fulfiller of all desires. Who else but him, Lord Krishna, the Glory of Beauty, shall these eyes desire to see? What else would these ears of mine like to hear but the charming merit conferring exploits, of Lord Krishna. Will these sense organs of mine ever desire to serve, enjoy or rivet their attention on anything besides Lord Krishna. Ah! Never! Never! (*Vide app. Item XV* [1])

Why this difference in the creed lived and propagated by Shankaracharya is described by Sri Sanatan Goswami in his Srimad Brihad Bhagwatamrita thus:

'Sri Mahesh Vach'

Mām Kimārādhyeddāsum Kimmetadchdisheyat Prabhuh
Swagamey Kalpitestwam Janān mad vimukhan kuru.
(1-3-28)

Lord Vishnu ordered Shiva to propagate a belief that shall run counter to His Bhakti, so that the great secret message of Bhakti may not fall into the hands of the faithless. So Shiva incarnated as Shankaracharya gave out the

Advait or *mayavad* Philosophy. But Shankaracharya soon felt his doctrine of *mayavad* (*Advaitism*) was incompatible with his real experiences as is given in his reputed *stotra*.

2

One day Sri Shiva accompanied by His consort Sri Parvatiji, donning an attire of an untouchable was passing along the streets in the sacred town of Kasi, when He came across a Brahmana (Shankaracharya). Shankaracharya rebuked Him (not recognising He was Shiva), saying: "Keep off! Do not pollute me by the touch of thy body." To this retorted Shiva: "O, Brahmana! Do you allow your body that is formed of the fleeting elements to remain away from another similarly constituted material body, when the elements (prakriti) constituting all are one and of kin. And that which is *Chaitanya* (spirit) of one and another is the same, do you want that it should remain away from your soul? Then why fear the touch of my body when the *Purush* (soul) and the *prakriti* (elements) constituting our bodies are one and the same?

Does the sun when its rays fall on the waters of the Ganges or on the water accumulated in a dirty pool gain in impurity or suffer impurity by that contact? Does it make any difference in the water if held in a golden jug or an earthen pot? Therefore know ye — that which is eternal life — *Chaitanya* (Soul), the spiritual essence in us, does not suffer any change whether it dons the garment (body) of a Brahmana or an untouchable?

He is my teacher, who is enlightened. And he is enlightened who hath realized that he is Brahman (Atman) which spiritual (atmic) element is permeating the whole Universe and transcends the various states of consciousness, viz., (dream or *susuphti* and wakeful states) and imparts life and memory to them and is unimpaired and unaffected by being carried by a Brahmana's or a Chandal's body.

Real knowledge is this spiritual experience of Unity-consciousness — that I am Brahman and this creation is a manifestation of a particle of that Universal spirit — which has knitted this vast world by its *gunas* — *Rajas, Tamas* and *Satvic*, which are distinct from the freedom conferr-

ing Wisdom or in other words are constituted of ignorance (Agyan). He is really wise (*Jnani*) who can distinguish the Real from the Unreal. Such one is my Guru. It matters not if he is putting on untouchable's garment (body). My Guru hath taught me that this world is unreal and the spirit alone exists. It is eternal and it is *Brahman*. I always contemplate in a true attitude on that peaceful Atman. All past, present, and future *samskaras* (effects of past actions) have been destroyed by the fire of this wisdom (jnan)and now this body subsists only to work out what little remains of these past actions. All the forms of manifest creation — the birds, trees, animals, men and *devas* (celestials) through which we pass in the cycle of transmigration are all sustained by the eternal divine spiritual effulgence which imparts life and which covers our ego as the clouds the sun. I contemplate on this ATMAN, as my Guru and gain peace and eternal beatitude.

(*Vide app. Item* XV [2])

Shankara even in his commentary on the Gita expressly and impliedly accepted at various places that the Vaishnava goal was the same as that of the Advaita and the final abode reached by both was the same. We quote one such expression out of the many mentioned there. In commenting on Shloka 25 of Ch. IX of Bhagavad Gita he says:

Yānti dev brata devānpitryanti pitrvaratah,
Bhutani yānti bhutayyiya yānti muddajino api mām.

The final goal reached by the Advait is the same as reached by the worshipper of Vishnu Form of Lord which follows from his explaining 'muddajino' as 'Yanti muddajino shila vaisnvamam.'[45]

The Advaitism or the *Mayavad* of Shankaracharya is an unpracticable theory at best. It is difficult to find a Sanyasi living and realising the Goal which the Acharya's creed professes. Today we see that the Sanyasi's creed which demands the greatest *Vairagya* qua property, disciples and reputation, is more followed in its breach. The Ashrams with big bank accounts to their credit founded by the Advait Sanyasi Acharyas and the long train of disciples

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45 Shankara-Bhashya on *Gita*

fighting for name and fame and living sumptuously among family men for long are direct breaches by the Sanyasis of the tenets of their order. In the words of Shankara himself:

3

Renounce wealth, wife, son and relations as fleeting and ephemeral. Be not disturbed in your pose by experiences of heat, cold, joy and sorrow. Remain established in the eternal peace of the *Atman*. Sit in that pose of equanimity undisturbed and unruffled by all the waves of duality. What does it matter if ye have to enjoy your life seated under the shade of a tree in the wilderness on the sands by the side of a river, with the blue sky serving you as a canopy and a roof. For thy companions and delight, revel in the music and chant of the free forest birds and live with joy on the fruits that the forest-trees supply without effort. Whatever comes to you as destined by fate, accept it and dwell in the peace of mind, which should not be disturbed by any worldly circumstances. Like unto fire are the desires of the world, take no heed of them. Beware lest ye also fall a victim to its snares as does a deer hearing the captivating music of the flute which costs it its life. Always remain established in the mood/renunciation.

(*Vide app. Item XV* [3])

Shankaracharya in his inimitable style has tried to reconcile the *Nirguna* and *Saguna Vad* i.e., the form and formless aspects of the Supreme Divinity. Thus he accommodates practically every shade of opinion thereby departing from the glory of *Ananya Nishta* (unswerving devotion to one's own faith) which is the Kohinoor of religion and which has repeatedly been praised in the Gita by Lord Krishna in the following words:

Bhaktiyā to ananyā sakya' hamayvam vidho Arjuna
Gyatum dristum chey tutven prevestum chey parantap.

(XI – 54)

By one-pointed devotion, O Arjuna, I am known, realised, perfectly understood and knowing Me man gains emancipation.

Ananya chetā sattum yo mām smrati nitya shā
Tasyaham sulbha Partha nitya yuktasya yoginā.
(VIII – 14)

Who contemplates on Me with one-pointed devotion at all times, by him, O Partha, am I early and easily reached, by one-pointed devotion. Aye, I am the root and cause of all creation.

Ye to sarwani Karmani Mayi sanyas mat parah,
Ananyyenev Yogen mam dhyayant upastey.
Tesham aham samudharata mirtu sansar sagrat
Bhawami na chirat Parth maya aveshit chetsam.
(XII – 6.7)

He who surrenders all his deeds at My lotus feet and with one-pointed devotion remembers Me, I take him easily across the ocean of metempsychosis, for he is well-resolved.

This looseness in Nishta (one-pointed faith) is responsible for the lack of discipline in many of Shankara's adherents in many of whom ego is more developed than annihilated and subjected. Instead of being realisers of the truth that this world is a dream, we find them really believing in it and moving like phantoms in it styling themselves Brahman (God). This was never contemplated by Shankara whose glorious 'Bhaj Govindam' *Stotra* really clinches the issue inasmuch as it outlines the creed of Shankara as he really desired to be practised by his followers:

4

Pitiful is thy state, O man, the day dawneth and soon followeth the evening; comes the spring and soon it is laid waste by autumn. Ye see the tale of mutability and readeth it in vain, for ye do not give up desires and hopes, in spite of watching the wave of change engulfing them from all round. Remember it, nothing can save thee at the last moment except the shelter of the Lord. So sing thou His sweet Name Govinda! Govinda! Govinda!

Alack! the death stares thee in the face, and to a pitiable mendicant's state art thou brought, yet does not discard thy hopes in the world! Avaunt! Away with them fully, and drink deep of the Name of Govinda.

Believe me, live not for the family and do not turn for

shelter to them nor for thy food and clothing. Beware. Sing Govinda! Govinda! Govinda!

To what a pitiable state art thou driven? Shrivelled is thy body and turned to a hunchback thou art, yet seekest thy solace amongst thy relations. Wake up to the stern reality and sing of thy sole and only Eternal Friend, Govinda!

I assure thee, repeat even one line of Sri Bhagavad Gita, take once a dip in the Ganges and sing but once of the exploits of Murari and believe me, the God of Death (Yama) shall not come near Thee.

Ah! to such a state art thou driven that thy bones crack, thy flesh has dried up, thy teeth are all fallen and with the staff in the hand ye struggles yet does not give up resting thy hope on thy earthly friends!

Thy childhood and youth are squandered and even in old age thou dost not seek the Lotus feet of Lord Govinda! Shame on thee, O wretch!

It will be very difficult for thee to cross the cycle of rebirth and its terror shall be thy lot. Day cometh and passeth away and yet ye realises not this grim reality — this terrific cycle of change — and ye does not seek the Eternal unshakeable post for shelter at Lord Govinda's lotus feet.

What is this Wealth worth? It is like the play of light and shade, fleeting and evanescent. Fix not thy hope upon it! What is woman's beauty and where doth it lie? In the breasts, the abode of blood, phlegm and dirty stingy flesh? Ponder. All is an illusion.

Seek thy true Father, Mother and Thy Eternal abode. Seek thy Creator and ponder on thy true nature. Contemplate on the Real and discard the Unreal. Renounce this world, as a result of your deep thinking, because it is illusory. Sing the Bhagavad Gita; and repeat the thousand Names of Lord Vishnu, daily. Worship Lord Vishnu, the consort of Sri Laxmi. Dwell amongst the devotees and be kind to the afflicted and fallen. So long as thou art in full health, realise Him and do away with thy untrue relations who are leeches on thy body and soul. Fleeting is this breath. Realise God before last breath bid thee adieu.

See that all round is calamity, disease, pain and agony.

People are constantly dying. Why do you not take heed and remember the Lord's name constantly? All this manifest creation is evanescent. The Atman alone is Eternal. Why bewail for anything or on any account whatsoever?

Indulge not in formal ceremonies. Dwell in the Atman. Cross the Ocean of metempsychosis singing the sweet Name — Govinda! Govinda! Govinda!

(*Vide app. Item XV* [4])

His *Saguna Upasana* (of the Form of the Lord) goes even further and in his *Ameru Shatak* we can notice even the erotic strain in him (the madhurya upasana).

Shankaracharya is much appreciated as being the principal Acharya of Advait (*Mayavad*) and the founder of the ten schools of Sanyasa that have for so long been playing an important part in the religions and to a great extent they have been the custodians of the ancient vedic culture of India. His Advait philosophy is a very well-discussed subject and I do not discuss it here, for I have touched here upon the heart of Shankara and portrayed the inner working of his apparently hard exterior marked by the gospel of renunciation and fiery *Vairagya.*

We close this topic with his own lines and with his own prayer to the deity of his heart Shri Radha Krishna.[46]

5

He who needeth no support to subsist; but sustains Himself by Himself, and who with the milk of His grace tends the devotees as a tortoise its offspring merely by thinking of them:

He is my mother. His name is Sri Krishna. For Him my mind yearneth, for Him I am restless: From ages am I cast away from Him, and thrown in the Sea of Maya (illusion). O, my mother! I cry, extend Thy hand and put me out but once and cast on me once thy grace full of compassion. I know of no other Divine effulgence than Sri Krishna, from one pore of whose body issue the

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[46] Since several hundred years Shri Shankaracharya's Sri Radha-Krishna Kripa Kataksh Stotras beginning with 'Munindrabrind Banditey' and 'Bhajey Brajekmundnam' are too well-known in Braj (Muttra & Brindaban) and have been resorted to as incantations (mantras) with success by eager devotees for vision (Sakshatkar) of Sri Radha Krishna.

four-faced Brahma, to Whom bows Sri Shiva in obeisance and acknowledges Him as his Lord:

All adulation to Yadunath Sri Krishna, who is served by Brahma and Shiva, from whose feet emanated the purifying Ganges; who is conferrer of the boon of three worlds; whose effulgence sustains the world and who is the principal cause of all creation.

Some serve Thee, O Krishna, to obtain the riches and Kingdom of the three worlds whilst others worship Thee for Paradise and its joys and comforts but Yadunath! I hanker not for the wealth of Paradise nor of the world's nor even for emancipation. I crave and pray that the contemplation and remembrance of Thy feet to the end of my life should never leave me. Grant me this boon, O Omnipotent Krishna! (*Vide app. Item XV* [5])

Shankaracharya, the Pillar of Hinduism, lived only for about 38 years or so, but his contribution to Hindu Philosophy and religion is the greatest; and the fourth century before Christ during which he had lived is especially remarkable for having given birth to such a saint in Aryavarta.

VII GYANESWAR

(1271 A.D. – 1297 A.D.)

"All is vanity – All is vanity – All is vanity." The words of Solomon echoed in the heart of a poor householder, Vithalpant, who dwelt in a small village on the banks of the Godavari in South India.

The young Marahta forsook his young childless wife and repaired to Benaras where under the celebrated saint Sri Ramanand Swami he took up Sanyasa.

However the chaste young Rakhumabai could not stand this separation and by heartfelt supplications moved the great Guru and brought back her husband, Vithalpant, once again to lead the life of a householder. Of her were born the Great Gyandeva, his elder brother (who was his Guru), Nvrittinath, his younger brother, Sopana, and sister Muktabai.

Vithalpant having returned home after Sanyasa, which was not warranted by *Sastras*, was excommunicated by his orthodox Brahmin relations, and he passed his life in great penury and privations till the end.

Nvrittinath took to devotion at a very early age and was not seen after he left his home at the age of eight. In the wilderness he is said to have initiated his younger brother Gyaneswar and ordered him to preach the message of Gita. Who can gauge the devotion of Gyaneswar for his Guru? A streak of it is seen in the discussion of Ch. XIII verse 7 of his remarkable work, *Gyaneswari*, being the commentary of Gita wherein he says:

"The service of the Teacher is the gateway to Realization — separation for a moment from him for me is like the length of an age — a difficult time to pass. I meditate on my Guru with love and yearn to serve him bodily with all my heart and soul.....I pray I could serve him by becoming the spittoon in which he spits; I yearn to become the very air of the fan he uses; I wish to become the clod of earth of the passage on which fall his feet as he goes for his devotion to the Temple.....I long with my soul to perform his *Arti* (service with candles).....In life and after death with the very elements of my body I desire to serve him. O, my Guru, grant my wish.[47]

Of the three steps of Sadhna — Guru worship; Saints' Association and the repetition and singing of Name, the greatest emphasis is laid by Gyaneswar on Guru worship. Of course his goal is the Bhakti and realization of Krishna and this is apparent from his persistent *chant* of 'Vithala' — the Marahta Name of God Vishnu worshipped with spiritual ceremony at Pandharpur and this he identifies with his God, Krishna singing:

Krishna Vishnu Hari Govinda,
Yā Nāmey Chey Nikhil Prabandh.

The great instruction which he received from Guru Nvrittinath was to associate with the Saints as it was the gateway to the Lord. Of it he says:

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47 Vide Gyaneswari.

Atmajnanay chaukhandi
Sant hey majhe ruprhi
Gyāndeva hamnhe tumhi sant bolgaveti āmhi.
Hey padhvilon ji swami Nvrititadevin.

We must emphasise this is the greatest secret told by the Sastras and spoken of by the Acharyas that Saints are to be worshipped as being verily like gods manifesting on the earth. *Bhagwat*, (XI – 14-15, 16) states to the same effect:

Na tatha me priyetam Ātmayoni na Shankrah
Na chey Sankarsano na Shrri nayvatma chayatha bhavan
Nirapeksham munim Sāntam nirvairam Samdarsnam.
Anubrajamham nityam puyet anghru renubhih.

I love the saints more than even my *atman* (soul), not to speak of Shiva, Laxmi or Brahma. I run after them to place the dust of their feet on my head. *Satsang* (association with the saints) is the shortest, surest and simplest path that leads to me. So says the Lord.

We find the same echo in Indian saints. Says Mirabai:

Guru Mharo dindayal hirā rā pārkhi
Dini mhaney jnan bataye sangat kar sadh ki.

Very kind is my Guru and a veritable donor is he. He conferred the highest knowledge on me viz., serve the saints and associate with them constantly.

And the Sufi Nandlal Goya, disciple of the Great Govind Singh, the Sikh Guru, says in his master-piece *Zindgi Nama.*

Vāsilāney haq torā wāsil kunad,
Daulatey javed rā hāsil kunad,
Murshid kāmil baghair az haq nā guft.
Yo durrey māni baghair az sān nā suft.
Yo tufayle murshiday kāmil bud
Har chey mi khahi az hāsil bud
Avval aan dil fanaye sheikh shau.
Ta bayābi rāhey haq dar koye oo.

Who are dwelling with the Lord shall introduce thee to the Lord and ye shall earn eternal life.

The teacher is a perfect Guide who speaks nothing but truth and every word of his is like an oyster that carries a pearl within it.

This is the Teacher's blessing on me that I gain whatever I desire.

Therefore I advise thee to be a total surrender at his feet so that the Path be revealed to Thee.

With great emphasis says Hafiz:

Ba may sajjādā rangin kun girat pirey mughan goyed
Ki sālik bekhabar nā bud ze rāho rasm manzilhā.

If thy perfect Teacher orders thee to drench thy prayer-mat in wine (which is against the dictates of the Holy Koran), do it forthwith, for verily is he well conversant with the vagaries of the Path and in following him lies the fulfilment of thy Spiritual hopes.

Jalaluddin Rumi lives it in life saying:

Maulvi hargiz na bashad Maulānā Rum
Tā ghulāmey Shamsh Tabraizi nā bashad.

Not till he is the slave of his Teacher Dervish Shamsh Tabriz is Maulana Rumi, worthy of his respectable title and honour.

Gyaneswar revelled in the service of the saints and understood the nature of their Sat-Chit-Anand (Supersensual Divine form) Swarup. He served them humbly through his elegant lectures on Sri *Bhagavad Gita,* spreading the message of Devotion to Sri Krishna in the country for all times. Although himself a Yogi of a high order he practised and preached the easier path of Devotion. Commenting on Ch. XII of the *Gita,* he gives the Lord's message in the following words:

"Arjuna! there are those who pursue the difficult path of Yoga. They too attain to Me, Who art the goal of the Bhaktas. As to their getting any thing extra, I can say they get only sweat earned by futile effort. The Path of Bhakti is simpler."

The great work *Gyaneswari* which has immortalised the name of Gyandeva (who is also responsible for another great work, Amritanubhava) was given at the age of sixteen and completed with a prayer:

Now that the chant of this glorious work is completed before ye saints, I seek the shower of grace by you on me your servant who has dealt you with such a pleasant divine dish. I pray also that those leading the wayward

life may be brought to the right path and the Divine Light may shine in the Path of all devotees.

The greatest trait of Gyandeva was his humility and his indomitable faith in the grace of God. He believed the grace of the Lord comes by meditation on the Guru.[48]

Gyaneswar is very insistent on a perfect celibate and ethical life; and gives a great place to austerities. But by far the Path of realization which he emphasises over and over is "Bhakthi and Service to the Enlightened Guru". While emphasising and preaching Sadhna as a necessary prelude in the pursuit of the Path "Resignation to His will" is equally emphasised by him.

The main theme of *Bhagavad Gita*, he says, is Karma Yoga which has for its goal realization of God and cessation of the pain of rebirth. Here the interpretation of Gyandeva must be understood. He says:

"We must remember there is difference between *works* and *realization*, between doing of actions and knowing of God."[49]

This, in other words, states the import of the text of Ch. III verse of 9 of the Gita. 'yagarth karmanyo anyatr-lokasayam Karm bandhna.' i.e., only those activities which have for their goal realization of God and which have been resorted to by seekers after emancipation ('Mumukshibhi' — *Gita* IV — 15) are to be followed. All other works of the world for political or social uplift and howsoever sattvic are to be abandoned by the advanced contemplative. They are golden fetters to bind man to the world (*Gita* IX — 28). In short, no activity of the world can solve the riddle of suffering for the simple reason that it is a boon of body-consciousness which is transient, false and ephemeral (*Gita* XVIII-48). It is well put in the Book of Job (XIV - 4) "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean: Not one". To slide through worldly (gunmay) activity into spiritual (gunatit experience) is mere ignorance and folly. Real

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[48] We shall not deal with the intellectual, metaphysical or Yogic philosophies and practices of Gyaneswar or the theory of incarnation and other topics discussed by him in Gyaneswari. Readers may profit by referring to Dr. Ranade's 'Mysticism in Maharashtra'.

[49] 'Mysticism in Maharashtra,' p. 100.

solution of suffering lies only in religious spirituality. Emphasis is again laid by Gyaneswar in the following words of Lord Sri Krishna:

When people come to Me, both heaven and hell would be seen to be merely the byeways of the thieves..... as a man who has spent all his money in going to courtezans cannot even so much as touch their door, similarly the life spent in *yagas* (sacrifices) become shameful and does not deserve any further description.....Even a man may know all the three worlds; his knowledge is useless if he does not know Me. For he is throwing away the grain to partake of chaff. An ideal karma yogin is established in actionlessness"[50] Gyaneswar thereafter urges that a person performing the highest *gunmay* (worldly) work can never be a perfect karma yogin which demands *gunatit* (Spiritual) disinterested activity. The duty of an adept karma yogin – in the absence of getting an *adhikari* (competent seeker) who being aware and conscious of the ephemeral nature of the world is keen and desirous to know the gunatit (supersensual) spiritual Path leading to self-realization – is to teach him sattvic spiritual service to be performed with disinterestedness so that he may become free of *prarabdha* (the fruits of actions of past lives) and thereafter acquire competence to pursue Nishkam Karma Yoga resting in the sabbath of actionlessness.

He has a great message of hope for the sinner.

He says: "God can be attained by Bhakti alone. He is a Bhakta whose sole engrossing object of attention is God. Bhakti is that in which one thinks of nothing except of God: refuses to hear anything except His Name; serves none but God and contemplates on nothing except God."

Such is a true sanyasin. Renunciation is the aim of the *Gita;* without it none can escape the miseries of rebirth, for not till one is established beyond the consequences of body and revels in *Atman,* can rise above the agony of transmigration.

He says further "Just as the impress of the king's order

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[50] Ibid. Pp. 101 & 99.

makes a piece of paper go as a silver coin, so also a beast, a woman and a Sudra, whether low or high by birth, whether young or old by age and whether rich or poor in possessions, whosoever performs Bhakti, gets emancipated and reaches God.

We come to the other great work of Gyaneswar, *Amritanubhava*. In it Gyaneswar goes into ecstasy, praising the Name of the Lord, chanting of which with faith, renunciation and one-pointedness paves the way to realization. Here we may point out that the work deals more with the Path of jnan, nature of Avidya [ignorance, of Brahman (Atman)] and allied subjects and ends with narration by Gyaneswar of his personal experiences.

Like his brothers and sister, Gyaneswar took samadhi at the tender age of 27 after performing various miracles that have immortalised his name in religion and in history of Yoga in India.

Changdeva, the reputed disciple of Muktabai, who is said to have lived for 700 years, has composed an elegant *abhanga* in praise of his teachers, Gyaneswar, his brothers and sister. Another abhanga of his describes the final scene of the miraculous exit of Muktabai thus:

> Gyaneswar drank to his fill the water of pearls;
> Nvrittinath caught in his hands the freshness of the clouds;
> Sopana decorated himself with the garland of fragrance,
> Muktabai fed herself on cooked diamonds; the Secret of all four has come to my hands — Says Changdeva.
>
> (*Vide app. Item XVI* [1])

> The powder of pearls was thrown in the skies.
> There was a beautiful flash of lightning. The sky was clothed in beautiful purple. The brilliant blue point began to shine.....A serpent's young one began to dance. In a dazzling thunder, the lightning disappeared in itself. Muktabai met Goroba. In that meeting, says Gyaneswar, self-knowledge was revealed.
>
> (*Vide app. Item XVI* [2])

VIII NANAK

(1469 A.D. to 1538 A.D.)

A strange pilgrim entered the holy shrine at Mecca, where sat the faithful ones rapt in meditation. Tired, he stayed over in the place while the others had left. Unmindful, in his sleep, he turned his feet towards Kaaba (shrine). The Arab priest saw it, came and kicked him for that sacrilegious act, and questioned, "Who art thou sleeping infidel? Why hast thou, O sinner, turned thy feet towards God?" Perfectly calm, answered the strange pilgrim, "Turn, O, faithful one, these feet in the direction in which He is not." Tradition assigns a miracle on the occasion. As the priest in a rage dragged his feet in the opposite direction, the shrine followed the revolutions of his body.

This same strange pilgrim had some years earlier surprised the Brahmins of Hardwar by a similar and queer act. As the pilgrims at Hardwar were offering oblations to the manes with the Ganges water, their face being turned towards the East, he approached them and inquired as to what they were doing. They replied that they were satisfying the thirst of their ancestors who were dead and were in the other world. He took up the advice and turning his face towards the West began to offer his oblations. The priests enraged asked what he meant by that unholy act, inasmuch as he had his face turned in the opposite direction. He replied, "My fields are situated in the Punjab in that direction, and it is hot season, my fields must be parched, I am trying to water them." The priests said, "Fool! how can the fields situated so far off be watered by sprinkling water here." At once he retorted, "greater fools are you, who think that by offering water oblations here the dead ancestors in the other world can be satisfied."

This strange pilgrim was born in 1469, by the side of the Ravi in the Punjab adjoining a forest, in the small village of Talwadi, situated some twenty-four miles from Lahore. His birth had been heralded by many ominous signs, and the astrologers of Rai Bular, the landlord of the village, had predicted a great future for this young brother of Nanaki, the son of Kalu, the village accountant,

by caste a Khatri. After the sister he was named Nanak.

Nanak was born at a period of great mental and political upheaval both in the East and West. Both in Europe and in India men shook off the torpor of ages, and their minds had awakened to a consciousness of intellectualism. It was a period when flourished great exponents of Adwaitism, Vedantism and Pantheism. Nanak added to the galaxy of spiritual leaders by "soaring to the loftiest heights of divine emotionalism and exulting in Divine Vision." He dared to propound a religion that contained the best that existed in other religions and gave it out in an entirely new light.

At the age of 5, the child began to surprise everybody by his conversations on divine subjects and at 7, his teacher looked aghast, when in reply to his reprimand to Nanak to read and not waste time on sitting silently, he said, "I prefer to thy knowledge, the knowledge of God" and advised his teacher to "Await His Grace, and burn all his attachments and his passions and sing the Name of the Lord." The teacher was the first convert to Nanak's creed for he left the school and passed the rest of his days in contemplation in solitude.

Luckily for Nanak, Talwadi was situated in the neighbourhood of a forest and he had on many occasions to retire into solitude, avail himself of the company of holy men, and in his leisure to meditate on the mysteries of creation and the beauties of nature. He was seen at all hours singing the Name of the Formless Creator. Contact with the Yogis was also responsible for his insight into the teachings of the various schools of Indian Philosophies and Yogas.

His parents and relations, however, did not like this weaving of unpractical dreams on the part of their son, and soon sought out means to make him realise his "duties". They therefore married him at the age of fourteen, and a little later secured for him the post of a storekeeper in the Government of Daulat Khan, the Muslim Governor through the good offices of Jain Ram, the husband of Nanaki. Here Nanak worked very assiduously and was praised by everybody. He, however, passed his time in meditation whenever he got leisure, and spent his savings in feeding the "Sanyasins". Here also he contracted

the friendship of Mardana, his lifelong companion, a Muslim wandering minstrel. Mardana used to sing to Nanak divine songs, generally the composition of Nanak himself, to the accompaniment of a rebeck. Very soon Nanak found he had no taste left for secular affairs and resigned the post.

HIS FIRST PILGRIMAGE

Accompanied by Mardana he took the route to the East and next he went to the South of India. He visited Delhi, Banaras, Gaya, Gorakhnath, Puri, neighbourhood of Madras and then Ceylon. It was the call of his restless spirit to proclaim a religion that led him on his first pilgrimage. To the crowd, as to the priest and the layman, he preached the gospel of the One-ness of Soul and God, and pointed out the pathway of realisation through the Name. Time and again he would insist on directing their attention to God. His appeals were remarkable for the simplicity of expression and the exquisiteness of the illustrations that drew his point home. Here was the same simplicity in a more developed form that had made him stop the Brahmin, when he was 9, on the occasion of the sacred thread ceremony, with the remark:

"Man dieth, *Janeu* (sacred thread) falleth and the soul departeth without it" — that now made him proclaim with emphasis:

"You have come naked into the world and naked you will depart, therefore ponder, O ignorant one, on the One who hath created thee and seek Him and meditate upon Him."

And as he moved about proclaiming his gospel, and giving instructions, he had to face many opponents also, and they at many times maltreated him a lot. But he was fearless in the advocacy of Truth and he knew no compromise in spiritual matters.

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

After twelve years of wandering Nanak returned to Punjab, but refused to go back home. His mother came to entreat him, but all her persuasions were futile. All the more so as he was experiencing as the Christian mystic

would call it passage through "The Dark Night of the Soul" at the time. This stage is a natural step in the spiritual climb of the soul. To Nanak it appeared as a tragic experience. It was this same experience that had made Christ cry out, "Father, why hast thou forsaken me?" and it was this benumbing state in which the French mystic Madame Guyon, uttered her plaintive note: "Alas, is it possible that this heart formerly all on fire should now become like ice?" Nanak, therefore, went to Srinagar in Kashmir and thence he proceeded to the solitudes of the Himalayas to meet the realised souls, the Sidhās and find peace. Luckily he met them as he had contemplated and to them he related his feelings thus:

"I have become perplexed in my search,
In the darkness I find no way,
Devoted to pride I weep in sorrow.
Alas, how shall peace be obtained?"

This experience was not new in the case of Nanak. Even in the recent times it was observable in the lives of Shri Vivekananda and Shri Ram Tirth on their return from foreign lecturing tours. This stage which precedes the final enlightenment may in his case partly be accounted for by the exhaustion caused by discussions on spiritual matters indulged in, on his first pilgrimage.

The retirement, however, to the Himalayan solitudes was not without its bracing effect, and the sylvan surroundings went a long way towards helping him. It was here that through meeting of the holy people, he was able to get his introduction to the "True One." Of course, he had the first flashes of the light and trances much earlier, but now it was some thing permanent that he attained to. And after his enlightenment, he returned to his native place, and thence proceeded to Kartarpur, and then decided to start on his second pilgrimage, this time to the West.

HIS SECOND PILGRIMAGE

Nanak first went to Pak Patan where he was again able to meet the beloved disciple of Baba Farid, by name Sheikh Bahram. The latter was very happy at the meeting and was soon convinced of the attainments of Nanak, whom he complimented by remarking, "of a certainty thou

hast seen God." Nanak proceeded further, passed through Baghdad, reached Mecca and then Medina. At the very shrines and mosques he fearlessly proclaimed to the assembled crowds:

"I have appeared in this world to indicate the way unto men.
I have rejected all sects and only know one God, whom I recognise in the earth, the heavens and all directions."

Vehemently did he decry and denounce mere formal worship in the various sects and religions, and condemned mere rituals and ceremonials as the gateway to Heaven: While to the Hindu he said:

"Bramha who came into the world repeating the Vedas cannot describe Him.....Shiva and countless gods and goddesses standing at thy gate praise Thee." (Macauliffe Sikh Religion, Vol. I. p. 128)

and to the Muslim he said:

"Merely reading the scriptures does not free the mind from anxiety. If for a moment thou restrainest thy mind, God will appear before thee." (Ibid p. 177)

HIS RELIGION

On his return from the Western pilgrimage, Nanak gave up the dress of the anchorite and settled down at Kartarpur, where he gave religious instructions, and passed his time in hearing religious songs and practising meditation. He adopted the habit of the householder. This however did not please the religious mendicants. Sheikh Bahram once told him that for religious merit tattered garments were a necessity. He replied, what matters is merely the fixing of heart on Him. The external costume is of no consideration at all. And when the great Yogi Bhagarnath of Achal Batara told him in cryptic language to the same effect, "When the milk becometh sour, no butter is produced by churning: why dost thou doff the hermit's dress and don the ordinary clothes?" He replied, "O Bhagarnath, thy mother was an unskilful woman. She knew not how to wash the churn, and so spoilt the butter in producing thee. Thou hast become an anchorite after abandoning thy family life and yet thou goest to beg to the houses of family men. When thou dost nothing here, what canst

thou obtain hereafter?" This reply is, of course, a subject of criticism and only gives Nanak's view, himself a householder and not bound to be accepted by saints who have renounced all for the Lord and at every moment live in Him. Nanak himself throughout could not support it, as the following couplets by him go to show:

While pointing to the element of grace as necessary for dawn of enlightenment, he insisted on saying, "Salvation is here and nowhere else." To the erring world he taught, "Take thought on the vital problems of life." He said no miracles were necessary to convert you to the creed of thinking. Look round and see "Wealth, youth and flowers are guests only for four days. They wither and fade like the leaves of the water-lily".

The world is no resting-place. Why build houses when you know that not a needle shall accompany you on the final pilgrimage to the next world? Wake up, "therefore ye sleepers, lo, the soul in despair departeth." Understand it full well that the world is a perishable abode. Remember that everything round about you is false."

"False are kings, false are subjects, false the whole world.
False are mansions, false palaces, false those who dwell therein.
False is gold, false silver, false he who weareth them;
False the body, false the raiment, false peerless beauty;
False husbands, false wives, they pine away and become dust." (*Ibid* 130)

He uttered such reminders tuned to melodious music. To the literate and the illiterate he appealed equally. He refused to accept that the Way Home was through logic or through vain discussions. Arguments had no place. The motive-power was faith and fear of God, His grace and the Teacher's hand.

But it is a moot point what Nanak meant by Teacher. He himself was not initiated by a Teacher, and he always looked up to God as his Teacher. He insisted on that point in the case of other aspirants also:

"He who looketh for human support
Loseth both this world and the next.
There is but one giver, the whole world are beggars."

But at another place says he, "Through the Guru man

obtaineth real life, and through Guru man departeth to God's home." Be that as it may, the point does not arise when you see his insistence on deliberate determination as the first step towards realisation. During his trials did he not say, "I will cut off my head and lay it before Him, I will place before Him my soul and body."

He points out again that the Name is the Teacher, and the Name is the only pathway. There is no other "road but the Name, and that is the only door in this Kaliyug." Here was a gospel that had many points in common with what the earlier saints and those who followed him had said. And while praising the Name, he emphasised on the gospel of devotion with which the Name is to be remembered. To Him the Name and the Lord were one and he made no distinction between the two. He approached the Lord in the attitude of a true Bhakta. This is apparent in his lines which to some extent are near to Mira Bai in our own country and to the wailings of St. Teresa and other mystics of the West. There is the same agony and the pang of separation.

THE ICONOCLAST

He deprecated all forms and formalities and gave new definitions to words. When asked to what religion he belonged, he said in his cryptic way:

Religion consisteth not in a patched coat,
or in yogi's staff or in smearing ashes over the body.
Religion consisteth not in the ear-rings being worn, or
in a shaven head, or in the blowing of the horns,
Religion consisteth not in mere words:
Religion consisteth not in visiting the tombs or places of
cremation or sitting in attitudes of contemplation,
Religion consisteth not in wandering in foreign countries, or in bathing at places of pilgrimages.
Abide pure amid the impurities of the world: thus shalt
then find the way to religion."

On another occasion he defined a 'Muslim' as one who hath effaced his ego completely. This was the creed of Nanak. To him there was no Muslim, no Hindu. In a sense, he breathed pantheism of the Sūfī minus his austerities and life of a celibate anchorite.

HIS INSTRUCTIONS

His charity knew no bounds and as the robbers and the murderers were claimed by Christ, by Buddha and by Chaitanya, we have the incident of the robber, Sheikh Sajjan, in the case of Nanak which goes the whole length of comparing his deeds of forgiveness with the earlier saints. In simple words he gave out in essence his gospel similar to the eightfold path of the Buddha:

> Recall the wandering mind from the distraction of the senses and then employ it in pious discourses and in devoutly singing and listening to the songs of the praise of the Almighty — know these are the meritorious acts which may be easily performed. They involve but little labour and bring great reward.

He was especially emphatic on one's doing one's duty disinterestedly and honestly. He was a fearless advocate of the Law of Karma. He preached its inexorability, with all the emphasis at his command. It was his firm belief. Although he felt the grace of the Guru went a long way in allaying the misery and modifying the course of working out of our past Karmas.

THE END

On a brilliant star-lit night in the month of October in the year 1538, lay a pilgrim under a withered acacia tree bubbling in spirit, but wearing a decayed garment over the body. It was Nanak. And today was the last day of his pilgrimage on the earth. The disciples, both Muslims and Hindus, had assembled. Some wanted to cremate the body; some others to entomb the holy body of their Guru. The Guru set the dispute at rest saying, "Let the Hindus put flowers on my right and the Muslims on my left underneath my sheet. Whose flowers were found fresh in the morning, may dispose of the body." When the sheet was removed the next morning the body had disappeared and both sets of flowers were smiling, and the withered acacia tree had blossomed forth to offer its last homage to the great saint — the Founder of Sikhism — whose swan (soul), had all along aspired to fly to the heavens, flew today into

the laps of the Beloved in His Abode of Bliss: Sing therefore:

"Wāh Guru"

We now give a few of the songs composed by him, found in Guru Granth Sahib:

1

I am full of faults in every way. How shall I gain my Lord?
I can boast neither of a beautiful form nor have I beautiful eyes,
I come neither of a high caste nor do I possess a sweet tongue.
It is apparent when the wife approaches him decorated in rich ornaments and garbs he welcomes her,
'My Lord is the Formless One.' He accepts him who remembers Him till the end of his life. He accepts me by first making me competent through conferring His grace.
I am the foolish one without any virtues to my credit,
I fall prostrate at His feet praying for mercy.
Who kills his ego, he wins the omnipotent Lord as his Protector,
O Lord! Through lives I have been wandering away from Thee and evading Thee,
Own me this time as yours, as you did before, and that shall be enough for me, a helpless being lying at Thy feet.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [1])

2

O Lord! I cannot live away in separation from Thee any longer,
I survive only by reciting and singing of Thy exploits.
O Lord! The night in remembrance and waiting for Thee is past,
Ye knows the thirst of my soul, the ache of my heart, therefore come and save me.
If the Guru lends me his tender hand and the Lord showers his grace sweetly, I shall discard my ego and attain Oneness with the Lord,
Live a humble life and pass it in His remembrance and His contemplation.

If you pass your hours and days singing praises of Him ye shall merge and lose your separate ego – consciousness.
His name is the greatest treasure and my pure heart always treasures it.
The Guru confers the Name. Without the Name one remains a beggar.
O, my friend, my life is a veritable sacrifice to Him.
I offer it to Him as also all traits of mine.
I am lost in singing of His praises and pass my time in contemplating on Him.
The Guru having imparted the Word, my household is turned into a solitude; I am ever immersed in its nectarean bliss.
The purest and sweetest essence is the Name which takes thee back to the eternal home.
The Guru gave me this wisdom, which got me a glimpse of Him and dwelling in His eternal abode.
Only through devotion to Him Sanak, Sanandan, Brahma and Indra have acquired great powers.
Very great and all powerful is Name. I cannot live without its shelter even for a moment.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [2])

3

Dwell within thyself (Seek Him not outside) Drink Nectar and exchange it not for poison.
Be a true servant of the Lord. This teaching has been imparted to me by my Guru
Many take recourse to wisdom and contemplation, and want to circumscribe the Lord
I however by serving Him win Him over.
'He dwells in everything and comprises all',
Is the knowledge and wisdom I have gained.
Besides that I am the meanest of all and every one is better than I am.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [3])

4

I am a handmaiden of my Lord,
By killing my ego I have gained my Lord,
My Lord is the light Effulgent,
This Mohan has captivated my heart, and His name is

worth more than all knowledge for me,
Who is a slave to the sensualities is false to himself and suffers much agony.
He who is dyed in His dye is singing His name Rama with joy all day and night.
I discarded the ego and true renunciation wooed me.
I bade good-bye to the world's ceremonials and was lost in contemplation of Him.
Time now does not exist for me, I have transcended it.
I am wooed by my Lord. He is my Beloved and in His Name I always revel.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [4])

5

Yoga does not consist in putting on the garment of rags nor in rubbing ashes on the body and in carrying a staff.
Neither does it consist in shaving the head or shouting through the bugle or conch.
He who has the collyrium of wisdom applied to his eyes seeth the Lord in all.
He seeth Him who sees the one in All.
Yoga does not consist in wandering in the burial grounds nor in the sacred pilgrim-spots.
It does not lie outside oneself.
He dwells in thy very eyes and ye can see Him if ye see with the collyrium of wisdom.
If Ye find the Teacher then remain in thy household,
Ye shall have thy illusion destroyed and hear the Divine word and enjoy bliss,
Whilst living die, then ye shall reap the fruit of Yoga,
And hear the Divine sound in Thy heart at all times.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [5])

6

Alack! What a pity, the night in sleep ye passed away and the day in feeding the body.
Costly as a rich diamond was your life which ye frittered away as a broken shell.
O foolish one! ye shall repent in the end if the Name of the Lord ye have not remembered in this life.
Depend not on thy wealth. At death-time it will be useless. And by revelling in it

You shall lose Him.
Build not hopes on your efforts.
All depends on His grace.
Remember your works do not necessarily bear fruit according to your wish. It happens as He wishes.
Remember therefore that the Lord Thy Creator and Creator of the world knows what is best.
All greatness falls to the lot of one on whom He confers it.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [6])

7

Love the Lord as the lotus loves the waters,
Even though with its waves the lotus is lashed, yet it does not abandon its love, instead blooms all the more.
It knoweth in water is its life. So whether it loves or hates it, without its love it cannot survive.
O mind! I can never give up His love.
The Teacher dwells in the disciple and confers on him the boon of devotion.
O, my mind! Love the Lord as the fish loves the water.
As the water increases it grows happy and its body develops and enjoys.
The Lord alone knoweth the fish's agony for want of water, not I nor you.
O, mind! love the Lord as the Chatak bird loves the clouds.
Although the water on the earth may be full in ponds and rivers but it looks not to them, but waits only for the drops of rain from the overhanging cloud.
On whomsoever He confers His Grace, he achieves the goal, not the egoist who depends on his effort.
O, mind! love the Lord as the water loves the milk.
When heated it burns itself so that its friend the milk may not suffer or dry up.
Parting with its life, it raises the value of milk.
O, mind! Love the Lord as the bird *Chakvi* loves the moon,
It does not sleep a minute seeing its Beloved far away from it,
The egoist does not know the secret of love, only he knows it full well who is a surrender to the Lord.

The egoist is wasting time in counting odds. He does not know that the Lord is the final Dispenser (not his effort).
He knoweth not the mind of the Lord who rests his faith solely on fate.
Only he who has his mind turned to the Lord can know the secret and attain bliss and not the egoist.
So is your mind rivetted on Him and do you contemplate on His beatitude?
True love never suffers if the Satguru guides. The lover gains wisdom from Him which discloses the world's secret to him.
He who is a genuine seeker, gets initiation into the Name of the Lord, which never forsakes him till eternity.
Those birds who dwelt in beautiful ponds and ate pearls have passed away.
When death cometh ye cannot get a moment's leave, there is no knowing when the game of life may be over.
He meets the Lord on Whom He conferreth His grace and that one reaches His Abode.
Love does not appear without the grace of the Guru nor is ego killed without his grace.
His grace reveals the Word and gains power for the seeker.
Love is recognised by purity of heart.
Who is one with the Lord he needs no instructions for guidance.
He is one with the Word and revels ever in Him.
The egoist cannot meet the Lord. He always suffers separation and pain.
The abode Divine is one, there is no home besides.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [7])

8

The *Chakvi* bird does not get sleep without its beloved.
When Sun rises, it sees its beloved and falls on its feet,
The Lord loves the devotee,
Who wants his thirst may grow for Him, so much so that he may not be able to live a moment without Him.
The lotus in the waters and on the earth cannot reach

its beloved the sun in the sky.
It cannot reach him is natural.
But the lotus is so much enamoured of it that it dries up and gives up its life so that the effulgence of its life may mingle with the light of the Sun.
The *Chatak* cries "O, my Beloved, O, My Beloved" and ever wails for the clouds.
It matters not if water is filled all round. Its thirst is not quenched till it gets rain water.
The fish is born of water and its suffering and happiness is due to its actions of previous lives;
Yet it finds its life depends on water without which it cannot live for a moment.
All cry for the Beloved. He alone gets Him on whom the Guru confers His grace.
The true always get Him by His grace.
He dwells in all as life. He is omnipresent.
By Guru's Grace He is got in the household.
And getting Him salvation is gained.
By my actions, I improved myself, and my Lord bestowed His grace.
And by Guru's Grace I got Him in myself and then my thirst was allayed.
So says Nanak. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [8])

IX KABIR

(1398 A.D. – 1527 A.D.)

In the holy city of Banaras, some hundred years ago, a childless Muslim weaver, Niru by name, saw a smiling babe with bright shining forehead, sucking his thumb, lying sedate on a lotus leaf in a neglected tank.

The child saw the old man approach and greeted him with 'ba, ba'. The old man seemed to have remembered it for ages. He immediately clasped it to his bosom, and rushed to give the good news to his aged wife. Pleased she sent for the Maulvi, who performed the necessary ceremonies, and the child was named Kabir (the Great).

During the period he lived he performed many miracles. Born in a city of orthodox Hindus, in an age when his protestant leaning had practically no response, he steered

his way clear through the storm. By his mystic utterances he impressed everyone, and by his learned harangues, he caused discomfiture to the learned Pandits. The idolaters marked him out as a master iconoclast. But this reformer and saint fearlessly preached the gospel of social equality, imparting with force and preaching by practice, the gospel of his Guru, Ramananda:

Jati Pati Puchai Nā Koi
Hari Ko Bhaje so Hari Kā Hoi

(None shall inquire into thy caste. He who shall recite the Name of the Lord will be claimed by Him.)

Kabir refused to make austerities the goal of his life. He remained a householder for a long time and followed his profession of a weaver. The music of his loom always reminded him of the divine symphony. With skill and as a perfect craftsman, he wove his *'Jhini Chadari'* (the delicate wrapper) of devotion and as a supreme artist, he steeped it in the tears of his devotion, dyeing it with his piety. It was this act of the weaver which made him proclaim without fear of contradiction, 'the weaver hath looked into his heart, and there recognised God.'

Tradition has it that he married twice, and his wives were ever obedient to him and ministered to his special mandates to feed every mendicant who came to his door. Many miracles are recorded about his life. One such refers to the period when the Brahmins in order to humiliate him, circulated the news that a big *'bhoj'* (dinner) was to be held at his place. People repaired to his house. He, however, hid himself for fear of shame. The Lord, instead, played the host and a rich feast followed to the surprise of all who were called by the Lord.

HIS DISCIPLESHIP

Kabir was remarkable for his spiritual earnestness and this was apparent in him from the very outset. His discipleship was the first step to it. Ramanand, the great saint of the Order of Ramanuja, accepted only Brahmins as his disciples. All entreaties to relax the rule proving futile, Kabir, one day hid himself under the steps of the Ghat at Banaras, where Ramanand used to go very early in the morning for a bath. Unknowingly as he passed

his foot fell on Kabir to the great joy of the latter. The Master, in sheer agony, of having crushed one of God's own creatures, cried out, 'Rama,' 'Rama'. Kabir took it as his initiation MANTRA. Since then he called himself the disciple of Ramanand, and began to recite 'Rama'. When Ramanand saw the earnestness of Kabir he accepted him as a disciple, and with his Guru he associated for long. It was with him that he learned the worship and practice of the Impersonal Aspect (Nirguna) of the Lord. And in his zeal he denounced most vehemently the beliefs of the orthodox; ridiculed the theologians and exhorted people against all rituals and ceremonials. He decried the learning that sought the form only and ignored the spirit. A line is ascribed to him:

Pothi Parh Parh Jag Muā Pandit Huā Nā Koi,
Dhai Askhar Prem Kā Parahe so Pandit Hoi.

(The world passed away reading big tomes. None found enlightenment therein. He who understood the two-and-half letters which embody love (Rām) gained emancipation.)

He went far and wide to preach the gospel of love, which appealed all the more to the people for the richness and simplicity of the poetry in which his teachings were contained.

HIS POETRY

His Sakhis and songs are replete with mysticism of the highest order. I give a few of the translations to illustrate the point. Macauliffe, Tagore, Underhill, and others have given some translations of Kabir's songs, which can be studied with profit. Speaking of the nature of love which is his universal theme, and about the sacrifice that the Beloved wants, Kabir says:

This is love's abode, not the home of a dear aunt.
He who severs his head and places it on the ground, is admitted.
He who severs the head, places it on the ground then tramples it under foot,
Says Kabir, if such a one be thou, enter thou.
Love grows not in the garden, nor is in the market sold:
Whoever likes it, king or subject, let him purchase with his head.

I have drunk the brimful cup of love, the Teacher with knowledge hath imbued me.
Of the Word I have sounded the trumpet: the warrior stands ready in the field.
One moment that overpowers and at another that passes away is not love.
The unwithering love that dwells at all times that is love,
The love that made its appearance, where has it gone? Everyone had seen it.
Weeping at one moment, laughing at the next, could that be love.
Love, Love, everyone utters, but love none truly knows.
That which absorbs thee at all the moments, that is love.
So long as I-ness existed, the teacher could not enter: with the parting of I-ness the Teacher stepped in.
For, the lane of love is very narrow, two it cannot contain.
The heart wherein love flows not, deem thou the burning-ghat.
Or deem this body the blacksmith's bellows which heave though life they contain not.
If I heard love in exchange for the head in market is being sold.
I shall lose no time in entering the bargain and instantly sever my head, and offer it.
Without love there is no peace, without pain of separation there is no renunciation.
Without the Teacher, the blemishes of the soul and the mind cannot be wiped out.
Let thy love be like the *Chakor's* love for the moon:
Even if the severed head falls to the ground, the gaze still is fixed in the moon.
Great is the love of the fish for water, aught else falls short of it,
As soon as it is separated from water life departs.
Dost thou want to taste the draughts of love, and yet maintain pride?
Know the impossibility – two swords in one sheath have never been seen nor heard.
Kabir has clasped to his heart the cup of love,

It has permeated every pore of his body, what need for addiction is left?
Kabir! Round the oven of love, many a one took his seat.
They proffered their head, drank, whilst others left without getting drink.
I tried many medicines but none was efficacious like love.
Amour starts in one part of the body, and the whole is transmuted to gold.

HIS RELIGION

It is no poetic imagery, not only a beautiful string of words but here are words replete with spiritual experiences, words which when recited even today in a proper atmosphere are bound to produce great spiritual effects. They are the record of the experiences of a great saint and serve as sign-posts on the path that leads the pilgrim to his Eternal Home. In the religion of Kabir the door is closed to nobody, to whatever class or nationality he might belong, nor is any special favour shown to the academician. 'Thy heart shall be looked into' is the brief commandment. Not the counting of the beads, nor the growing of the matted locks, not even the idol worship nor the tinkling of the bells, nor the holy pilgrimage will help. The Lord dwells within the heart. When you will pant for Him and weep bitterly in separation for Him, then would realisation dawn. He accepts no bribe, and all these apparent charities, while your heart lingers in the things of the world, shall not take you one step nearer to Him Whom you say you love. Kabir defined Love thus. He also laid down a strict code of discipline for them who will traverse the Path. He points to the meaninglessness of our occupations and the hypocrisy of our professions. The ugliness of our life is vividly portrayed by Him. While it appears so easy to woo the Beloved with Love, yet it is so difficult, for Kabir says, what the Upanishads have so often repeated,

'Difficult is the Path leading to the Beloved, it is like a sword-edge.....'

Kabir wants you to be honest to yourselves.
He says:

"I am the Yogi of the mind: others are of the body".

"Fixing the mind in yoga, my condition has altered."

The Path pointed out by him is simple. It is, "Recite the Name. Make love with Him. Happiness and wealth are mere dreams. Discriminate the dross from the gold. Realise the Divinity within thee. Beware of the net of *Māyā* (illusion). How subtly it entangles! You should not go towards sensuousness. Every morning approach nearer to Him. Leave off vanity and be humble from this moment. Lose not the opportunity. Hear what the clay has to say to the potter:

Saith the clay to the potter: To what purpose dost thou knead me?
Such a day shall come when I shall knead thee"

The lines remind us of Omar Khayyam, where he says:

'I watched the potter thumping his wet clay:
And with its all obliterated tongue
It murmured, gently, brother, gently, pray."

The strain of the Sūfī is struck at many places by Kabir. The Sūfī influence was the reason which led to the banishment of Kabir at the hands of the then ruling Emperor, Sikandar Lodi, who did not quite appreciate the protestant effusions and the free-thinking of Kabir. Kabir refused to accept that Truth, which he proclaimed was or could ever be the monopoly of any creed. He held it was the outcome of saving grace. And when Kabir fell ill, he refused to have himself treated, for who could treat a patient like him? Bidding farewell to the learned physician, he said:

"Depart to thy house, O physician, my malady is beyond thee.
He who has this pain created, He would look to my well-being."

MODERN RESEARCH

Kabir of late has been the subject of special study by scholars. And it is not surprising to find students going to Maghar, Benares and other places in the Central Provinces which the great saint visited. One of the profitable subjects of study would be the comparison of the philosophy of Kabir, which is Vedanta with Vaishnavism and with Sufism. There are many points of resemblance and a

thorough appreciation of the main principles of the various creeds will lead to the better understanding between the warring communities of India. For true religion consists in understanding and not in suspicion in rituals and ceremonials. Says Kabir, 'In whose heart dwelleth the Lord performeth the best worship.' Kabir insisted on a logical approach to religion, in the true devotional spirit. He fought orthodoxy with fearlessness and bearded the lion in its own den – Benares, the stronghold of orthodoxy. Many a trick, and some at times vulgar were played to injure him, but he towered over all temptations. Once a beautiful courtesan was sent to him to turn him off the path of righteousness. The sight of Kabir converted this Magdelene and made her an "initiate of a higher love."

We give below the songs and *sākhïs* of Kabir:

SONGS

1

I am intoxicated with love: why should I be conscious of forms?
I crave freedom from this world, what attachment have I to the world?
They who are separated from their Beloved wander aimlessly from door to door:
My friend dwells within me, there is no waiting for me any more!
The entire creation doth crackle much of its head for Fame.
For me, the Name of my Lord is True: what attachment have I to the world?
Not for a moment the Beloved forsakes me: nor I can leave the Dear one.
I am in love with Him: There is no restlessness for me.
Intoxicated with love, dispel thou the duality from thy heart.
Delicate is the path thou hast to tread; why carry a heavy burden on the head?
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [1])

2

Withdraw thy veil and ye then shall meet the Beloved.

In every heart the Master dwells. Speak not a bitter word to anyone.
Pride not in thy wealth, nor be vain of thy Youth, this five-coloured garment (body) is false.
In the Palace of Nothingness, light the lamp and flinch not from Hope.
By efforts and contrivances thou hast brought the Beloved to the Festive Hall.
Bliss is attained: incessant is the Sound of the Eternal Drum (the soul).
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [2])

3

Awake! beloved: Why dost thou sleep?
The night is past, why dost thou waste the day?
He who was awake, did obtain the Jewel
Thou, the foolish one, hast everything lost through sleep.
Talented is thy Dear one: Thou art an ignorant female,
Never didst thou ornate the Beloved's bed
O foolish one! Thou ever displayest foolishness.
In the madness of thy youth you did not recognise the Beloved.
Awake now, behold, thy Beloved is not on thy bed,
Leaving thee alone, He hath departed at the dawn.
That person alone is awake
In whose heart the arrow of the word hath pierced.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [3])

4

Then shalt thou enjoy the taste of a cruise in the Ocean of Happiness,
When consciousness of the harbour of desires is lost.
As within the seed the whole tree is packed,
So within desire all diseases are held.
In stubborn renunciation let thy mind be concentrated and ye set fire to the harbour of desire;
In this way lies release.
Engrossed in the Essence, move about thy Work.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [4])

5

I am cast in the city of thieves (world), my heart pants for the Company of the Saints.
There is much gain in their company, for that association

leads to the recognition of the Teacher by the disciple.
The ignorant ones do not understand the Truth behind such association, namely, the nectar that rains in such Company.
Having cast away the diamond of the Word (Name of Lord) thou hast held fast the pebbles in the fist.
Listen, brethren turn ye towards that Home.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [5])

6

The elated mind wanders; what kind of kinship does it not claim in the world?
The mother says "He is my son", the Sister says "He is my brother",
The Brother says, "He is verily my arm", whilst the wife claims him as her husband,
On his death striking her bosom the mother laments, whilst the brother cries holding up the arms,
Helplessly clinging to the body, the wife wails as the swan (the soul) leaves the body.
The mother weeps life-long for the loss, whilst the sister wails for ten months,
For thirteen days the wife mourns and then leads her customary life.
Wrapped in four yards of ordinary cloth and riding the wooden mare the deadbody is carried to the cremation ground where at the four corners fire is lighted and like the *Holi*, body is consumed.
The bones burn like the wooden rafters and like hay the tresses lit up.
The golden body is turned to ashes whilst none comes near it (for consolation).
When the spirit is flown, the mistress of the house searches in vain all the quarters.
Listen brethren! abandon all hopes and shelters of this world. So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [6])

7

This is Love's Abode, nor your father's or sisters home.
He who severs his head and places it on the ground gets admittance.
Yes, he who severs it, places it on the ground and then tramples it under foot.

Come, if thou be prepared for this.
(*For text vide app. Item XVII* [7])

8

Love grows not in the garden, nor is it sold in the market-place.
Whosoever likes to purchase, be he a king or subject, can offer his head and have it in return.
(*Vide app. Item XVII* [8])

9

I have drunk the cup of Love full to its brim and the knowledge bestowed by the Teacher has illuminated me.
I have sounded the drum of the word, and entered like the warrior in the field. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [9])

10

The emotion that overpowers you for a moment and passes away the next instant that cannot be called love.
That is Love which ever remains kindled and enlivened in this body all the twenty-four hours.
(*Vide app. Item XVII* [10])

11

The Love that first made its appearance in me, alack! where is it now?
Everyone saw it coming to me. In laughter and in weeping, if some moments are passed, that is a fit and not genuine Love. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [11])

12

Everyone takes the Name of Love but none truly recognises its essence.
That which endures all the twenty-four hours, that is Love. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [12])

13

So long as 'I' existed in me the Teacher was not met
Now the Teacher exists, 'I' is gone,
Narrow is the lane of Love, it cannot contain both the ego and my Lord. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [13])

14

The heart, wherein Love does not hold its sway deem it as the cremation ground;

Or consider the body as the blacksmith's bellows that draws air and throws it like breath.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [14])

15

If ye heard in exchange for the head love being sold in the market,
Lose no time in negotiating the bargain; instantly sever thy head and go in for love.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [15])

16

Without love there is no peace; without pain of separation, there is no renunciation!
Without the true Teacher, the blemishes of the mind and soul are not wiped out.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [16])

17

Let thy love be the Chakor's love for the moon:
Even if the head severed from the body falls to the ground its gaze's still fixed on the moon.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [17])

18

Great is the love of fish: aught falls short of it,
As soon as it is separated from water, she gives up her life.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [18])

19

When love struck its shafts and went deep into my heart;
Every pore of the body cried out, 'Oh! my Dear Oh! my Dear'.
It did not need lips to say that.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [19])

20

What you think as wakefulness is your dream.
This is the truth that can never be doubted.
On whomsoever you contemplate, he is ever with you.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [20])

21

Like gold are the people and the saints. Even if you break with them you can join with them later.
It is different with the evil ones who are like jars of clay

which break with a little jerk never to become as of old again. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [21])

22

When there is love, there are no rules, no reason and no formalities.

When the mind is in ecstasy of love, who counts dates and days? (*Vide app. Item XVII* [22])

23

By putting on the trinklet of love and using the collyrium of patience and

Decorating the head with the red pigment enjoyest thou the company of the Beloved.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [23])

24

However you may, love cannot be concealed, if once it dawns in the heart.

Even if the mouth utters it not, the eyes through tears betray and speak its tale.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [24])

25

True emotion is needed in love, exterior garbs do not matter;

If you so like, live in the house and if you please dwell in the forest. It makes no difference.

(*Vide app. Item XVII* [25]

26

Dost thou want to drink the draughts of love, and (simultaneously) to maintain thy Pride?

Two swords have never been seen nor heard of in one sheath. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [26])

27

I wandered in search of a lover, but I found none.

When lover meets lover, then is devotion to the Teacher strengthened. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [27])

28

I have clasped to my heart the cup of Love,

It has permeated every pore of the body.

I need no other potion now. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [28])

29

Round the furnace of Love, many took their seats,

But only he who proffered his head drank the cup of love, others went dry. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [29])

30

I have tried many medicines but found none more efficacious than love.
When Love starts in one part of the body, it spreads and transmutes the whole body into gold.
(*Vide app. Item XVII* [30])

31

The aspirants are like shells in the sea and the true Teacher is the drop of rain,
Their thirst is satisfied with the single drop of sweet water, what shall they do with the saline waters of the Ocean? (*Vide app. Item XVII* [31])

32

The affection which one has towards his family, if the same be given to the Teacher,
Then says Kabir, no one can stand in his way to self-realisation. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [32])

33

Of eyes I shall make a chamber and spread the bed of the pupils.
Having drawn the curtains of the eye-lids, I shall woo my Beloved. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [33])

34

Difficult is the Path leading to the Beloved. It is like the edge of the sword
When ye have started to woo him let not the decorum of society stand in your way.
(*Vide app. Item XVII* [34])

35

Easy is the Path leading to the Beloved but ye, traverse it crookedly,
Ye know not how to dance, thou wretched one! And ignorantly complains of the unevenness of the court-yard. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [35])

36

In the water dwells the water-lily and in the sky shines the moon.
The Beloved always dwells by the side of the true lover. That is the rule. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [36])

37

I have made the dice of love and made pawns of this body.
The true Teacher has taught me the trick to successfully play the game of life. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [37])

38

Now that the contest is with an accomplished gamester, the joy has infinitely augmented.
"Let the dice be cast at will; it matters not for the days pass in love." (*Vide app. Item XVII* [38])

39

I should write a letter to the Beloved if He dwelt in a foreign land.
But when he dwells in my body, in the mind and in my eyes, where is the occasion to send the message to Him? (*Vide app. Item XVII* [39])

40

Everyone dons the garb of a recluse but he is rare whose mind is turned a recluse.
If the mind is turned recluse, soon thou wilt attain enlightenment. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [40])

41

He who makes a rosary of the mind, and of his body the sacred thread and smears himself with ashes of fear
He sees the invisible manifest Himself to Him. He is the *avadhuta yogi* (*Vide app. Item XVII* [41])

42

I am the Yogi of the mind; whilst others are yogis of the body.
Fixing the mind in Yoga, my condition has been transformed. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [42]

43

The illusion of ego was not effaced although I joined many orders.
But when I found my teacher within me I was changed. (*Vide app. Item XVII* [43])

44

Utter thou the Name of the creator: having obtained a beautiful body,

Why remaineth insensible, when will ye get such an auspicious occasion?
When shalt thou have a chance like this? Such a body you shall not obtain again and in the end thou shalt repent.
In the Cycle of eighty four lacs of births this human body is the best and remains unexcelled.
Obtaining it, O man, if even now ye does not wake it is thy fault, whether ye be a beggar or a king it matters not (all that matters is seek God in this life.)
When thou lay in the womb thou promised to the Lord that thou shalt remember Him and
Day and night ye shall recite His Name if He would take ye out of the misery of the womb.
You promised to fix all attention on His feet and attach yourself to His Name and
Not for an instant to forsake Him irrespective of the fact whether the body remained happy or suffered.
Having heard thy solemn promise the Teacher pulled ye out.
But now the promise ye have forgotten and have become a slave of *Māyā* (Illusion).
Thy promise made in the womb ye hath forgotten.
Twelve years ye wasted like this in playfulness and living in ignorance.
And in thy youth thy body was spurred by desire and intoxicated with vanity.
Ye walked looking arrogant all round and talked with pride.
Applying scents to thy body and sandal-paste and wearing coloured garments shining and bright,
Thou passed through the lanes casting glances on the beauties and beckoning them with smiles.
Youth is past: old age has overtaken thee.
The head is shivering, the feet while walking feel tired;
Water flows from the eyes and the mouth throws out evil odour
Phlegm and bile choke the throat, all hope in this world is gone.
Mother, father, son and wife, none shall accompany thee.

The body, wealth, home, work and hope all shall leave thee.
In the end Death shall drag thee and in the noose of the God of Death ye shall fall.
O, dull-witted one! Understand that without the Teacher ye shall not be rescued.
This body would have been fortunate if it had made love to the True Teacher,
Acquainted with the Path of Salvation,
O, my mind! Dwell upon the feet of the True Teacher,
Hold on to the Name of the Lord fearlessly. Never shall pain trouble thee.
This is the "*Lilā*" (drama) of the Lord.
So says Kabir Das. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [44])

45

The whole world is blinded by sensuality; to whom should I explain its vagaries and vanities?
If there were one or two, then I could convince them but if all are engrossed in satisfying their desires, futile is my attempt.
Our existence is like a water-horse, ridden by the wind or else it is like a drop of dew that vanishes at the little gust of wind.
Deep is the river of metempsychosis and never ceasing its currents. The river has fallen into a noose; what is to be done?
The secret lies within our house (self) yet lighting the lamp like the blind, we seek out of ourselves.
The whole forest is on fire, all are being consumed (by desire) without the knowledge imparted by the Teacher, all move about in fetters.
Hear, brother saints! one day thou shalt depart from here leaving behind even thy loin-cloth.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [45])

46

How shall my days be passed? Tell me before Thou depart.
On this side the Ganges and on the other flows the Jamuna.
Pray, build me a thatched hut in between the two.
Tearing my skirts I have prepared the writing scroll

Draw thy picture now on it so that I cherish it in my heart when thou departest.
Hear, O, brother Saint!
Holding me by arms, lead me on the Path.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [46])

47

Thou hast not dyed the mind, what availeth thy dyeing thy garments?
Thou hast seated thyself in the temple in the posture of worship, abandoning the Name; to what avail thy sitting thus before the idols?
Having thy ears torn, O, yogi, ye have grown thy tresses and kept a long beard. You look more like a goat than a saint.
Retiring into the forests: O yogi! Thou lightest a fire to show off,
By turning an ostrich you pretend to have suppressed your passions;
Shaving your head and by dyeing your garments; and like a parrot by learning Gita by rote ye pretend to be a saint with knowledge.
Hear, my brother saints, such false pretenders shall all be ushered into the kingdom of *Yama* (God of Death).
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [47])

48

Compassion and pity does not dwell in thee.
Why lookest then thou at thy face in the mirror
The householder in home sits content while dwells the anchorite in the forests.
Beautiful folds thou makest in the garments and dost decorate
Thyself after dressing thy tresses and puts on a beautiful head dress.
Thus attired, thou passest through lanes snatching the hearts of girls and receiving blots on thy soul.
Verily acting thus ye seeks to cross the Ocean of rebirth through a canoe of stone;
Hear, brother saints! These are all cowards in the fight of life and victory is not for them.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [48])

49

How shall thine and my hearts commingle?
I say that I have seen with my eyes whilst you state that you have seen written in books.
I speak to disentangle myself whilst you try to confuse yourself.
I say, keep awake whilst you fall asleep.
I say, remain desireless whilst you fall a victim to desires.
Through ages and ages I am tired explaining to thee the pros and cons but ye hath not accepted my teaching.
Ye are a fop who has frittered away all his wealth.
Like the current of limpid waters is the Grace of the Teacher flowing: wash thou thy body and mind in it.
Hear, my brother Saints! then will ye secure release.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [49])

50

This is an alien land. You should not linger here.
The world is a paper-packet; a drop of water falls on it and it melts away.
This world is a thorny garden; one who enters it gets entangled into it and is lost.
This world is like the bush and the brambles which are consumed at the touch of the fire.
Hear, brother saints! Refuge for you lies in the Name of the Lord. So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [50])

51

Recite the Name of the Lord; O, mind, or else thou shalt have to repent.
Avaricious is this sinful heart. Beware of it, today or tomorrow ye shall pass away.
In greed, a whole life hast thou wasted; in the snares of *Māyā* (illusion) thou hast lost thyself. Beware.
Be not proud of wealth and beauty; they shall melt away like vapours.
Holding thy hair, when the lord of Death, shall strike thee down; nothing shall avail thee on that day.
When the Arbiter of Fate shall call on thee to render thy account, what shalt thou show to thy credit?
Meditate, pray and show compassion in this world; these traits shall fetch thee reward hereafter.

Listen, O saints! the Sea of Metempsychosis thou shalt thus cross easily.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [51])

52

Make thou love with the Lord, O Mind, make thou love with the Lord.
Thou shalt not get such time over again if this opportunity once shall pass away.
Seeing the charms of the beautiful body, thou hast forgotten thyself. Know it shall fall like a wall of sand.
Happiness and wealth are mere dreams like dew-drops and straw.
Try to perform that deed which shall gain for thee the highest goal.
They who sought refuge in Him have been redeemed; Surrender is the way leading to the Lord.
Listen, O, brother saints! Conquering the worldly forces march on to the Eternal Abode.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [52])

53

O, life! I know thou shalt depart one day.
The ruling princes shall depart, so also the charming princesses.
The courtiers of the royal court shall depart, so shall all the proud ones.
The Pandits, who are versed in Vedas, shall go: so also the devotees listening to religious discourses.
The Yogis who practise penances shall go, and the intellectuals, uttering forth wisdom shall pass away.
The moon shall disappear, so also the Sun: the wind and the water shall pass away;
Mind and intelligence both shall depart: so will all sentient beings pass away.
The Yogis will go, so also those proud of their wealth.
The devotees of the Lord whose minds have become steadfast shall only survive for ever.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [53])

54

No one who is born in this world have I seen happy; whomsoever I saw was disconsolate.
The King and the subjects, the poor and the rich, the

lowest of the low and their leaders alike have all known sorrow,
More or less, everyone in this world, be he a recluse or a householder is a victim to suffering.
In this world the householder is not happy, nor the anchorite knows peace.
The Yogi is unhappy, the wandering recluse is unhappy; the one performing austerities is wedded to sorrow;
Hopes and desires dwell in every heart, none is void of them.
Such is the truth which if ye tell none will believe it: whilst I am unable to repeat an untruth.
The recluse is unhappy, the king is unhappy, the poor are unhappy because all suffer strokes of adversity.
Listen, O brother saints! Man is happy when he has conquered the self.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [54])

55

My mind takes no heed: O Saints, my mind takes no heed;
Time and again I tried to teach it of the vanity of this brief existence in this world,
Yet it does not abandon pride of the body.
It matters not whether the skin is dark or fair, one day to dust it turneth.
Without the Lord's devotion this body serveth no good purpose howsoever much it is perfumed.
Vanity of wealth is a mere folly; elephants and horses all to ashes turn.
Many who amassed wealth have passed away, aye hundreds and millions of them.
Foolish is man who wastes his life in doubt, crookedness and deceit.
Make thy mind to dwell on the Feet of the Lord as the thread does in the needle.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [55])

56

Drink thou the cup of the essence of the love of the Lord and get intoxicated.
Thy childhood was passed in laughter and in playfulness

and when you grew young ye fell a victim to the snares of a woman.
And at the approach of old age, phlegm and flatulence have beset thee and you are now unable to move the body;
All thy life ye never mixed in the company of saints, nor attended religious discourses nor performed *kirtans* nor did thy affection develop in the feet of the Lord.
Even now take thought and give up ignorance.
Remember in this world it is foolish to rest hope in any one.
Get not entangled in lust, anger, pride, annoyance and envy and
Dally not in the sensual pleasures of the world;
Consider them as the noose of the Lord of Death round thy neck.
Do not barter away the pearl of thy soul in exchange
For the tinsel of this body. It shall be of no avail to thee.
If thou wishes to be freed from the cycle of rebirth, give up thy love for the women.
Ye are like the deer which wandereth about in the wilderness, ignorant that it holds *müsk* within its navel.
Do not waste life in idle wandering,
Draw the curtain of thy heart and meet nobody.
Ye passed nights and days in discussions but captured not the essence of the human existence.
This human body was all wasted and the golden opportunity thou got was not availed of by thee.
Remember mother, father, brother, son and kindred, none shall accompany thee (to the other world).
So long as thou livest, sing thou the attributes of the Lord; wealth and youth have a few days' existence.
Duty and action thou never understood: the essence of things thou hast not recognised.
Without the True Teacher thou hast suffered so much; a physician for thy ailments thou hast not found.
In the four directions man wanders lost, never did he pursue the path of Truth.
Listen, O, brother saints! from the foot to the head man is full of poison and damned.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [56])

57

Why hast thou forgotten thyself, O, my mind, and where is Thy sensitiveness and wisdom gone
As the birds at night roost in the trees, and when the morning dawns, everyone flies away
Consider the dominion ye hold and kingship, rule and power to do justice as mere conferments of power on thee in the dream state.
When ye shall wake up, the army and camp shall disappear.
Mother, father, brother, son and wife; none of these are thy kindred and of ilk;
All of them for their selfish sakes are thy companions; the appreciations of the world are false.
Your meeting with thy relations of body is like the waves rising in the ocean of thy existence.
It is impossible to count them.
Listen, O, brother saints! Like bubbles they appear and pass away, care not for them.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [57])

58

The body is a creeper of poison, the Teacher is a storehouse of nectar;
If in exchange for head the Teacher could be found, even should you consider the bargain cheaply made.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [58])

59

I was floating down the current of the world and its traditions;
In the path I met the True Teacher, who showed me the way to Light. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [59])

60

I never came across a friend of the True Name
Who, like the deer would bestow his body and mind on the Lord on hearing the call of the Hunter (Lord). (*Vide app. Item XVII* [60])

61

The True Teacher is a valiant knight. He shoots with full force and strikes from navel to the crown.
The wound is not visible outwardly: whilst the inside is shattered to bits. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [61])

62

Damned be the joy which expels the Name out of the heart,
All praises to pain: that moment by moment compels us to repeat the Name. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [62]

63

The True Name is the only thing to repeat. It is the best gift to make.
If thou wishest to tide over the difficulties, then humility is the way for Thee. If thou wouldst drown thyself, go in for pride. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [63])

64

In pain everybody remembers Him whilst in enjoyment and pleasures He is forgotten,
If one would remember Him in pleasure, pain would never befall him. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [64])

65

Remember Him like the girl who carries the jugs full of water on her head.
She swings this way and that as she passes but is constantly contemplating on the jug, keeping perfect balance. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [65])

66

You are counting the beads by the hand and by lips you are repeating the Name,
Whilst your mind is wandering on all sides. This is not remembrance of God. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [66])

67

Be not vain: Death is holding thee by the hair,
There is no knowing, when it shall kill thee whilst dwelling in home or when ye are abroad.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [67])

68

Like a bubble of water, such is the existence of man!
Awhile seen and then it disappears, as the star at the dawn of morning.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [68])
You have wasted your night in sleep and the day is passed in feeding the body.
Alack! The invaluable jewel of life thou hast cheaply bartered away. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [69])

70

Today you say, 'tomorrow I shall repeat His Name' and when dawns the morrow you say 'the following day I shall repeat it,'
Thus saying todays and tomorrows pass away and you lose the golden opportunity.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [70])

71

The good days are past, ye failed to contract friendship with the Teacher.
To what purpose is repentance now, when the birds have pecked the corn in the field.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [71])

72

That which for the morrow was fixed, perform that to day; that which was settled for today, do it now.
In a moment the dissolution shall befall thee; when shalt thou act again

73

The clay says to the Potter, to what purpose dost thou knead me?
Such a day shall come, when I shall knead thee.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [73])

74

They who have come shall depart, be he the king, the poor or the mendicant.
What if thou passes away seated on the throne or taken to the cemetery in chains.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [74])

75

Be not vain in this world, give up all self-complacence
Make purchases of virtues, lest the market of existence close for thee. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [75])

76

Better to be cheated than to cheat others;
By being cheated oneself one shall find peace but by cheating another he will be pained.
So says Kabir. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [76])

77

Do not consider, O foolish one! Everything belongs to thee,

Even thy body is attached to the soul, even that thou cannot claim as thy own. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [77])

78

A day shall come, when no one will avail thee,
Not to say of the *Nari* (wife) in thy house, even thy *nari* (vein) of the body shall take leave of thee.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [78])

79

Seeing the Gardener approach, the buds cried out,
"The blossomed ones are plucked and gathered; tomorrow shall be our turn to embrace death."
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [79])

80

I had thought I would enjoy extensive lands and much wealth.
But I found it was all left behind and death carried me away. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [80])

81

Devotion and emotion that rise suddenly like the river in the rains is not to be coveted.
For it does not stay and passes away like the river that dries up in the hot month of June.
Commendable is the love that endures mishaps and misfortunes. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [81])

82

Away with laughter: woo weeping;
How can you meet thy Beloved Friend without weeping.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [82])

83

Laughter does not diminish my pain, and tears only diminish strength,
I am constantly wrestling within me.
It seems a weevil is eating off my vitality.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [83])

84

Who has attained his object through laughter?
Whosoever attained it did so through weeping.
Through laughter, if Beloved were to be attained, none would woo tears. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [84])

85

Happy is the whole world that eats and sleeps.

Unhappy is Kabir Das who keeps awake and weeps.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [85])

86

The flesh is gone, the skeleton is left; the crows have turned their gaze on it.
Even today the Master has not come, bad is my luck.
(*Vide app. Item XIII* [86])

87

Desirest thou to meet the Beloved, and yet cravest thou for bodily pleasures.
Without undergoing pain, the good woman begets not a playful child. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [87])

88

Separation! Separation! Repeat it not. Mighty is separation.
The heart which does not carry the agony of separation is not heart but a cremation ground.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [88])

89

The sky is on fire while live coals are raining down.
Kabir burnt by the fire is transmuted into gold whilst the world is turned into ashes.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [89])

90

Kabir summoned the physician who held him by the arm.
The psysician could not diagnose the pain that wrenched his heart. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [90])

91

Depart to thy house, O physician, it is beyond thee.
He who hath thus conferred malady on me, He will look to my well-being. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [91])

92

O Lord! bestow only that much which shall be sufficient for my family,
So that I might not remain hungry; nor the saint coming to me depart unfed. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [92])

93

With folded hands I entreat Thee: Listen Thou! O, Home of Kindness!
Confer on me the company and grace of the saints, and

let poverty and kindness and charity fall in my lot.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [93])

94

With what face should I pray to thee? I feel abashed.
When in Thy sight I commit sin, how can I then please thee? (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [94])

95

O my Father, Comforter of the Poor, forgive me my sins for
Even if I am an unworthy son Thou O' Father for the sake of Thy honour support Thy son.
(*Vide app Item XVIII* [95])

96

O, my Master! Thou art kind to me. My approach is only to Thee.
Like the crow seated on the ship returns over and over to the same spot after flying over the waters, so I have no other refuge but Thee.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [96])

97

It is as difficult to assume the name of a saint as to walk on the sharp edge of the sword.
You waver a little and you fall; the confident one alone crosses. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [97])

98

The saint is my soul and I am the life of the saint,
I live among the saints, like the butter in the milk.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [98])

99

He who keeps not the purse of money, nor makes love to a lady,
Such a one is a saint and I am the dust of his feet.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [99])

100

The company of the saints is like the sweet smell from the perfumers' (shop);
Even if the perfumer gives you nothing, the perfume is wafted and you enjoy it.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [100])

101

When it cometh, it departs not; if it departeth never does it return.

Unutterable is the Tale of Love: understand it in your heart. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [101])

102

If death you want, die away so that these painful attachments of the world may leave you for ever.

What fun is there in the Death wherein one dies a hundred times during a day?

(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [102])

103

Within his navel the müsk is hid, yet the bewildered deer hunts for it in the forest.

So also dwells the Beloved within the heart, yet the world knows it not and seeks Him outside itself.

(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [103])

104

In trying to protect the head, the head is lost: By severing the head, it is retained.

It is like the wick of the lamp which when trimmed gives more light. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [104])

105

It is easy to bear the heat of fire and likewise it is possible to tread the edge of the sword.

But to sustain love in unvarying measure is a most difficult business. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [105])

106

The devoted wife remembers the husband; none else pleases her.

Even if he has to go hungry the tigers' cub will not eat grass. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [108])

107

Dwell Thou within my eyes, so that within my eyes I may hide Thee.

Neither may I see another one, nor allow another to see Thee. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [107])

108

I am the servant of the Powerful One. Never does any work of mine suffer.

If the wife remains naked, even that will not affect her fair name. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [108])

109

When I sang; then I did not recognise the Teacher; now I have seen the Teacher in the heart; there is nothing left to sing about. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [109])

110

What fun is there in a talk with an academician?
It is like a dance in front of the blind – sheer waste of time and art. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [110])

111

He who for thee sows the thorn, for him sow thou the flower
For the flower shall bring flower to thee whilst for him the return will be the spike.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [111])

112

Trouble not the poor, whose sighs are forceful like the (skin of the) bellows,
By the sigh of the lifeless skin the iron is melted.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [112])

113

Speak words after fully effacing thy ego
So that they may cool thee and others as well.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [113])

114

O, slave, pay obeisance to the Lord, then wilt thou behold (His presence).
Remember, this opportunity of a human life shall not recur. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [114])

115

He who sought found Him by diving in deep waters (of the soul)
The foolish one feared being drowned: and remained seated on the banks (engaged in worldly affairs).
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [115])

116

Reading, understanding and cleverness all these are easy matters,
But to conquer passion and to control the mind is like

soaring in the sky which is very difficult.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [116])

117

Be like the gravel of the street abandoning thy ego and pride.
He who abandons covetousness, avarice and desire, he finds God. (*Vide app Item. XVIII* [117])

118

What does it avail if ye are turned to gravel merely?
Thereby ye shall cause the traveller pain.
A saint should turn himself into the dust on the by-way.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [118])

119

What does it avail if thou hast turned into dust, which flies about and covers the body?
The saint should be like the tranquil waters.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [119])

120

What does it avail if thou becomest like water which sometimes is hot and at another hour gets cold?
A saint should be such in attributes as the Lord Himself.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [120]

121

What does it avail if thou be possessed of divine attributes?
Such a *Sadhu* should sing of Hari's exploits and thus become clean of all dirt. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [121])

122

What avails it if thou hast become merely without dirt and clean? Ye must transcend that state also and dwell in Unity consciousness and
Above purity and impurity; such saints are rare to meet in the world. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [122])

123

No penance can compare with Truth and no sin can equal falsehood.
In whose heart dwells the Truth, in his Heart dwells the Lord himself. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [123])

124

Where there is compassion there is Dharma to be found; where there is avarice there is sin.

Where there is anger there is death, and where there is forgiveness therein The Lord dwells.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [124])

125

When I started to seek the bad one, I did not come across any one bad.
When I dids't search my own heart, I found none more wicked than I was. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [125])

126

Keep thou pity in thy heart, Why shouldst thou be cruel?
All creation belongs to the Lord, from the ant up to the elephant. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [126])

127

"Come, Come" calleth everyone. It is a rare one, who reaches destination.
First gold and then woman — they are the two valleys difficult to negotiate. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [127])

128

Another man's wife is a sharp knife; do not embrace her limbs.
Ravana lost his ten heads because he sought the company of another's wife. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [128])

129

Always avoid company of the beautiful ladies, charming like gold and casting from their body perfumes all around.
It matters not if such one be thy mother.
Even avoid sitting alone by her side.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [129])

130

However tender in age be the fair sex, verily she is the creeper of poison.
The enemy strikes you by his skill but they crush you through playful smiles. (*Vide app. Item XVIII* [130])

131

Many passed time in studying books and perished, not one became enlightened.
But one who reads the two and half letters, RAM, (Love) gains emancipation.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [131])

132

In my sleep I have met the Lord,
I fear to open my eyes now lest all this turn into a dream.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [132])

133

When the evening befell the *Chakvi* wept and said "Proceed, O, husband, to that land where there is no night, the land of Eternity and Bliss.
(*Vide app. Item XVIII* [133])

X NAMDEVA

The Seer Saint of Maharashtra

1270-1350 A.D.

Often we hear, amidst the writings of the saints of Maharashtra, the echo that none by reason of caste, creed and by following a worldly pursuit shall be denied the gift of God-realisation. If examples are necessary, look to Sena the barber, Kubja and Vidura the Sudras, Gora the Potter, Raidas the cobbler, Savata the gardener, Narhari the goldsmith, Janabai the maid and Kanhopatra the dancing girl. Well did Chokha the untouchable bring out the point (when similarly condemned) in his inimitable style: "a sugarcane may be crooked and yet its juice is not crooked; a bow may be curved and yet arrow is not curved; a river may have windings and yet the water has no windings. Chokha may be an untouchable, but his heart is not an untouchable."

HIS EARLY LIFE

The son of a tailor, Namdeva, by his life and teachings only proved the truth stated above. Born in 1270 he made the religious seat of Pandharpur, sacred to Vithoba, immortal by his association with the equally great saint, Gyaneswar, and by revealing through his *abhangas* (songs) the sacred secrets of his struggles and experiences in God-realisation.

His severe Sadhana led him as if by light through the maze and wilderness of the world into the realm of Beatitude and as years passed on in penance, the gem of

his life shone with splendour and brightness. His very acts became fragrant by the sublimity of their purity, charity and devotion. Who would not stand in adulation when he watches the action of Namdeva, (like unto the immortalised charity of the priest in Les Miserables) "running with his pot of curd in his hands after the dog who had run away with his piece of bread, crying, 'pray, partake of this also'".

HIS STRUGGLES AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Namdeva's struggles were great, but luckily for him they were mellowed by his contact with the great saint of the time, *Gyaneswar,* and were ultimately crowned with success by the initiation and instructions of his spiritual Teacher, Visoba. The passage through the Dark Night of the Soul, like that of the Christian mystics and Mediaeval Indian saints, is marked by a heart-rending wail. In his *abhangas* he describes faithfully this burning thirst for the Lord and the ultimate divine benediction that followed like the downpour from the clouds of His mercy. But before the dawn of such blessed moment he had to pass through experiences fraught with melancholy, grief, sorrow and bleeding of the heart.

Here was a life remarkable for its faith. In the midst of the consciousness that the main portion of his life had been ill spent, this saint fully believed in the overflowing mercy of the Lord and with confidence and faith he asserted: "from top to toe I have committed innumerable sins. Do you think I shall grow weary and go away from Your presence, feeling that You would not come? The rope of my life I shall bind to Your feet and shall bring You to me at pleasure.... I shall spread the meshes of my love and catch You alive. I shall make my heart a prison for You, and shall intern You inside it. I shall beat You with the voice of self-identity and then You shall surely ask for compassion. Your generosity has been falsely praised. You give only when You have taken away." (Ranade – *Mysticism in Maharashtra,* P. 193)

HIS GOSPEL

Namdeva brings out prominently in his songs the travails a mystic experiences in his climb up the steep hill

of God-realisation. In unmitigated language he tells of the difficulties of the path that beset an aspirant. He insists upon a life of dispassion, nay of renunciation, "It is impossible," says he "that the pursuit of God can be coupled with the life of *Samsara* (world). If it had been possible then Sanaka and others would not have grown mad after God. If it had been possible for him to see God while carrying on the duties of a householder, the great Suka would not have gone to the forest to seek God. Had it been possible for people to find God in their homes, they would not have left them to find God." (*Ibid*, p. 195)

As in the case of other saints, his experiences taught Namdeva that the Path was the same (one that had been preached by the earlier saints); through the guidance of a spiritual Teacher realisation became an easier task. Yet the fact that the external Teacher may take time to come, for the disciple should be no reason to lose heart, for the Principal Teacher is the Inner One and He is inside oneself. Besides, he protested against mere rituals and ceremonials. He raised his voice of protest and with unflagging zeal fought with his life against such idle professions and displays. Like the preceding saints, he preached the efficacy of the recital of the NAME of the Lord and pointed to it as the sole way to emancipation from the miseries of the world. However, he emphasised the fact that the goal could be attained and Bhakti (devotion) realised only through contact and association with the saints. But he gives a definition of a saint, which at one stroke excludes the vast galaxy of pretenders, who pass under that caption. Says he, "He alone is a saint who is able to show God." Of course like others Namdeva also describes their virtues and attributes in very much the same terms as does the Bhagavad Gita, and illustrating them with apt examples, says he: "They are like the trees who do not know honour or dishonour, who render shade and give fruits equally to those who cut them or serve them with sweetened milk. Unaffected equally by honour and dishonour, to them a piece of gold, a clod of earth, and the dung-heap are of equal worth, or better of no worth at all." (*Ibid*).

But above all, he prizes the unflagging zeal and thirst

of the aspirant for God – an infatuation unparalleled that despises all wealth, honour and riches of the world. Says he, "I shall renounce all food and water, and shall think of nothing but God. I shall forget my mother, father, wife and children. I shall merge all body-consciousness in the Name of God." (*Ibid*).

THE FINALE

If you want a picture of Namdeva, imagine a golden-coloured pilgrim, with a Vina in his hand, and the Name of God on his lips, standing in the Temple of God who spoke of meditation as the sole pathway to Him; and this meditation according to Him meant the recital of the Name of the Lord. He preached strict discipline and considered it absolutely necessary for the votary in his march. Every moment was to be passed in thoughts of Him. The Name was to be clung to howsoever one might be engaged otherwise. The remembrance of Death serves as a lash to every spiritually sluggish soul. Never was it therefore to be lost sight of. Namdeva spoke of the various experiences that fall to the lot of the mystic, the visions and the colours he sees and the sound of the soul (*anahata shabda*) that he constantly hears while he sits wrapt in meditation. But above all, Namdeva insisted on total dependence on God who served as much the external and internal support as He was the Ideal, the object of all strivings, the final achievement, and you have to ask for every thing from Him direct. Look to the *Chatak* bird which neither asks nor is content with other kinds of water on the surface of the earth. They have no value for it. She yearns only for the *swanti-drop* from rain-cloud. So also will a cuckoo not sing at all times, nor a peacock dance at all times and before everybody. It is only when the rain-cloud rolls that the one sings and the peacock spreads its wings.

This was Namdeva, the great exponent of Democratic Mysticism, whose emotional flights shall serve as beacon-lights to the *Bhaktas* of all times who care to pursue the path of devotion.

Namdeva passed away at a ripe old age in 1350.

We give below some of the abhangas (songs) composed

by Sri Namdeva, culled by us from Guru Granth Sahib the holy book of the Sikhs.

1

To what purpose hast thou built a magnificent castle laying deep foundation?

All this is arrogance on your part. Why do you pride in this fleeting and idle show ?

Do you not see that the great Sage Markandeya who is to survive for aeons has no more than a shed of straw to protect him against the heat of the sun and the rain-storms?

Always remember Sri Rama. He alone is eternal. And His contemplation is the goal of your life.

Entangle not yourself in illusion, in this 'I and myness."

It cost Duryodhana, the great Kaurava ruler of unparalleled power, his life and his flesh was eaten by vultures.

To the same evil fate came Ravana, the ruler of the Golden Lanka.

It does not behove you to revel in your elephants from which you have to part in a moment.

Even the great Rishi Durvasa had his vanity crushed by Lord Krishna.

If you desire to secure His protective hand and grace on you, sing His exploits night and day.

So says Namdeva (*For text Vide app. Item* XIX [1])

2

Queer are the ways of Lord! some day He confers sweets on His devotee,

Whilst on the next day he gets not a farthing all day long.

And on the following day fall to his lot grains scattered on dust-heap.

Such is the glory of God and love of His devotee for Him, that he endureth all, remains content and cheerful.

Some day He confers on him a caparisoned horse to ride,

Whilst on the next day he hath to trudge barefooted on the path; yet he grudgeth not.

Some day a beautiful bed is spread for him And on the

next day, the bare earth is denied, yet the devotee rejoiceth in all that.
It is all the blessing of the teacher if one meets him.
Surely he crosses the cycle of rebirth.
So says Namdeva. (*Vide app Item XIX* [2])

3

The child Namdev, milched the black cow;
And filling its milk in a golden cup offered to the Lord,
Praying 'O Lord Govinda! accept this offering. Delay not, or my parents will be angry with me.'
Seeing this devotion of his Devotee Nama (in whose heart He dwells) the Lord Hari smiled and accepted it.
To the Lord it was verily nectar.
The Lord out of compassion moved by the lament and seeing the determination of His devotee, Namdeva,
Set aisde His hesitation and drank the milk;
Namdev was very happy and with joy returned home.
(*Vide app. Item XIX* [3])

4

One day Namdev with heart bubbling with devotion came to the temple of the Lord.
In his enthusiasm he forgot all decorum and started his ecstatic dance before the Lord Like a maniac.
Irritated at the insolence, the *Pujari* pushed him out:
Namdev, sore at heart complained, 'O, Lord! You are responsible for my birth in a low caste which has brought all this insult on me.'
The Lord pleased with his devotee answered his prayer and turned round the frontal face of the temple.
Pleased with this act of the Lord, Namdev started his song eulogising the Lord.
All the worshippers who had witnessed the miracle bowed to Namdev and sought forgiveness for their affront. (*Vide app. Item XIX* [4]

5

One day Namdeva was passing along a street in Dwaraka, when he was startled to see the Lord of his heart dressed in the glorious garments of a Moghul.
Seeing Namdeva He asked him to carry his foal.
Recognising Him, Namdev greeted Him, 'O Lord,

whence art thou coming and whereto art thou bound?'
Thy words are very sweet and thy head-dress is very sweet.
What a surprise to see Thou come here dressed as a Moghul, O performer of Dalliance dances!
Ye are One, yet You appear in myriad forms.
I can always recognize Thee, O King of Kings, Ruler of elephants! O, Thou dark-complexioned One!
Ye are the Lord of all, life of Namdev! O, My Mir Mukanda!

(*Vide app. Item XIX* [5])

6

One day in a conflagration Namdev's hut was burnt,
The Lord Himself appeared and repaired it;
The beauty of the new thatched roof attracted the neighbours;
They offered Namdev double the wages if he could build a similar one for them.
Namdev answered, 'the Builder of the thatched roof is my Lord Hari!
He accepts only love and complete surrender to Him as His wages and constructs it for a devotee.
He who renounces his family, gives up the worldly possessions and all associations for His sake,
He rushes with a glee to him and offers him His embrace.
He is the omnipotent and omniscient Lord, who dwells outside and inside all creation.
It is very difficult to enumerate His exploits.
He is verily the body, soul and life of Namdeva, who surrenders his all at His lotus feet.'

(*Vide app. Item XIX* [6])

7

The very stones floated in sea as they were let into it, repeating the Name of the Lord Rama.
Why should ye then be surprised if ye cross the Ocean of Metempsychosis with the help of the Name of the Lord?
Did His Name not reclaim the libertine Ganika, depraved Ajamil, the hunch-backed Kubja and the cruel hunter.
And did they not all secure salvation?

Great is Sri Rama! all glory to His Name and obeisances to Him!
How much does He not love his poor devotees! Sudama and Vidura bear witness to His Charity and compassion.
Very hopeful is Namdev that he will surely realise Him, for he is all three, poor, helpless and without piety to his credit. (*Vide app. Item XIX* [7])

8

My mind is like unto the yard measure of the tailor,
And my tongue serves as a pair of scissors.
I measure the cloth of life with the mind and cut it out by the tongue. Thus I am repeating His Name constantly.
I care not for my caste nor concern myself with my vocation with His Name. I dye the cloth and sew it with the needle of the Name.
I know nothing besides; my life's support is the Name of the Lord;
I perform the worship of the Lord and sing His praises.
I remember my Lord and Protector at all times and contemplate on Him;
Of gold is the needle, and of silver is the string,
With the concentrated mind, Namdev sews with the Name of the Lord day and night.
(*Vide app. Item XIX* [8])

9

He is omnipresent and omniscient, whithersoever I cast my glances I see Him,
His illusive-power (*Maya Shakti*) is difficult to measure and gauge.
All is Govinda! From Govinda is all! Nothing exists without Govinda.
The froth and the wave is not different from waters.
This creation is merely His *lila* (Play of the Brahman) in which He enters and plays.
Consider the World and all objects created as mere illusory.
When the Guru gave me the torch of wisdom, the Truth behind all creation revealed itself to me.
I live in this creation of the Lord always remembering

and contemplating on the Lord Murari who dwells eternally in all.

So says Namdev. (*Vide app. Item XIX* [9])

XI SAINT RAMADAS

God's Knight-Errant

(1627-1681 A.D.)

God appears and God is light,
To those poor souls who dwell in night,
But doth a human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day. — Blake.

From Eckhart to Suso is one step, long or short, you may decide for yourself. I quote the substance of two passages about either of these mystics from Underhill's Mysticism[51] to make your decision:

"There was a learned man who for eight years long desired that God would show him a man who would teach him the Truth." Guided by the Divine voice he went to the gate of a Church where he met a man ragged in tatters and thus started the conversation between God's man and the good man, the eager disciple and the would-be teacher:

"God give you good day."

He answered, "I have never had a bad day."

"God give you good luck!"

"I have never had bad luck"

"May you be happy! But why do you answer me thus?"

"I have never been unhappy."

"Pray explain this to me, for I cannot understand it."

The poor man answered, "Willingly you wished me good day. I never had a bad day, for if I am hungry I praise God. If it freezes, hails, snows, rains; if the weather is fair or foul, I still praise God; if I am wretched and despised, I praise God; and so I never had an evil day. You wished that God would send me luck. But I never had ill-luck, for I know how to live with God, and I know what He does is best and what God gives and ordains

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51 Pp. 209, 210.

for me, be it good or ill, I take it cheerfully from God as the best that can be and so I never had ill-luck. You wished that God would make me happy; I was never unhappy, for my only desire is to live in God's will and I have so[52] entirely yielded my will to God's, that what God wills I will."

"But if God should will to cast you into hell; what will you do then?"

"Cast me into hell? HIS GOODNESS FORBIDS. But if He did cast me into hell, I shall have[53] two arms to embrace him. One arm is true humility that I should lay beneath Him and be thereby united to His holy humanity And with the right arm of Love, which is united with His holy Divinity, I should so embrace Him that He would have to go to hell with me and I WOULD RATHER BE IN HELL AND HAVE GOD THAN IN HEAVEN AND NOT HAVE GOD."[54]

This is the *sine qua non* of all religion and ethics, the experience of those pursuing the Path and reaching the Goal. It is the corner-stone of all divine realization. True abandonment in perfect weakness and self-surrender to the Divine will — the *Sharnagati* of the Bhagavad Gita or the *Fana — Fil — Allah* of the Sūfis. We might well recall the poetic expression, of the supreme bowing to the Divine will, the complete effacement of the ego, the entering into the realm of beatitude, by Maulana Rumi thus:

'He is the King of the beloveds, He of the Lovely Face.
It behoves thee, O lover, turned pale in pining for him,
to remain silent, composed and content.
Of His love-agony the remedy lies only in Death.
So await, and seek not release from this sweet pain.'

This call to kiss the fetters which the Lord of Love puts round our arms and feet in the form of extreme devotion to Him, enduring suffering at all risks and costs, is an

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[52] Cp. *Fana-Fil-Allah-Stage* of Sufi (vide Sufi-saints ante)

[53] Cp. Rumi. Yek dast jam bada ek dast zulfey yar.
Raqs chuni miyana midanam arzoost.
Ye ask what desire I cherish in my heart, I tell you.
With one arm holding the flowing tresses of the Beloved and with the other arm holding the wine of love I wish to dance with Him.

[54] Cp. Ghaus Azam, the Great sufi of Iran:

enviable boon whose worth cannot be understood by one who is wooing the fleeting world and dame honour and has knocked the bottom of spirituality from his life.

On the other hand, this Sanyasa (gospel of renunciation) propounded by the Gita is rightly synonymous with its Karma Yoga as is said by Lord Krishna Himself in these lines:

'Sankhyogo prathagbala pravadanti na pandita
Ekam upasthita samyagubhayorvindatay phalam
Yat Sankhye prapyatey' Sthanam tat yogirapigamyate.
Ekam Sankhyam Chey yogam chey ya pasyati sa pasyati.
(Bhagavad Gita V 45)

"The wise do not draw distinction between Sankhya (Sanyasa) and Karma Yoga. He who is established in one enjoys the fruit attained by pursuit of both. The abode of Bliss attained by the Sanyasin is also the Abode attained by the Karma Yogin. He who thus seeth really seeth (with the correct eyes)". This is the same that finds echo in the lines of the Christian mystic who says:

"Oh! To be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at his feet
A broken and empty vessel
For the Master's use made meet;
Empty that He may fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken that so more freely
His life through me may flow"

It is not mere passivity, but sublime, intense activity similar to what we find in Ram Dasji and styled by Professor Ranade as activistic mysticism. Forms differ but essence does not suffer. We find its echo in the great German Suso and here we again quote the substance of the other passage from Underhill's "Mysticism" (p. 408.):

When Suso met a knight crossing Lake Constance and with enthusiasm the latter was describing the glories and dangers of the wars — asked Suso:

"And may not one weep and show that one is hurt when one is hit very hard?

The knight replied: "No, even though one's heart fails as happens to many, one must never show that one is

distressed. One must appear gay and happy, otherwise one is dishonoured and loses at the same time one's reputation and the Ring."

The Servitor (Suso) thought to himself: "If the knights of the world must suffer so much to obtain so small a prize, how just it is that we should suffer far more if we are to attain an eternal recompense! Oh, my sweet Lord, if only I were worthy of being Thy spiritual knight."

And when Suso was again visited by fresh trials, his valiant declaration was shaken and he ejaculated:

Alas, Lord! the tournaments in which one must suffer for Thee should last for such a long time!

And he heard the Voice reply:

'But the reward, the honour and the Ring which I give to my knights endure for ever' and added the Eternal Wisdom to him in the vision, 'Perfect thyself in the School of true resignation. None can come to the sublime heights of the Divinity or taste its ineffable sweetness if first they have not experienced the bitterness and lowliness of My humanity. The higher they climb without passing by My humanity, the lower afterwards shall be their fall. My humanity is the road which all must tread who would come to that which thou seekest: My sufferings are the door by which all must come in.'

This is the message that Samarth Ram Das gave to valiant Shivaji and is the same that Krishna gave to Arjuna, viz.

'Tasmat Sarvasu Kalesu mam amusmar yudha chey
Mayi arpit mano budhir mameyvaysyas asansyam.'

Therefore constantly remember Me in the midst of War (the constant struggle that goes on within thee). Surrender thy mind and intellect to My Lotus feet and have firm faith. Thereby ye shall attain to Me.'

(Shrimad Bhagavat Gita VIII [7])

Said the great Saint to Rashtrapati Shivaji:

'Be a saint. Be an Ideal Man. Do not live for a single moment without the service of God. Great indeed is the saint whose peace is not disturbed by evil words. Never pursue fame, ye cannot thereby get happiness. *For if we pursue happiness we cannot get fame.* Forgive others

who injure your heart, Your greatness will not thereby be mitigated. Give yourself up to highest devotion. Gather people in the Name of God. First be illuminated then ye may play the Samaritan. Be kindled first to kindle the light in others. Act exactly as you speak. Take people along with you and teach them slowly that gradually they might reach the goal of realization of Self. The greatest thing of all is that the Saint should never give up courage.

The ideal saint should never identify himself with society. He must always live in the mental state of serenity as the body is mingling with the people in the world.

Activity of the saint, mixing with people to impart his highest teachings, must alternate with moments of silent solitary meditation.

Never be a hypocrite in the affairs of the world. Remember, rest can alone be found in the Atman.

One should become famous on earth by desiring nothing. Behave in this earth like a guest.[55] Always remain alert and fill the world with the Name of God. Seek and dwell in the company of saints. Wherever you go, make the place resound with the Name of God."

And whatever this great saint preached, he himself lived and made Shivaji likewise live it. How this great meeting with Shivaji which had far-reaching consequences in the political history of India came about we shall narrate:

In 1649 A.D. when the child Ramdas ran away from his house at the age of twelve, he first reached the Krishna river where he carried on hard penances. As a result of it, he had Divine darshan (vision) and the Lord gave him for his daily worship an idol. Ramdas thereafter rose to fame as a great teacher. The teachings of Ramdas drew Shivaji to him and Shivaji became his keen disciple, so much so that when the former came to Shivaji and extended his beggars' bowl for alms, the latter wrote out a gift-

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[55] Think in this battered caravan serai
Whose doorways are alternate night and day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his hour or two, and went his way."
—Omar Khayyam

deed of his whole kingdom, and casting it with due obeisance in the bowl, stepped out of his mansion. Ramdas accepted it and returning it to him with his blessings said, "Now rule on my behalf. May God bless You." The fangs of egoism, having been taken out from the sensual objects, Shivaji the worshipper of his allpowerful Guru Swami Ramdas shook the very roots of Mogul suzerainty by his valour. Great was the part Swami Ramdas, who ever remained a recluse, played in the political achievements of Shivaji and in moulding the destiny of Hindu India.

When the oppressions of the Moguls had reached a climax, Ramdasji advised Shivaji, his beloved disciple, as follows:

"My child, adore thy body not by ornaments and clothes, but by wisdom and shrewdness..... The Mahomedans are spreading oppression throughout India from a long time, hence be always on your guard. When God calls a man His own, one cannot imagine what he can do. His justice, his forethought, his ready wisdom and his knowledge of other people's hearts are all of them, the gifts of God. His efforts, his alertness, his courage in the nick of time, his great powers are all of them the gifts of God. His fame, his power and his greatness, and his incomparable, rare qualities are all the gifts of God.....A discrimination between matters which pertain to this world and those which pertain to the next, perpetual wakefulness about all matters, and forbearance with all are the gifts of God. To spread the cause of God, to protect the Brahmans, to help one's subjects, are all of them the gifts of God. Those who in fact, re-establish the Kingdom of God, are all of them incarnations of God."

(Das Bodh - XVIII 6-9-20)[56]

Saint Ramdas incorporated his principal instructions in his great work, the Das Bodh. The gospel of Surrender to the Lotus Feet of Lord and activity employing those gifts with wisdom is the subject-matter of that great work which is full of instructions to Shivaji. Besides, he wrote

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[56] Translation of the passage of Das Bodh as quoted in Mysticism in Maharashtra – Belvalkar & Ranade, p. 374.

the *Anandavana bhuvana* – the other great Marathi work which is the Apocalypse of Ramdas. He has given free vent in it to his feelings which went a long way in moulding the mind of Shivaji and thereby the destiny of India of those days.

Many a miracle is ascribed to Ramdasji whereby he repeatedly saved the life of Shivaji and wiped off the egoism of Shivaji.

Ramdasji passed away in 1681 A.D., leaving a distinct mark in the sphere of Indian Mysticism. This Heraclitus of India was an order (sampradaya) in himself and an active Saint. As he never married nor lived in the household and in the midst of sensual objects of the world, he did not like Ecknath pursue the Aristotlean mean. The shackles which bound Ecknath to the world could not fetter the free soul of Ramdas who was unaffected by the touch of the world of darkness. By following the noble life of the monk he painted beautifully and preached boldly the great gospel. "The search for Truth demands the whole man. Ye cannot serve God and mammon together. Interested service of Man and bowing at the altar of the Goddess of Fame, are both pernicious roots of the Spiritual Asvatha." The last message of Ramdas was 'Live in God ever, always. This is the only true gospel to be followed in this world." We can do no better than quote the words of Scheffer as a fitting appraisement of the Philosophy of *Nishkama Karma Yoga* preached by Samarth Ramdasji.

"Whatever thou lovest; that thou become must;
God if thou lovest God, dust if thou lovest dust."

India cannot afford to waste its riches – the heritage that it has inherited from the Rishis of yore in the pursuit of phantoms. In Indian Sainthood there is no place for worldliness and the worship of gold and fame. True Sanyasa (renunciation) is the goal. Says the Lord in the Gita:

"Anityam asukham lokam
Imam prapya bhajasva mam."

(IX 33.)

"Fleeting and painful are the joys of this world and the next; pass thy days exclusively in my remembrance and

service. Seek not to pursue the phantoms of the world: and further advises."

"Asaktir anabhisvangah
Putradargradisu."

"Be a perfect renouncer, rooting out all attachment to the objects and relations of body that develop bodyconsciousness and are the mother of rebirth."

Perfect renunciation is the *sine qua non* of Gita. The country of the saints is the country of the soul and not of their body and their patriotism is love of humanity, irrespective of caste and creed and clime. The Gita starts with an exhortation to Arjuna to kill all forms of bodyconsciousness that stand idolised in uncles, teachers and relatives like Bhisma, Drona, Karna and others; and ends in advising "complete surrender of thyself, body and soul, to Me Krishna and have as a result My Grace – ATMIC consciousness – the cessation of the greatest suffering of rebirth and the Poverty of soul and the gift of eternal happiness, My lotus feet."

In the mad race for power and pomp the very soul of Indian spirituality is being massacred today. The cure of the malady that is eating away the sap of life of India and the world does not lie in yielding to sense and in worship of mind, the uneternal creatures of illusion (*māyā*) but in praying in the Goethean fashion for more light in living the spiritual life of perfect Theism.

"Ah, we are the heirs to a great fortune – Gita – the world scripture for all times."

Does not Thoreau say to Emerson about our treasure Gita:

"Where is fear, when mother Gita is by my side to protect me?" (Walden);

and does not Schopenhauer say:

"In the whole world there is no study, except that of the originals so beneficial and so elevating as that of the Upanishads.[57] It has been the solace of my life. It will be the solace of my death."

(Quoted on p. 2 of Mysticism in the Upanishads).

And does not Max Muller as early as 1858 A.D. write

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[57] The Gita contains the essences of the Upanishads, and more.

to the Empress Victoria eulogising the Hindu *shastras* by speaking of them as the only safe guides to create goodwill in the world and lead all the religious and spiritual seekers to the fulfilment of their eternal hope-realization and Nirvana? (vide Vol. I of Minstrels of God.)

In the end we shall remind them who are interested in the upliftment of the young generation, to the advice so ably given by Sir Richard Livingstone in his great lecture which was published in the form of a book — "Education and the Spirit of the Age." While criticising the analytical attitude and method which dominate modern thinking, and putting forward the need for a poetic or creative faculty, he states:

'Our generation suffers from intellectual and spiritual disorder, and in its train a creeping paralysis of moral standards.....It affects international relations as well as individual life.' Elizabeth Cross, reviewing the book and summarising his views, says.

He adds that this is not the first time that new ways of thought have shattered current views of life. Notably they were in the 5th century B.C. in Greece and during the Renaissance in Europe....He emphasises the need for religious education and mentions how sadly lacking it is in the higher stages of School and University which suffer increasingly from specialization. He suggests that some study of religion and philosophy should be an element in all University education and commends the REPORT OF THE INDIAN UNIVERSITY COMMISSION (1948-1949) which suggests (1) That all educational institutions start work with a few minutes of silent meditation; (2) That LIVES OF GREAT RELIGIOUS TEACHERS be taught; (3) That selections of *Universalist Character* from the scriptures of the world be taught and (4) that the central problems of the philosophy of Religion be considered.

(Vide *Aryan Path.* Dec. 1952 p. 569)

Enough has been said by me and a wide gap pointed out above shall be filled by the study of this volume and Minstrels of God. Let me hope that those responsible

for moulding the conciliation policy will remember Livingstone's words.

We must close by an exhortation to wake up and stop from decay the spirit of the body politic by injecting it with the spirited message of Gita as lived and interpreted by Sri Ramdasji and other saints dealt with in these volumes, and in every nook and corner of India propagate the Truth:

'Feed the Soul and starve it
Not at the cost of the body.'

Real India always looks down on the scheme that tends only to satisfy the senses and fleshy appetites of the body and urges us to keep our eyes riveted on the supreme Deity's (Sri Krishna's) Lotus Feet which are the abode of Truth and Bliss — the Sat-Chitanand realm of Divine Effulgence. Well has Arnold expressed this spirit of India in the memorable words with which we close this sketch:

'The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain,
She let the legion thunder past,
And plunged in the thought again.'

ADDENDA

(SPIRITUAL STIGMATIC EXPERIENCES OF THERESE NEUMANN)

At a time when spiritual experiences are considered mere hallucinations, and are being criticised by pragmatists and the body-conscious, devoid of supersensual life in the spirit, the theme of this work, viz realisation of God, development of the spiritual body which shall establish contact with the Eternity while living on earth, and the nature of Eternal sports of the Divinity, the recital of which and on contemplation on whom, after full renunciation of the world – gets support from the life of a contemporary Saint Therese Neumann, the amazing Catholic stigmatist of Konnersenth in Bavaria. Readers may refer to books on her by Friedrich Ritter Von Lama–entitled Therese Neumann: A stigmatist of our day and further Chronicles of Therese Neumann (Milwawkee-Bruce Pub. Co.) and a chapter on her in the Autobiography of a yogi (Paramahamsa Yoganand) from which we quote a few lines, as the author himself met her:–

'Born in 1898, injured at twenty whereby she became blind and paralyzed; Therese miraculously regained her sight in 1923 and her limbs were healed through prayers to St. Teresa.

Since 1923, up till now she has abstained completely from food and drink, except swallowing a consecrated rice flour-wafer, once every morning at six, which is paper thin and of the size of a small coin. If it is unconsecrated, she cannot swallow it.

Her stomach is always shrunk, has no excretions. She does not sleep more than an hour. She is always active, cheerful and full of energy, and works often in her garden.

I observed the whole Passion of Christ (on her body). Each week, from Thursday midnight until Friday afternoon at one o'clock, her wounds bleed, and she loses ten pounds (in every weekly display) of her 121-pound weight. Suffering intensely in her sympathetic love,

When I entered her room, I noticed strange spectacle, "blood flowed thinly and continuously in an inch-wide stream from Therese's lower eye lids. Her gaze was focussed upwards on the spiritual eye within the central forehead. The cloth wrapped around her head was drenched in blood from the stigmata wounds of the crown of thorns. The white garment was redly splotched over her heart from the wound in her side at the spot where Christ's body, long ages ago, had suffered the final indignity of the soldier's spear thrust.

Therese's hands were extended in a gesture maternal, pleading; her face wore an expression both tortured and divine. She appeared thinner, changed in many subtle as well as outward ways. Murmuring words in a foreign tongue (which scholars have identified as ancient Aramaic, and oftener she speaks Hebrew or Greek) she spoke with slightly quivering lips to persons visible before her inner sight.

As I was in attunement with her, I began to see the scenes of her vision (Her entrancement usually starts with the scenes of the events which followed the last supper and end with Jesus' death on the Cross) she was at the time watching Jesus as he carried the Cross amidst the jeering multitude. Suddenly she lifted her head in consternation: the Lord had fallen under the cruel weight. The vision disappeared. In the exhaustion of fervid pity, Therese sank heavily against her pillow."

Readers will notice the truth of the theories discussed by me in Ministrels of God Vol I and II qua spiritual illumination experiences, the vision of the eternal scenes of the sports of the Lord Radha Krishna, and His Saints enacted thousand of years ago, even today by souls of seekers who in fervid love of God and anxious to dwell in eternity have shut their eyes to everything non-god, in this world. The supernatural body as Therese remarked is maintained by God's Light, as the Lord has said 'Man shall not live by bread alone; but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' 'One of the reasons I am here on earth is to prove that man can live by God's invisible light and not by food only.' Besides my life is intended to reassure Chri-

stians of the historical authenticity of Jesus' life as recorded, and to display dramatically the ever-living bond between the Galilean Master and his devotees.'

Readers will follow what the lovers of God—discussed in this volume and Minstrels of God Vol I and II, sought and obtained—God through unswerving love.

APPENDIX

(Introduction)

अरी बाई गोविन्द नाम मत विसरे।
अन्त काल जो लक्ष्मी सिमरै, ऐसी चिन्ता माहि जे मरै।
सर्प योनि वल वल अवतरे॥
अन्त काल जो स्त्री सिमरै, ऐसी चिन्ता माहि जे मरै।
बेसवा योनि वल वल अवतरै॥
अन्त काल जो लड़के सिमरै, ऐसी चिन्ता माहि जे मरै।
सूकर योनि वल वल अवतरै॥
अन्त काल जो मंदर सिमरै, ऐसी चिन्ता माहि जे मरै।
प्रेत योनि वल वल अवतरै॥
अन्त काल नारायण सिमरै, ऐसी चिन्ता माहि जे मरै।
वदति 'तिलोचन' ते नर मुक्ता पीतांवर वा हृदय वसै।

—००—

Persian Text of Rubaiyat Sultan Abu Said
Item No. 1–50

ईं दरगहे मा दर गहे नौउमेदी नीस्त।
सद बारागर तौवा शिकसती वाज़ आ॥
बाज़ आ वाज़ आ हर उँचे हसती वाज़ आ।
गर काफ़िरो गुवरो वुतपरस्ती वाज़ आ॥१॥

—००—

मंसूर हल्लाज आँ नहंगे दरिया
कज़ पुंबए तन दानए जाँ कर्द जुदा।
रोज़े कि अनलहक़ वज़वाँ मी आवर्द।
मंसूर कुजा बूद, ख़ुदा बूद ख़ुदा॥२॥

—००—

दर दीद बजाए खाव आबस्त मरा
ज़ीरा कि बदीदनत शताबस्त मरा।
गोयन्द बखाब ता बखाबश बीनी
ए बेखबराँ च जाएं खाबस्त मरा ॥३।

—००—

आँरा कि क़ज़ा ज़े खैले उश्शाक नवश्त
आज़ाद ज़े मसजिदस्त व फारिग़ ज़े क़ुनिश्त
दीवानए इश्क़ रा चे हिजराँ चे विसाल
अज़ खेश गुज़िशतारा च दोज़ख च बहिश्त ॥४॥

—००—

चशमम हमा अश्क गश्त जिसमम बगुरीस्त
वर इश्क़े तो बे जिस्म हमी बायद ज़ीस्त।
अज़ मन असरे नमानद ईं गिरया ज़े चीस्त
चूं मन हमा माशूक़ शुदम आशिक़ कीस्त ॥५॥

—००—

गर मुरदा बूम बर आमदा साले बीस्त
चे पिंदारी कि गोरम अज़ इश्क तहीस्त
गर दस्त बखाके मन नेही किईं जा कीस्त
आवाज़ दहम कि हाले माशूक़ चीस्त ॥६॥

—००—

ए दोस्त ए दोस्त ए दोस्त ए दोस्त
जौरे तो अज़ाँ कशम कि रूए तो निकोस्त।
मरदम गोयन्द बहिश्त खाही या दोस्त
ए बेखबराँ बहिश्त वा दोस्त निकोस्त ॥७॥

—००—

गर सुबहए सद दाना शुमारी ख़ूबस्त
वर जामे मै अज़ कफ नगुज़ारी ख़ूवस्त।
गुफ़्ती च कुनम, च तोहफ़ा आरम वर दोस्त
बे दर्द मया हर आँचे आरी ख़ूबस्त ॥८॥

—oo—

इष्क आदम व ख़ाके मेहनतनम वर सर रेख़्त
ज़ाँ वरक़े वला बखिरमनम अख़गर रेख़्त।
ख़ूँ दरदिल व रेशए तनम सोख़्त चुनाँ
कज़ दीदा वजाय अश्क़ ख़ाकस्तर रेख़्त ॥९॥

—oo—

अस्याने ख़लायक़ अरचे सहरा सहरास्त
दर पेशे इनायते तो एक वर्ग गयास्त।
हर चन्द गुनाहे मास्त कशती कशती
ग़मनेस्त किरहमते तो दरया दरयास्त ॥१०॥

—oo—

अज़ वारे गुनाह शुद तने मन मिसकीनम पस्त
यारब च शवद अगर मरा गीरी दस्त।
गर दर अमलम उन्चे तोरा शायद नेस्त
अन्दर करमत उन्चे मरा बायद हस्त ॥११॥

—oo—

आं आतिशे सोज़न्दा कि इश्क़श लक़वस्त
दर पैकरे कुफ़्रो दीं चो सोज़िन्दा तबस्त।
ईमां दिगर व केशे मोहब्बत दिगरस्त
पैग़म्बरे इश्क़ न अजम न अरबस्त ॥१२॥

—oo—

मरदाने खुदा अज़ खाकदां दिगरन्द
मुरग़ाने हवा ज़े आशयांदिगरन्द।
मनिगर तो अजीं चश्म वदेशां कि ईशां
फ़ारिग़ज़े दों कौनो दर मकां दिगरन्द ॥१३॥

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बर कूए तो हर केरा सरोकार उफ़तद
अज़ सिजदए दैरोकाबा बेज़ार उफ़तद।
गर ज़ुल्फे तो दर काबा फ़िशानद दामन
इसला बदस्तो पाए ज़ुन्नार उफतद ॥१४॥

—००—

वै वक्ते समा बूए दिलदार वरद
मारा बसिरा परदए इसरार वरद।
ईं ज़मज़ए मुरक्कव मररूह तरस्त
बरदारद व खुश व आलमे याद बरद ॥१५॥

—००—

ए रोज़े हसद ज़े पेश बैरूं न शवद
खुदबीनां रा मारफ़त अफ़ज़ूं न शवद।
आं फ़ुक्र कि मुस्तफ़ा बर आं फ़ख्र आवर्द
आं जानरसी ता जिग्रत खूं न शवद ॥१६॥

—००—

सूफ़ी वसमा सराज़ां अफ़शानद
ता आतिशे खेशतन दमें बनिशानद।
आक़िल दानद कि दाया गहवारए तिफ़्ल
अज़ बहरे सकूने तिफ़्ल मी जुंबद ॥१७॥

—००—

शादम वदमे कज आरज़ूयत गुज़रद
ख़ुशदिल वहदीसें कि ज़रूयत गुज़रद।
नाज़म वदो चशमें कि बसूयत गुज़रद
वोसम कफ़े पाए कि वकूयत गुज़रद॥१८॥

——oo——

अज़ दफ़्तरे इश्क़ हर कि फ़रवै दारद
अश्के गुलगूं व चेहरा ज़रदे दारद।
बरे गिरदे सरे शुद कि सोज़ेस्त दर्द
क़ुरबाने दिले रवद कि दर्दे दारद॥१९॥

——oo——

हर दुर कि ज़े वहरे अशकम उफ़तद व कनार
दर रिशतए जाने खुद कशम गौहरवार।
गीरम बकफ़श चू सवहए दर फुरक़ते यार
यानी किन मी ज़नम नफ़स जुज़ वशुमार॥२०॥

——oo——

आगाह वज़ी ए दिल व आगाह वमीर
चूं तालिब मंज़ली तू दर राह वमीर।
इश्क़स्त वसाने ज़िन्दगानी वरना
ज़ीसां कि तुई ख़ाह वज़ी ख़ाह वमीर॥२१॥

——oo——

दर खानए खुद नशस्ता बूदम दिल रेश।
वज़ वारे गुनाह फ़गन्दा बूदम सर पेश।
आवाज़ आमद कि ग़म मखुर ए दरवेश
तूर दर खुरे खुद कुनी व मादर खुरे खेश॥२२॥

——oo——

आतिश ब दूदस्ते ख़ेश दर खिरमने ख़ेश
ख़ुद वरज़दा अम च नालम अज़ दुशमने ख़ेश।
कस दुशमने मन नेस्त मनम दुशमन ख़ेश
ए वाए मन वोदस्ते मन व दामने ख़ेश ॥२३॥

——००——

वर चेहरा न दारम ज़े मुसलमानी रंग
वारिद वरमन शर्फ़ सगे अहले फरंग।
आँरूसियाह अम कि वाशद अज़ वूदने मन
दोज़ख़ रा नंग व अहले दोज़ख़ रानंग ॥२४॥

——००——

ता शेर बुदम शिकारे मन वूद पलंग
पीरोज़ शुदम व हरचे करदम आहंग।
ता इश्क़े तोरा वबरदर आवरदम तंग
अज़ वेशा बरूं कर्द मरा रूवए लंग ॥२५॥

——००——

मा वा मै व मस्ती सिरे तक़वा दारेम
दुनिया तलंवेम व मीले उक़बा दारेम।
कै दुनिया व दीं हर दो बहम आयद रास्त
ईंअस्त कि मा न दीं दुनिया दारेम ॥२६॥

——००——

उमरे बहवसे बादे हवा पैमूदम
दर हर कारे ख़ूने जिगर पालूदम।
दर हर चे ज़दम दस्त ज़े ग़म फ़रसूदम
दस्त अज़ हमा बाज़ दाशतमू आसूदम ॥२७॥

——००——

बबुरीदा ज़े मन निगार हम ख़ानगीम
बबुरीदा जे मन लिवास फ़रज़ानगीम।
मजनूं वनसीहते दिलम मी आयद
बनिगरे वकुजा रसीदा दीवानगीम ॥२८॥

——oo——

अज़ इष्क़े तो ए निगार अन्दर नारम
मी सोज़म व मी साज़म व दम वरनारम।
ता दस्त व गरदने तो अन्दर नारम
आग़शता वख़ूं चूं दाना अंदर नारम ॥२९॥

——oo——

दर कूए तो सर दर सिरे ख़ंजर वनिहेम
चूं मेहरए जां इश्क़े तो दर बर वनिहेम।
नामरदम अगर इश्क़े तो अज़ दिल वकुनेम
सौदाए तो काफ़िरम गर अज़ सर वनिहेम ॥३०॥

——oo——

मन लायक़े इष्क़ व दर्दे इष्क़े तो नीम
ज़िनहार कि हम नबरदे इष्के तो नीम।
चूं आतिश इष्क़े तो वर आरद शोला
मन दानम व मन कि मर्दे इष्क तोनीम ॥३१॥

——oo——

यारव ज़े कमाल लुत्फ़े खासम गरदाँ
वाक़िफ वहक़ायके खासम गरदाँ।
अज़ अक़ले जफ़ाकार दिल अफ़गार शुदम
दीवाना खुद कुन न ख़लासम गरदाँ ॥३२॥

——oo——

दरवेशी कुन व क़सदे दरे शाह मकुन
व ज़े दामने फ़ुक़ दस्त कोताह मकुन।
अन्दर दहने मार शौ व माल मजो
दर चाह नशीं व तलब जाह मकुन ॥३३॥

——००——

दर राहे यगानगी न कुफरस्त व नदीं
यक गाम ज़े ख़ुद बरों न व राह बवीं।
ए जाने जहाँ तू राहें इसलाम गुजीं
बा मारे सियाह नशीं व बाखुंद मनशीं ॥३४॥

——००——

दर राहें ख़ुदा हिजाब शुद यक सोज़न
रू जुमला कारे खेश रायक सोज़न।
दर माँदए नफस खेश गशती व मरा
यकसूं ग़में माल व दुख्तर यक सोज़न ॥३५॥

——००——

रफ़्तम व तबीब व गुफ़्तम अज़ दरदे निहाँ
गुफ़्तम ज़े ग़ैर दोस्त बर बंद ज़बाँ।
गुफ़्तम कि ग़िज़ा? गुफ़्त हमीं ख़ूने जिगर
गुफ़्तम ज़े च परहेज़? गुफ़्त अज़ हर दो जहाँ ॥३६॥

——००——

आं दोस्त कि मस्ते इश्क़े ऊ दुशमने जां
बरबाद हमी देहद ग़मश ख़िरमने जां।
मन दर तलबश दर बदर व कूए बकूए
ऊ दर दिल व दस्त करदा दर गरदने जां ॥३७॥

——००——

मारा नबूद दिले कि कार आयद अज़ो
जुज़ नाला कि दमे हज़ार आयद अज़ो।
चंदाँ गिरयम कि कूचहा गिल करदद
न रोयद व नालाहाए ज़ार आयद अज़ो ॥३८॥

——००——

मन मी शुनूम कि मी वख़शाई तो
हर जा कि शिकस्ता एस्त आं जाई तो।
मा जमा शकस्तगाने दर गाहे तो
दर हाले शिकस्तगां च फ़रमाई तो ॥३९॥

——००——

अब्र अज़ दहक़ां कि ज़ालए मी रोयद अज़ो
दश्त अज़ मजनूं कि लाला मी रोयद अज़ो।
ख़ुल्द अज़ सूफ़ी व हूरईं अज़ ज़ाहिद
अज़ मा दिल के नालामी रोयद अज़ो ॥४०॥

——००——

जान व दिले मन फ़िदाए ख़ाके दरे तो
गर फ़रमाई बदीदा आयम बरे तो।
वसलत गोयद कि तू न दारी सिरे मा
वे सर बादा हरां के नदारद सिरे तो ॥४१॥

——००——

चशमम कि सरश्क लालगूं आवरदा
व ज़े हर मिज़ा क़तराहाए ख़ूं आवरदा।
नै नै वनिज़ाराअत दिल ख़ूं शुदा अम
अज़ रोज़ने सीना सर बरूं आवरदा ॥४२॥

——००——

दुनिया तलबाँ ज़े हिर्स मसतंद हमा
मूसा कश व फ़रऊन परसतंद हमा।
हर अहद कि बाखुदाए बस्तंद हमा
अज़ दोसतीए हिर्स शकसतंद हमा ॥४३॥

——oo——

दरदे दारेम व सीना वरयाने
इष्के च इश्क़, इष्के आलम सोज़े।
इष्के दारेम व दीदंए गिरयाने
दरदे च दर्द, दर्द बे दरमाने ॥४४॥

——oo——

ता तर्क अलायक़ व आवायक़ न कुनी
यक सिजदए शाइस्ता लायक़ न कुनी।
हक्का कि ज़े दामे लात व ग़र्रा न रही
ता तर्के खुद व जुमला खलायक़ न कुनी ॥४५॥

——oo——

मन कीसतम अज़ क़ैदे दो आलम फ़रदे
उनक़ा मनशे बलंद हिम्मत मरदे
दीवानए खुदे बयाबान गरदे
लबरेज़ मोहब्बते सरापादरदे ॥४६॥

——oo——

गह शाना किश तुर्रए लैला वाशी
गह दर सरे मजनूं हमा सौदा वाशी।
गह आईनए जमाले यूसुफ़ गरदी
गह आतिशे खिरमने ज़ुलेखा वाशी ॥४७॥

——oo——

ए दिल बरे दोस्त तोहफ़ा जुज़ जां नबरी
दरदे चू दहन्द नामेदरमां न बरी।
बददर्द ज़ दर्दे दोस्त नालां गशती
ख़ामोश कि अरज़े दरमन्दां न बरी॥४८॥

——oo——

ता न गुज़री अज़ जमा व फ़रवै न रसी
ता न गुज़री अज़ व मर वै नरसी।
ता दर रहे दोस्त व सरो पा न शवी
बे दर्द व मानी व ब दर्दे नरसी॥४९॥

——oo——

ए दिले बरे दोस्त तोहफ़ा जुज़ जाँ न बरी
दरदे चू दहन्द नामे दरमाँ न बरी।
वे दर्द ज़े दरदे दोस्त नालाँ गशती
ख़ामोश कि अरज़े दर्दमन्दाँ न बरी॥५०॥

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Item No. III

ए दिल ईं जा कूए जानां अस्त अज़ मां दम मज़न।
अज़ दिलो जां व जहां दर पेशे जानां दम मज़न॥
जां नदारद क़ीमते बिसयार अज़ जां वा मगो।
गरचे जां दर बाख़ती दर राहे जानां दम मज़न॥
गर तुरा दर्दे अस्त अज़ वै हेच अज़ दरमां मगो।
दरदे ऊरा वेह ज़ दरमां दां ज़ दरमां दम मज़न॥
चूं यकीं आमद रिहाकुन किस्सए शक व गुमां।
चूं अयां बनमूदे रुखे दीगर ज़ बुरहां दम मज़न॥
इलमे बदीनां गुज़ार व जेहल रा हिकमत मखाँ।
अज़ ख्यालातो फ़सूने अहले यूनां दम मज़न॥
वा लबे मैगूं व रूए ख़ूब व ज़ुल्फ़े दिल कशिश
अज़ शराबो शाहिद वू शमा व शविस्ता दम मज़न॥

कुफ़रो ईमां रा व पेशे जुल्फ़ों रूयश कुन रिहा।
पेशे जुल्फो रुए ऊ अज़ कुफ़रो ईमां दम मज़न॥
चूंकि वा ऊ वर नयारी वुदन अज़ बसलश मगो।
चूं के बे ऊ हम नमी बाशी ज़ हिजरां दम मज़न॥
मेहरे तावां चूंके हस्त अज़ अक्से रुयश ता बशे
'मग़रबी' दर पेशे ऊ अज़ मेहरे ताबां दम मज़न॥१॥

——oo——

Item No. IV

ता सुरमे सिफ़त सूदा नगरदी तहे संग।
हर गिज़ ब सफ़ा चशमे निगारे न रसी।
ता शानए सिफ़त सर न नेही दरत हे आरा
हरगिज़ व सिरे जुल्फ़े निगारे न रसी॥
ता हमचू दुरे सुफ़्ता न गरदी ब तार।
हरगिज़ व विना गोशे निगारे न रसी॥
ता ख़ाके तुरा कूज़ा न साज़न्द कलालां।
हरगिज़ व लबे लाले निगारे न रसी॥
ता हम चू कलम सर नेही दर तहे कारद।
हर गिज़ ब सरे अंगुश्ते निगारे न रसी॥
ता हमचू हिना सूदा न गरदी तहे संग।
हरगिज़ व कफ़े पाये निगारे न रसी॥२॥

——oo——

Item No. V

तन फ़िदाय ख़ार मी कर्द आंवलाल।
ख़्वाजा अश मीज़द बराए गो शुमाल।
कि चरा मीकुनद याद मोहम्मद मी कुनी।
बन्दए बद मनकर दीन मनी॥
मीज़द अन्दर आफ़्तावश ऊ बुखार।
ऊ अहद मी गुफ़्त वहरे इफ़्तख़ार॥
नागहां सिद्दीक आं सू मी रसीद।
आं अहद गुफ़्तन बगोश ख़ुद शुनीद॥

चश्मे ऊ पुर आब शुद दिल पुर अना।
ज़ां अहद मी आफ़्त बूए आशना॥
बाद अज़ां खिलवत बदीदश पंद दाद।
क़ज़ जहूदां खुफ़या मीदार एतक़ाद॥
आलम अलसरस्त दार काम।
गुफ़्त करदम तौबा पेशत ए हमाम।
रोज़ दीगर अज़ पगह सिद्दीक़ तफ़्त।
आं तरफ़ अज़ बहर कारे मी बरफ़्त॥
बाज़ अहद बशुनीद व ज़रबे ज़ख्म खार।
बरफ़रोज़ेद अज़ अज़ दिलश शोरो शरार
बाज़ पंदश दाव बाज़ ओ तौबा कर्द।
इश्क़ आमद तौबए ऊरा बखुर्द॥
तौबा करदन ज़ीं नमत बिसयार शुद।
आक़बत अज़ तौबहा बेज़ार शुद॥
फ़ाश कर्द असपर्दतन रा दरबला।
काए मौहम्मदाए उदूए तौबहा॥
ए तने मन वै रगे मन पर्ज़ तौ।
तौबा रा गंजा कुजा बाशद दर्द॥
तौबा राज़ीं पस ज़े दिल बैरूं कुनम।
अज़ हयाते खुल्द तौबा चूं कुनम॥
इश्क़ क़हारस्त व मन मक़हुरे इश्क़।
चूं क़मर रौशन शुदम अज़ नूरे इश्क़॥
बर्ग काहम पेशे तौ ए तुन्द वाद।
मन च दानम ता कुजा खाहम फ़िताद॥
गर वलालम वर बलालम मी दवम।
मुक़त दी वर आफ़तावत मी शवम॥
नारए मसतां खुश मी आयदम।
ता अवद जानाचुनीं मी वायदम॥
नक हलाले वा बलाले यारशुद।
ज़ख्मे खारे ऊरा गुलो गुलज़ार शुद॥

गर ज़े ज़ख्मे ख़ार तन ग़र बाल शुद।
जानो जिसमम गुलशने इक़बाल शुद॥
तन व पेशे ज़ख्मे खाराने जुहूद।
जाने मन मस्तो खराब आं वदूद॥
बूए जानम सूए जानम मी रसद।
बूए यारे मेहरवानम मी रसद॥

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Item No. VI

वाद अज़ां सिद्दीक़ पेश मुस्तफ़ा।
गुफ़्त हाल आं वलाल बासफ़ा॥

—००—

मुस्तफ़ा ज़ीं क़िस्सा चूं खुश बरशगुफ़्त।
रग़बत अफ़ज़ूं गश्त ऊरा हम गुफ़्त॥

—००—

मुस्तफ़ा गुफ़्तश हला ए नेक खू।
दर खरीदन मी शवम अमबाज़ें तू॥
तू वकीलम वाश व नीमे बहरे मन।
मुशतरी शौ क़ब्ज़ कुन अज़ मन समन॥
गुफ़्त सद खिदमत कुनम रफ़्त आंज़मां।
सूए खाना आं जहूद वे अमां॥

—००—

लब व बन्द इं जा व खर आं सोमरां।
रफ़्त आं सिद्दीक़ सूए आं खरां॥
हलक़ए बर दर ज़द चू दर रा बरकशूद।
रफ़्त वे खुद दर सराए आं जहूद॥
वेखुद व सर मस्त व पुर आतिश नशस्त।
अज़ दहानश बस कलामे सख्त जस्त॥

कि ईं वली अल्लाह रा चूं मी ज़नी।
ई च हक़दास्त ए उदूए रोशनी॥

—००—

ग़ुफ्त गर रहमत हमी आयद बरू।
ज़र बदेह बसतानश ए अकराम ख़ू॥

—००—

ग़ुफ्त सद ख़िदमत कुनम पांचसद सजूद।
बन्दए दारम नेको लेकिन जहूद॥
तन सपेद व दिल सियाह ऊ रा बगीर।
दर एवज़ देह तन सियाह व दिल मुनीर॥

—००—

बै कर्द व दाद व बिसतद बे ग़रज़।
दाद गौहर संगबिसतद दे एवज़॥

—००—

क़हक़हा ज़द आं जहूद संग दिल।
अज़ सर अफ़सोस व तज़ोग़श व ग़िल॥
गुफ़्त सिद्दीक़श कि ईं खन्दा च बूद।
दर जवाब पुरसश ऊ खन्दा फ़ज़ूद॥
गुफ़्त अगर जिद्दत न बूदी व एहतमाम।
दर ख़रीदारिए ईं सूद ग़ुलाम॥
मन ज़े इसतेज़ा नमी अफरोखतम्।
खुद बअशरा नेश मी बफ़रोखतम्॥
कि बन ज़दे मन नैरज़द नीम दांग।
तू गिरां करदी बहायश रा बबांग॥
पस जवाबश दाद सिद्दीक़ ए ग़बी।
गौहरे दादी बजूज़े चूं सबी॥

गरमकीसी करदए दर बय वेश।
दादी मन जुमला व माले खेश॥

—००—

ईं सियाह असरार तन असपेद रा।
बुत परसताना बगीर ए जाज़खा॥
ईं तोरा व आं मरा बर देम सूद।
बीं लकम दीं वलीदीं ए जहूद॥
बाद अज़ां ब गिरफ़्त ऊ दस्ते वलाल।
आं ज़े दस्त ज़ख्मे मेहनत चूं खलाल॥

—००—

आवरेदश ता बनज़दे आं रसूल।
कि बजां ऊ कर्दा वदो नेश क़बूल॥
चूं वदीद आं खस्ता रूए मुसतफ़ा।
गुफ़्ततबतम फ़ाद खलूहा वा वहा॥
चूं बलाल ईं रा शुनीद मुसतफ़ा।
खररे मुग़शिया फ़िताद ऊ बर क़फ़ा॥
ता बदेरे बेखुद व बेखेश मानद।
चूं बखेश आमद ज़े शादी अश्क रानद॥
मुसतफ़ा अश दर कनार खुद कशीद।
कस च दानद बखशिशे कूरा रसीद॥

—००—

सय्यद कोनैन सुलतान् जहां।
दर अताब आमद ज़माने बाद अज़ां॥
गुफ़्त ए सिद्दीक़ आखिर गुफ़्तमत्।
कि मरा अंबाज़ कुन दर मकरमत्॥
तू च इतनहा खरीदी बहरे खेश।
बाज़ गो अहवाल ए पाकीजा केश॥

गुफ़्त मा दो बंदगाने कूए तो।
करदमश आज़ाद मन वर रूए तो॥
तू मरा मीदार बनदए यार ग़ार।
हेच आज़ादी न खाहम ज़ीनहार॥
कि मरा अज़ बंदगीत आज़ादीस्त।
वे तो वर मन मेहनत व बेदारीस्त॥
ए जहां रा ज़िन्दा करदा ज़े असतफा।
खास कर दा आमरा खासा मरा॥

(मसनवी–किताब छटी)

—००—

Item No. VII

बफ़सुरदनम हमा तन अलम वेह तरद्धुद आवला दरक़दम।
चू गुवारे नाला फ़सुरदनम चू सरशके नंग रवानेम॥
न नशीमने कि कुनम मकां न परे कि वर परम अज़मियां।
न कुनीं व इशवए इमतहां सितम आश्याने रहायेम॥
न जहाने जलवा रसीदा अम से हज़ार परदा दरीदा अम।
समरे निहाले हक़ीक़तम च मन वहारे खुदायेम॥
सिरे कावए गरमे फ़सूने मन दिले दैर जोशिशे खूने मन।
म गुज़र ज़े सैरे जुनूने मन कि क़यामते हमा जायेम॥१॥

—००—

Item No. VIII

रफ़तम व तवीब व गुफ़्तम अज़ दर्दे निहां।
गुफ़्ता कि ज़ ग़ैर दोस्त वर बंद ज़वां॥
गुफ़तम कि गिज़ा? गुफ़्तम हमीं खूने जिगर।
गुफ़तम परहेज़? गुफ़्तम अज़े हर दो जहां॥
खूने दिल खुद खुर कि शराबे वेह अज़ीं नेस्त।
दंदां व जिगर ज़न कि कबाबे वेह अज़ीं नेस्त॥
दर कनज़ व हिदाया न तवां याफ्त खुदा रा।
दर मुसहफ़े दिल वीं कि किताबें वेह अज़ीं नेस्त॥२॥

—००—

Item No. IX

दर दबिस्ताने मोहब्बत अ़वजद अज़ खुद रफ़्तगी अस्त।
मानिए विसमिल्ला आं फ़हमद कसे को विसमिल अस्त ॥
रहे नवरदाने मोहब्बत रा प्याम अज़ मा रसां।
कि अंदरीन रह एक क़दम अज़ खुद गुज़शतन मंज़िल अस्त ॥
ता न ख्वाहद सोख्त अज़ मा बर न खाहद दाशते दस्त।
इश्के वस मारा चू आतिश दर फ़ुक़ा अफ़तादा अस्त ॥
गर न मानद दर दिलम पैकां गुनाहे तीर नेस्त।
आतिशे सोज़ाने मन आहन गुदाज़ अफ़तादा अस्त ॥३॥

—oo—

I. Couplets of Baba Farid (Punjabi Text)
Item X (1–39)

फ़रीदा जिन लोइण जग मोह्या से लोइण मै डिठ।
कजल रेख न सहदिआ से पंखी सूई बहिठ॥१॥

—oo—

जित दिहाड़ै घनवरी साहे लए लिखाए
मलकुजि कनी सुणीदा मुहु देखे ले आए।
जिन्द निमाणी कढ़ीए हडाकू कड़काए।
साहे लिखे न चलनी जिंद कूं समझाए।
जिदु बहुटी मरण वेरु लै जासी परणाय।
आपण हथी जो लिखै कै गल लगै घाय।
बालहु निकी पुरसलात कनी न सुणी आय।
'फरीदा' किडी पवंदी ईखड़ा न आप मुहाय॥२॥

—oo—

'फरीदा' दर दरवेसी गाखड़ी चलां दुनिया भत्त।
बन्नी उठाई पोटली कित्थै वंजा घत्त॥३॥

—oo—

'फरीदा' जे तैं मारन मुकिआं तिनां न मारे घुम्म।
आपनड़े घर जाईए पैर तिना दे चुम्म॥४॥

—oo—

'फरीदा' खाक न निन्दिए खाक जे वड़ न कोई।
जीवंदिआ पैरां तलै मूईयां ऊपर होई ॥५॥

—००—

'फरीदा' जंगल जंगल क्या भवहि वणकंडा मोडेह।
वंसी रव हिआ लीए जंगल किया ढूढेह ॥६॥

—००—

फरीदा लोड़ें दाख विजौरियां किक्कर वीजैं जट।
हंडै ऊन कताईदा पैधा लोड़ै पट ॥७॥

—००—

'फरीदा' गलियाँ चिक्कड़ दूर घर नाल पियारे नेह।
चला त भिज्जे कंवली रहां त टुट्टै नेह॥
भिज्जो सिज्जो कंबली अल्लों बरसे मेह।
जाए मिलां तिनां सजणां मेरा टुट्टस नाही नेह ॥८॥

—००—

फरीदा सक्कर खंड निवात गुड़ माखिउ मांझा दुध।
सभे वस्तु मिठीयाँ रब न पूजन तुध ॥ ९ ॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' रोटी मेरी काठ की लावण मेरी भुख।
जिनां खाघी चोपड़ी घणौ सहनिगे दुख॥
रुक्खी सुक्खी खाय के ठंडा पाणी पिव।
'फ़रीदा' देर्ख पराई चोपड़ी ना तरसाए जिव ॥१०॥

—००—

जोबन जांदे ना डरां जे सह प्रीति न जाय।
'फ़रीदा' कितीं जोबन प्रीति बिन सूक गए कुमलाय ॥११॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' चिंत खटोला बाण दुख बिरही बिछावण लेफ़।
एहु हमारा जीवणा तु साहब सच्चे वेष॥
बिरहा बिरहा आखिए विरहा तों सुलतान।
'फ़रीदा' जित तन विरहा न ऊपजै सो तन जाण मसान॥१२॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' ए विष गंदला धरीआ खण्डलिवाड़।
एक राहे दे रहि गए एक राधी गए उजाड़॥१३॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' दर दरवाज़ै जाए कै किउ डिठो घड़ियाल।
एहु निदोसा मारीए हम दोसांदा क्या हाल॥१४॥

—००—

पास दमामे छत्र सिर भेरी साडो रड।
जाई सुते जीराण मह थीए अतीमागड॥१५॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' रत्ती रक्त न निकलै जे तन चीरै कोय।
जो तन रत्ते आपणे तित तन रक्त न होय॥१६॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' सोई सरवर ढूंढ लहु जिथहु लभी वथ।
छपड़ ढूढ़ै क्या होवै चिकड़ डुवै हथ॥१७॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' कोठे मंडप माड़िआ ए तन लाए चित्त।
मिटी पई अतोलवी कोई न होसी मित्त॥१८॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' मंडप माल न लाए मरग सताणी चित्त धर।
साईं जाई समाल जिथै ही त वंञणा॥१९॥

'फ़रीदा' काले मैडे कपड़ै काल मैडा वेस।
अवगुनही भरिआ मैं फिरआ लोग कहै दरवेस ॥२०॥

—००—

उठ 'फ़रीदा' अजु साज सुबह निवाज़ गुज़ार।
जो सिर साईं न निवै सो सिर कप उतार॥२१॥

—००—

जो सिर साईं नानिवै सो सिर कीजै काय।
कुन्ने हेठ जलाईये बालण संघे थाय॥२२॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' कित्थै तैड़े मापिआं जिनी तू जणि ओहे।
तैं पासहु ओये लद गये तू अजीं न पतीणोहे॥२३॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' खालक़ खल्क़ महि खल्क़ बसै रब माहिं।
मंद किसनो आखिए जां तिस बिन कोई नाहिं॥२४॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' मैं जानिया दुख मुझ कूं दुख सबाई ए जग।
ऊंचे चढ़ कै देखिया तां घर घर एहा अग॥२५॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' भूम रंगावली मंझ बिसूला बाग़।
जो जन पीर निवाजिया तिना अंचल लाग॥२६॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' उमर सुहावड़ी संग सुवनड़ी देह।
बिरले कोई पाईअन जिन पियारे नेह॥२७॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' दुखा सेती दिहु गया सूलां सेती रात।
खड़ा पुकारे पातणी बेड़ा कपर बात ॥२८॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' तनु सुका पिंजर थीआ तलिआं खूंडहि काग।
अजै सु रब न वोहुड़िओ देख बंदे के भाग ॥२९॥

—००—

कागा करंग ढढोलिया सगल खाया मास।
ए दुई नैना मत छुहऊ पिर देखन की आस ॥३०॥

—००—

कागा चूंड़ न पिंजरा बसै तऊ हुर जाहि।
जिस पिंजरे मेरा सहु बसै मास न तद्हों खाहि ॥३१॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' गोर निमाणी सड करे निघरिआ घर आहु।
सर पर मैथे आवणा मरणहु ना डर आहु ॥३२॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' पाड़ पटोला धज करी कंबलड़ी पहिरऊ।
जिनी वेसी सह मिलै सेई वेस करऊ ॥३३॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' पिछल रात न जागिओ तो जीवंदड़ी मुई ओह।
जें ते रब विसारिआ ते रब न बिसारि ओह ॥३४॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' दुःख सुख एक कर दिल दे लाह विकार।
अल्लह भावै सो भला तां लभी दरबार ॥३५॥

—००—

'फ़रीदा' दुनी वजाई वज दी तूं भी वजहे नाल।
सोंई जीव न वजदा जिस अल्लहु करदा सार ॥३६॥

—००—

'फरीदा' दिल रता इस दुनी सिउ दुनी न कितै कम्म।
मिसल फक़ीरां गाखड़ी सु पाईए पूर करम्म ॥३७॥

—००—

पहले पहिरै फुलड़ा फल भी पिछ्छी रात।
जो जागनि लहनि सेई साईं कन्नो दात ॥३८॥

—००—

दाती साहिव संदीआ क्या चले तिस नाल।
एक जागंदे ना लहनि एकना सुतिआ देई उठाल ॥३९॥

—००—

II. Quartains of Sarmad
Item No. XI (1-48)

अज़ जुर्म फ़ज़ूं याफ़्ता अम फ़ज़्ल तुरा।
ईं शुद सवव मासियत मरा॥
हर चंद गुनह बेश करम बेशतरस्त।
दीदम हमा जाओ आज़मूदम हमा रा॥

(२)

अज़ कारे जहाँ उक़दा कशूदम हमा रा।
दर मेहनतो अंदोह ख़्बूदम हमा रा॥
हक़ दानी व इनसाफ़ न दीदम ज़ कसे।
दीदम हमा रा ओ आज़मूदम हमा रा॥

(३)

दर बादए तजरबा यारब हमा जा।
उफ़ताद सरोकार ब ज़िश्त व ज़ेबा॥

गैर अज़ तो कसे न गश्त फ़रयाद रसम।
दीदम हमा रा ओ आज़मूदम हमा रा॥

(४)

ए जलवागरे निहाँ अयाँ शौ बदर आ।
दर फ़िक्र बजुस्तेम कि हस्ती तू कुजा॥
खाहम कि दर गोशे किनारत गीरम।
ता चन्द तू दर परदरए नुमाई खुद रा॥

(५)

शादी बूद अज़ दीन व ज़े दुनिया हमा रा।
अज़ हर दो निजात देह कि शादीस्त मरा॥
आशुफ़्तए खुद बकुन कि आनम हवसस्त।
अज़ परदए बरूँ आई व खुद रा बनुमा॥

(६)

हर नेक व बदे कि हस्त दीदम हमा रा।
हर खारो गुले कि बूद चीदम हमा रा॥
आमद बनज़र अय्यारे हर कस कमो बेश।
हर संगे महक चू ज़र कशीदम हमा रा॥

(७)

अज़ बादे सबा खास्त दिलम बूए तुरा।
चशंमम ज़ चमन जुस्त गुले रूए तुरा॥
आखिर न अज़ीं दो चार गशते न अज़ाँ।
अन्देशां निशाँ दाद रहे कूए तुरा॥

(८)

हर जा कि नयाबी तू निशाने ज़ जफ़ा।
या मेहरो मोहब्बत गुल व बूएं ज़ वफ़ा॥

अज़ खल्क़ व ज़ खुल्क़ खुद नदानीं हर गिज़।
आँहर दो बदस्त ओस्त गुफ़्तम बखुदा॥

(९)

यारब ज़ कर्म बबख्श तक़सीर मरा।
मक़बूल बकुन नालए शबगीर मरा॥
मा पुरे ज़ गुनाह माजराएस्त अजीब।
लुत्फ़ तू कुनद चारए तदबीर मरा॥

(१०)

अज़ सोहबते हमदमाँ ब बाग़ो सहरा।
ज़ौके सुखने बूद व हवाए मीना॥
आखिर सुखने मानद व अज़ीज़ाँ रफ़तन्द।
मीनाएं फ़लक फगन्द ऊरा अज़ पा॥

(११)

गर मुतक़ीम कार व यारस्त मरा।
बाबहे व जुन्नार च कारस्त मरा॥
ईं खिरकए पशमीना कि सद फ़ितना दरूस्त।
बाज़श न कशम बदोश आरस्त मरा॥

(१२)

'सरमद' जिस्मेस्त जानश दरदस्त कसेस्त।
तीरेस्त दिले कमानश दरदस्त कसेस्त॥
मीखास्त कि आदम शुदा अज़ दामे जहद।
गा वैं शुदो रेसमानश दर दस्त कसेस्त॥

(१३)

हर कसबहविस बाग़े जहाँ दीद गुज़श्त।
खारो गुले पज़मुरदा बहम चीद गुज़श्त॥

ईं सूरते हस्ती कि तमामश मानी अस्त।
अफ़सोस बर आँकस कि न फ़हमीद गुज़श्त॥

(१४)

दुनिया न कुनम तलब कि कमतर ज़ खसस्त।
वे दौलते दीदारे तो दीन हम क़फ़सस्त॥
ख्वाहाने विसालम व हमीनस्त सुख़न।
दर ख़ानए अगर कसस्त एक हर्फ़ वसस्त॥

(१५)

'सरमद' कि ज़ इश्क़े सरमदे याफ़्त।
कज़ बादए इश्क़े बेख़ुदो याफ़्त॥
हुश्यार न शुद ज़ तेग़े जल्लाद।
मंज़िल बमुक़ामे अहमदी याफ़्त॥

(१६)

तनहा न हमीं दैरो हरम ख़ानए ओस्त।
ईं अरज़ो समा तमाम काशानए ओस्त॥
आलम हमा दीवानए अफ़सनाए ओस्त।
आक़िल बूद आँकसे कि दीवानए ओस्त॥

(१७)

असरार मए व जाम ब कस रोशन नेस्त।
ईं राज़ वहर मुरदा दिले गुफ़्तनेस्त॥
ज़ाहिद बख़ुदा कि अज़ ख़ुदा बेख़बरी।
सर रिशतए ईं बदस्त हर को दन नेस्त॥

(१८)

आशिक़ व इश्क़ व बुत बुतगर व अय्यारी केस्त।
काबा व दैर व मसाजिद हमा जा तारेकेस्त॥

गर दर आई व चमन वहदत इकरंगी बीं।
गौर कुन आशिक़ व माशूक़ व गुल व ख़ार एकेस्त ।।

(१९)

दूरी नफ़से मरा अज़ो मुमकिन नेस्त।
ईं एक जहती व गुफ़्तगू मुमकिन नेस्त।।
ऊ बहर दिलम सबू अस्त ईं हर्फ ग़लत।
गुञ्जाईश बहर दर सबू मुमकिन नेस्त।।

(२०)

नावूद शुदम वूद नयी दानम चीस्त।
अखगर शुदाअम दूद नयी दानम चीस्त।।
दिलदादम व जाँ दादम व ईमाँ दादम।
सौदास्त मगर सूद नमी दानम चीस्त।।

(२१)

'सरमद' अगरश वफ़ास्त खुद मी आयद।
गर आमदनश रवास्त खुद भी आयद।।
वेहूदा चरा दर पए ऊ मी गरदी।
वनशीं अगर ऊ खुदास्त खुद मी आयद।।

(२२)

हर कस कि सवाते दहर संजीदा वूद।
फ़सले गुल व अय्यामे खिजां दीदा वूद।।
मायल न शुद बरंग व वूए गुल व मुल।
ना दीदा शुमार व उंचा रा दीदा वूद।।

(२३)

'सरमद' ग़मे इश्क़ बुलहवस रा नदहन्द।
सोज़े दिले परवाना मगस रा नदहन्द।।

उमरें बायद कि यार आयद ब कनार।
ईं दौलत 'सरमद' हमा कस रा नदहन्द॥

(२४)

हरचन्द कि सद दोस्त बमन दुशमन शुद।
अज़ दोस्ती यके दिलम ईमन शुद॥
वहदत बगुज़ेदेम व ज़ कसरत रुस्तम।
आखिर मन अज़ो शुदम दाद अज़ मनशुद॥

(२५)

हर कस पए नाने बजहाँ दोस्त बूद।
एक दोस्त नदीदेम ज़ जाँ दोस्त बूद॥
चूं सग ज़ पए लुक़मा बहर बद्वाद।
ईंनस्त निशां कि नामे शाँ दोस्त बूद॥

(२६)

दर मसलखे इश्क़ जुज़ निकोरा ना कुशन्द।
लाग़र सिफ़्तान व ज़िश्त खूँराकुशन्द॥
तू आशिक़ सादक़ी ज़कुश्तन मगुरेज़।
मुरदार बूद हर आँके ऊ रा नकुशन्द॥

(२७)

आँ रोज़ कि जा ज़ेरे ज़मीं खाहद बूद।
अज़ लुत्फ़े तो यारब बे अज़ीं खाहद बूद॥
बर रूए ज़मीं हस्त हलावत मुशकिल।
बर ज़ेरे ज़मीं अगर चुनीं खाहद बूद॥

(२८)

हर कस ज़ खुदा दौलत व दी मी तलबद।
या सीमबरे माहे जबीं मी तलबद॥

बेचारा दिलम न आँ व ईं मी तलबद।
ख्वाहाने विसालस्त व हमीं मीतलबद॥

(२९)

हर गाह व बीनी ज़ कसे ऐबो हुनर।
ऐबो हुनर खेश दर आवर व नज़र॥
ईं अस्त हुनर बेहतर अज़ीं नेस्त दिगर।
खुद रा वनिगर बएब मरदुम मनगर॥

(३०)

चूं नकशो नगीं दर पए नामी तो हनूज़।
जाँ मीं कुनी व दर पए कामी तो हनूज़॥
अज़ खिरमने उम्र खोशए तोशा बगीर।
हंगामे वरो रसीद व खामी तो हनूज़॥

(३१)

ज़ाहिद व नसीहतेम तो बसार मकोश।
अज़ आतिशे इश्क़ ओस्त ईं देग बजोश॥
हुशयार शौ व बबीं कि खमखानए दिल।
अज़ बादए शौक़ कीस्त दर जोशो खरोश॥

(३२)

तर्क करदम चाराहाए जुमला अज़माए वा खेश।
नूरे हक़ रा दीदा अम अज़ ज़ेर ता बालाए खेश॥
गर तू मी खाही चुनीं हम शौ जुदा अज़ जाए खुद।
ता व बीनी मज़हरे हक़ जुमला सर तापाए खेश॥

(३३)

सबहाए ख्याले यार पैवस्ता बनोश।
अज़ बहर दो रोज़ दीं बदुनिया मफ़रोश॥

ईं आतिशे ख़्वाहिश कि तू अफ़रोख़्ता
तूफ़ाँ बशो वागर ना गरदद ख़मोश ।।

(३४)

दीवानगीए दिलभ बूद अकल कमाल।
अशोबे मोहब्बत अस्त वैरूँ ज़े ख्याल ।।
गुञ्जाइशे बहर दर सबू मुमकिन नेस्त।
हर चन्द कि गोयन्द ख्याल अस्तो महाल ।।

(३५)

ख़ाहम दिले पज़मुरदा शुद ताज़ा चु गुल।
जाँ नग़मा सरा बूद बरंगे बुल्बुल ।।
अय्यामें खिजाँ जोशे बहारे बज़नम्।
वा लाला रुखे नोश कुनम साग़रे मुल ।।

(३६)

गर वालए दश्त व बाग गोई हस्तम्।
गर शेफ़तए अयाग़ गोई हस्तम् ।।
गह तालिबे दीं व गाह दुनिया तलबम्।
सर गशतए ईं सुराग़ गोई हस्तम् ।।

(३७)

दीवानए रंगीनीए यारे दिगरम्।
हैरत ज़दए नक़शो निगारे दिगरम् ।।
आलम हमा दर फ़िकरो ख्याल दिगरम्।
मन दर ग़मो अन्देशए कार दिगरम् ।।

(३८)

अज़ अश्केजिगर तमाम दरिया शुदा अम।
आशुफ़ता व दीवानए सहरा शुदा अम ।।

अज़ सोहबते हमदमाँ ववहदत क़स्मस्त।
तनहा शुदा अम रफीक़ उनक़ा शुदा अम॥

(३९)

ईं जोशे हुवाव अज़कदीमस्त क़दीम।
ईं नक़शे सुराव अज़ क़दीमस्त क़दीम॥
लबे तिशनए तरह नवस्त ईं कोहना रबात।
ईं ख़ाने ख़राब अज़ क़दीमस्त क़दीम॥

(४०)

वायद न कुशी ज़ खल्क मिन्नत गुफ़्तम।
गर साहव फ़ितरती व हिम्मत गुफ़्तम॥
ईंनस्त ख्याले ख़ाम हरगिज़ न कुशी।
वर परदए अनकबूत सूरत गुफ़्तम॥

(४१)

शाहे शाहानेम ज़ाहिद चूं तो उरयाँ नेस्तम।
शौक़ो ज़ौक़ शोरशम लेकिन परेशां नेस्तम॥
बुत परस्तम काफ़रिम अज़ अहले ईमाँ नेस्तम।
सूए मसज़िद मीरवम अमाँ मुसलमाँ नेस्तम॥

(४२)

दरियाए इनायतश न दारद पायाँ।
दर शुक्र ज़बाँ क़ासिर व दिल हम हैराँ॥
हर चंद गुनह बेश अज़ो रहमत बेश।
करदेम शनावरी व बहरें असयाँ॥

(४३)

ता चन्द तहे सिपहर व वर रूए ज़मीं।
अज़ बहर ज़रो सीम बगरदी ग़मगीं॥

एकजा बनशीं बगोशए हमचू नगीं।
ईं नक्श बर आबस्त व सुराबस्त बबीं॥

(४४)

ईं वायसे दिलखस्तगेम चीस्त बगो।
ता चंद व मेहनत कुनम ज़ीस्त बगो॥
हर चन्द बदम अज़ करम खेश बवख़्श।
ग़ैर अज़ तो बमन रहम कुनद कीस्त बगो॥

(४५)

ना करदा गुनाह दर जहाँ कीस्त बगो।
आँकस कि गुनाह नकर्द चूं ज़ीस्त बगो॥
मन बद कुनम व तू बद मुकाफ़ात देही।
पस फर्क़ मियाने मन व तो चीस्त बगो॥

(४६)

अज़ मरदमे दुनिया बूद अंदेशा बसे।
ईं गुर्गो पलंग अन्द दरीं बेंशा बसे॥
मीनाए दिल अज़ संगदिलाँ दर खतरस्त।
अंदेशा बूद हमेशा ज़ीं शीशा बसें॥

(४७)

गह सर्व गहे संबुल व गह यासमनी।
गह कोह व बयाबानी व गाहे जमनी॥
गह नूर चिरागे व गहे बूए गुली।
गह दर चमने व गह दर अंजमनी॥

(४८)

हर चंद कि कम लुतफ़े व दिल आज़ार तुई।
बेश अज़ हम ग़मख़्वार वफ़ादार तुई॥

दर आलमे इमतिहाँ चू गशतम दीदम।
हर जा कि बूद खस्ता दिले यार तुई॥

III. BULLAH SHAH (Punjabi Songo)
Item No. XII (1--25)

जीत जीत के उमर गंवाई हुण तू हार फकीरा।
जीते दा मुल आध कसीरा, हारे दा मुल हीरा॥
हीरा लहंदा लाख करोड़ी कौड़ी मुल कसीरा।
'बुल्ला' जे तू हारण न जाणी, तो बेमुरशिदा बेपीरा॥१॥

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उठ गये गुवांडो रब्बा! हुण की करिये॥टेक।
उठ चले हुण रहंदे नाहीं होइयां साथ तियार रब्बा॥
डाढ कलेजों वल वल उठे बिन देखे दीदार रब्बा।
'बुल्ला' शह पियारे बाझों न रहे उरार न पार रब्बा॥२॥

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वतनां करसांमान रंझे दे यार दा वे अड़ियां
इश्क अल्ला दी ज़ात लोकां दा मंहणा।
केह वल करां पुकार किसे नहीं रहणा।
ओथे दी गल ओहां जाणे कौण कोई दम मारदा वे अड़ियां॥
अज अजोकी रात मेरे घर रहीं खां वे अड़ियां।
दिल दिया खुज्जियां खोल असां नाल हसखां वे अड़ियां॥
दिलबर यार करार कितोई।
की इतबार सोहणे यारदा वे अड़ियां॥
जान करां कुरबान भेद मैं दसाईं अड़ियां।
ढूंढां कई बारी मैं थूं नस नाई अड़ियां॥
रल मिल सईयां पूछन्दिया फिरन्दियां।
वकत होइया भण्डार दा वे अड़ियां॥
इक करदियां खुदी हंकार उहनां नू जा मारनाएं वे अड़ियां।

एक पिच्छे फिरन खवार सड़ियां नू साड़ नाहीं वे अड़ियां ।।
मेरे सोहड़े यार वे अड़ियां।
की इतबार तेरे प्यार दा, वे अड़ियां ।।
चिकड़ भरिया दे नाल नित झम्बघतनाए वे अड़ियां।
लाईयां मैंहार श्रृगार मैं थों उठ नसनाए वे अड़ियां।
'बुल्ला' शह घर आओ प्यारे होया वक्त दीदार वे अड़ियां ।।३।।

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तेरा नाम धिहाई दा, साईं तेरा नाम धिहाई दा ।।
'बुल्ले' नालों चुलला चंगा, जिस पर ताम पकाई दा।
रल फकीरां मजलस कीती, भोरा भोरा खाई दा ।।
रंगण नालों खिंगण चंगा, जिस पर पैर घसाई दा।
'बुल्ला' शह नूं सोई पावे जिहड़ा बकरा कसाई दा ।।४।।

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कदी आ मिल विरहों सताई नूं, कदी आ मिल विरहों सताई नूं ।।
इश्क लगे तां है है कूके, तू की जाणें पीड़ पराईयांनूं ।।
जो कोई इश्क विहाजियां लोड़े सिर देवे पहले साईं नूं ।।
अमलां वालियां लङघ लङघ गईयां, सांडियां लज्जा मांही नूं ।।
गम दे वहण, सितम दिया कांगा, किसे कहर कपड़ विच पाई नूं ।।
मा पिउ छड़ सईयां मैं भुलाईयां, 'बुल्ले' दे मन राम दुहाई नूं ।।५।।

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लागी रे लागी हौं बलि जाऊं, इस लागी नूं कौन बुझावै ।।
अलफ अल्ला जिस दिलवर होवे, मुंह ज़रदी अंखियां लहू रोवै ।।
जुसे अपने तों हथ धोवे, जिस नूं विरहों अंग लगावै ।।
वे वालम मैं तेरी होई, इश्क नज़ारे आन बिगोई।
रोंदा नैन न लोवण ढोई, लूण फटां तें क्यों कर पावै ।।
जे तुद संग प्रीति लगाई, जां मेंडी देनी हां साई।
मैं बकरी तुद कोल कसाई कट कट मास क्यों कर न खावै ।।
से सावित नेंह लाके जीनूं दूजा कूका सुणावे कीह नूं।

ख़फ्तियां दी तरह आंसू वहन्दे नैनों कूजां वागूं पई कुरलावै ।।
जीम जहानूं होइ न्यारी नाल समान सरसों पटारी।
लगा नेह तां होइयां बेकारी दूजा दे मेहणे जगतावै ।।
हे हैरत बिच शान्ति नाहें इक ज़ाहिर एक मारन ठाहे।
इक झात पावन नूं लावन वाहीं कहु 'बुल्ला' शह कद घर आवै ।।६।।

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की वेदरदी दे संग यारी रोवन अंखियां ज़ारो ज़ारी ।।
सानूं गये वेदरदी छडके हिजरे सांग सीने विच गड़ के।
जिस्मो ज़िन्दनूं लै गये कढ कै इह गल कर गई है सियारी ।।
उहनां वेदरदां की भरवासा, खौफ नहीं दिल अन्दर मासा।
चिड़िया मरन गंवारा हासा, मगरों हंस हंस तौड़ी मारी ।।
आवन कह गये फेर न आये, आवन दे सब कौल भुलाये।
भुल्ली भुल्ल के नैण लगाये कहे मिल्ले सानूं ठग वेपारी ।।
'बुल्ला शह' इक सौदा कीता, कीता ज़हर प्याला पीता।
न कुछ नफा न टोटा लीता, दुःख दरदां दी गठरी भारी ।।१।।

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हुण लगन लगी की करिये,
ना जी सकिये ते ना मरिये ।।
तुसी सुणो असांडी बनिया, मोहे रात दिने नहीं जनियां,
हुण वली बिन पलक न सरिये ।।
इह अग्नि विरहों दी ज़ारी, कोई असाडी प्रीति नियारी,
विन दरशन कैसे तरिये ।।
'बुल्ला' पई मुसीबत भारी, कोई करो असाडी कारी
इह अज़र दुःख कैसे जरिये ।।८।।

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तुसी करो असाडी कारी,
कहिं हो गई वेदन भारी ।।
ओह दिल मेरे बिच बसदा, बैठा नाल असां दे हसदा ।

पूछां बातां तां उठ नसदा, लैंदा बाजां बांग उडारी ।।
हुण मैं शह दर आ पैईयां, ठाठा लहरां दे मुंह लईयां ।
घुम्मन घेरां पकड़भवईयां, उप्पर बरषा रैन अन्धारी ।।
वे तैं कये चलित्तर चाए, तारे खारी हेठ लुकाए ।
मुञ्ज दी रस्सी नाग बनाए, तेरे सिंहरा तो बलिहारी ।।
इह जो मुरली कान्ह बजाई, मेरे दिल नूं चोट लगाई ।
हाय नारे कर दी आई, मैं रोवां ज़ोरां ज़ारी ।।
इश्क दिवाने लीकां लाईयां, उसने घणीयां सत्थां पाईयां ।
मैं हां वकरी कोल कसाईयां, सहम हमेशा प्रीति नियारी ।।
इहो दिल मेरे विच आया, उस ने मैंनूं क्यों भरमाया ।
पुच्छां जादू है के साया, उस तो लहां हकीकत सारी ।।
मैं अजांनी नेह की जाणा, एह क्यों करदा है ज़ोर धिङ्गाणा ।
क्या गल गल मेवा है हिंदवाणा, क्या कोई वैद पसारी ।।
'बुल्ला' शह ते जे मैं आवां, अपना सिर धर फेर न पावां ।
ओथे जांवा ना दुःख पावां, भैड़ी ऐवें उमर गुज़ारी ।।९।।

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वहुरि वे तबीबा मैंडी खबर गईया,
तेरा इश्क नचाईया कर थैया थैया ।।
इश्क़ डेरा मेरे अन्दर कीता, भर के ज़हर प्याला पीता ।
झब दे आवीं वे तबीबा नहीं तां मैं मर गैयां ।।
छुप गया सूरज, बाहर रहिया लाली ।
होवां मैं सदक़े जे मुड़ दें दिखाली ।
मैं भूल गईयां तेरे नाल ना गईयां ।।
तेरे इश्क़ दी सार वे मैं ना जाणा ।
इह सिर आईया मेरा हुण हेठ वधाणा ।
सट पई जां इश्क़ दी तां कूकां दईयां दईयां ।।
'बुल्ला' शह ने मैं वल आप इनायत होई ।
जिस मैं नू पैनाए नी कोई सालू सूही ।
जा मैं लाही आंदी अनी मैं नूं मिलिया दैया ।।१०।।

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देखो नी ! की कर गया माही,
लैंदा देंदा दिल हो गया राही ।।
अम्मा झिड़के बाबल मारे, ताने देंदे वीर प्यारे,
जी बुरी मैं बुरिआर वे लोका, मैं नू दियो उते वल तराही ।।
बूहे उते उन नाद बजाया, अकल फिकर सब चा गंवाया,
अलाह दी सौंह अला जाणे, हंसन्दियां गल विच पह गई फाही ।।
रह वे इश्क़ ! की कर नाए अखाड़े मंसूर जहे चा सूली चाढ़े,
आन वणी जद नाल असांडे, 'बुल्ला' मुंह तों लोई लाही ।।११।।

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टूणे कामण कर के नी, मैं प्यारा यार मनावांगी ।
इस टूणे नूं पढ़ फूकांगी, सूरज अगन बलावांगी ।।
अखियां काजल काले बादल, भवां सो अग लगावांगी ।
और बसात नहीं कुछ मेरी जोबन घड़ी गुंदावांगी ।।
सत समुद्र दिल दे अन्दर, दिल से लहर उठावांगी ।
बिजली हो कर चमक डरावां, मैं बादल घिरघिर जावांगी ।।
इश्क़ अंगीठी अधरु तारे, सूरज अगन चढ़ावांगी ।
ला सवां शह नूं गल अपने, तद मैं नार कहावांगी ।।
ना मैं ब्याही ना मैं कुंवारी, बेटा गोद खिलावांगी ।
'बुल्ला' लामकान दी बेड़ी उते, बहके नाद बजावांगी ।।१२।।

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घूंघट चुक ओ सजना ! हुण शरमां काहू नूं रखियां वे ।।
ज़ुल्फ कुण्डल ने घेरा पाया विसयर हो के डंग चलाया,
देख असां वल तरस न आया, कर के खूनी अखियां वे ।।
दो नैणां दा तीर चलाया, मैं अजिज़ दे सीने लाया,
घायल कर के मुख छुपाया, इह चोरियां किन दसियां वे ।।
विरहों कटारी तूं कस के मारी, तद मैं होईयां बेदिल भारी,
मुड़ न लई तैं सार हमारी प्रीतां तेरियां कचियां वे ।।
नेंह लगा के मन हर लीता फेर न अपना दरशन दीता ।
ज़हर पियाला मैं आ पीता सी अकलों मैं कचियां वे ।।

शाह इनायत मुखों न वोलां, सूरत तेरी हर बल टोला।
सावित हो के फिर क्यों डोला अज कोलों मैं सचियां वे ॥१३॥

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कदी आ मिल यार पियारियां, तोरियां वाटा तो सिर वारियां ॥
चढ़ बागी कोयल कूक दीं, नित सोज़ अमल दी फुकदीं।
मैं नूं ततड़ी नूं श्याम विसारिया ॥
'बुल्ला' शह कदी घर आवसीं मेरे बलदी भाह बुछावसीं।
तेरियां वाटां तो सिर वारियां ॥१४॥

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मेरे माही क्यों चिर लाया है ॥
कह 'बुल्ला' हुण प्रेम कहानी, जिस तन लगे सो तन जानी।
अन्दर झिड़का बाहर तानें, नेह ला मैं एह सुख पाया है ॥
हुण बाण रोण दी पकड़ी, इक मरण दूजा जगदी फकड़ी।
विरहों जिन्द अवल री जकड़ी नी मैं रो रो हाल विहाया है ॥
मैं पियाला तहकिक कीता है, जो भर के मंसूर पीता है।
दीदार महाराज पिया ने दिता है नी मैं लहु थीं वजु सजाया है ॥
इश्क़ मुलां ने वांग दुआई, शह आवन दी गल सुनाई।
कर नीयत सिजदे वल आई, नी मैं मुंह महराव टिकाया है ॥
'बुल्ला' शह घट आग लगाई, रसते में सब वन तन आई।
मैं देखा आ इनायत साईं, जिस मैं नूं शह मिलाया है ॥१५॥

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मैं नूं छड़ गये, आप लद गये मैं बिच की तकसीर ॥
राती नींदं न सुख सुती, दिनें पलटां नीर ॥
तोपां ते तलवारां कोलों तिखे इश्क़ दे तीर ॥
इश्क़े जेहा न ज़ालिम कोई, इह ज़हमत वे पीर ॥
इह पल साइत आराम न देवे वड़ी बिछोड़े दी पीड़ ॥
'बुल्ला' शह जे करे इनायत सब दुःख होन तगीर॥१६॥

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जिस तन लगियां इश्क़ कमाल नाचे वेसुर तालों ताल ।।
दर्द मन्दानूं कोई न छेड़े आपे अपना दुख सहेरे ।
जम न जीवन मूल उखेड़े अपना बूझे आप ख्याल ।।
जिस ने वेश इश्क दा कीता धुर दरबारों फतवा लीता ।
मैं हज़ूरों प्याला पीता कुछ न रहा जवाब सवाल ।।
जिस के अन्दर वसिया यार उठिया यारों यार पुकार ।
ना उह चाहे राग न तार ऐवें बैठा खेले हाल ।।
'बुल्ला' शह वांगर सच पाया झूठा रौला सव मुकाया ।
सचिया कारण सच सुणाया पाया इस दा पाक जमाल ।।१७।।

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नी मैं नूं लगड़ा इश्क अवल दा,
अवल दा रोज़ अजल दा ।।
विच कड़ाही तल तल पावे, तलियां नूं चा तल दा ।।
मोईयां नूं चा वल वल मारे वलिया नूं चा वल दा ।।
क्या जाणा कोई चिण्ंग पई है नित सूल कलेजे सलदा ।।
तीर इश्क़ दा लगा जिगर विच हिलायां वी नहीं हलदा ।।
'बुल्ला' शह दा नेह अनूखा रलायां भी नहीं रलदा ।।१८।।

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मित्र पियारे दे कारण नी मैं लोक उलाहने सहनियां ।।
लगा नेह मेरा जिस सेंती, सराने वेख पलंग दे जेती,
आलम क्यों समाझावे रीति मैं डिठे बांझ न रहंदियां ।।
तुसी समझावो मेरी भोरी, रांझ न रहंदा मैं थों चोरी,
जैंदे इश्क़ घती गल डोरी मैं आराम कर के नहीं बहंनियां ।।
विरहों आह वड़ियां विच बेड़े, रोज़ हज़ार देवे तन घेरे,
दारूं दर्द न वाझों तेरे, आओ सज्जन मैं मरंदियां ।।
'बुल्ला' शह घर रांझन आवे, नाल खुशी दे रैण विहावे,
गम खुवारी सब मैथी जावे, ओह साहिब मैं वरंदियां ।।१९।।

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खाकी खाक में रल जाणा, कुछ नहीं जोड़ घिड़ाणा ।।
गये सो गये फेर नहीं आवे मेरे जानी मीत पियारे,
मैं वाझूं पल रहन्दे नाहीं हुण क्यों असां विसारे,
विच क़बरां दे खबर न कोई मारू किहा झुलाणा ।।
चित पिया न जाये साथों उभे साह न रहन्दे,
असीं मायां दे पर ले पार ज्यों नदियां दे विच वहन्दे,
अज्जक भलक दुरनदा सानूं होसीं बड़ा कहाणा ।।
उत्थे मगंर प्यादे लगे तां असीं उत्थों आये,
इत्थे सांनूं रहन न मिलदा अग्गे कित वल धाये,
जो उठ अगलियां दे सिर बीती असां भी ओहे टिकाणा ।।
'वुल्ला' ऐथे रहन न मिलदा रोंदे पिटदे चल्ले,
इक नाम उसीदा खरची हैं होर पैसा नहीं पल्ले,
मैं सुपना सब जग सुपना होर सुपना लोग विहाणा ।।२०।।

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मुंह आई वात न रहंदी है, छूठ आखां ते कुछ वचदा है ।
सच आखियां भांवड़ मचदा है, दिल दोहां गल्लां तो जचदा है ।
जच जच के जिहवा कहन्दी है मुंह आई वात न रहंदी है ।।
इक लाज़िम वात अदव दी है, सानूं बात मालूमी सब दी है ।
हर हर विच सूरत रव दी है, कहूं ज़ाहिर कहूं छुपेंदी है ।।
जिस पाया भेद कलन्दर दा, राह खोजा अपने अन्दर दा ।
सुख वासी है इस मन्दर दा, जित्थे चढ़दी है ना लहंदी है ।।
एत्थे दुनियां विच हनेरा हैं, अते तिलकन बाज़ी वेहड़ा है ।
अन्दर वड़ के देखो केहड़ा है, बाहर खलकत पई ढूंढ़ेदी है ।।
एत्थे लेखा पाओ पसारा है, इस दा बखरा भेद नियारा है ।
इक सूरत दा चमकारा है, ज्यों चिण्ग दारूं बिच पैंदी है ।।
किते नाज़ो अदा दिखलाई दा, किते हो रसूल मिलाई दा ।
किते आशीक वण वण आई दा, किते जान जुदाई सहंदी है ।।
जदों जाहिर होए नूर होरी, जल गए पहाड़ कोहतूर होरी ।
तदों दार चढ़े मंसूर होरी, उत्थे शेखी न मैंडी तैंडी है ।।

जे ज़ाहिर करां इसरार तांई, सब भुल जावन तकरार ताईं ।
फिर मार न 'बुल्ले' यार ताईं, एत्थे मख़फी गल सुहंदी है ।।
असां पढ़ा इल्म तहकीकी है, ओथे एहो हर्फ हक़ीक़ी है ।
होड़ झगड़ा सब बधीकी है, एवें रोला पा पा वहन्दी है ।।
'बुल्ला' शह असां थों वख नहीं, विन शह थीं दूजा कख नहीं ।
पर वेखन वाली अख नहीं, ताहीं जान पई दुख सहंदी है ।।२१।।

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'बुल्ला' की जाणा मैं कौण ? ।।
ना मैं मोमिन विच मसीतां, ना मैं विच कुफर दियां रीतां ।
ना मैं पाकां विच पलीतां, ना मैं मूसा ना फ़िरऔन ।।
ना मैं अन्दर वेद कितावां, ना विच भंगां ना शरावां ।
ना विच रिंदां मस्त खरावां, ना विच जागण ना विच सौण ।।
ना विच शादी ना गमनाकी, ना मैं विच पलीती पाकी ।
ना मैं आवी ना मैं खाकी, ना मैं आतिश ना मैं पौण ।।
ना मैं अरबी ना लाहौरी, ना मैं हिन्दी शहर नगोरी ।
ना मैं हिन्दु तुर्क पिशोरी, ना मैं रहन्दा विच ना दौण ।।
ना मैं भेद मज़हब दा पाया, ना मैं आदम हव्वा जाया ।
ना मैं अपना नाम धराया, ना विच बैठक ना विच भौण ।।
अव्वल आखर आप नूं जाणा, ना कोई दूजा होर पछाणा ।
मैं थो होर ना कोई सयाणा, 'बुल्ला शह' खड़ा है कौण ? ।।२२।।

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इक नुकते विच गल मुकदी है, ।।
फड़ नुकता छोड़ हिसावां नूं, कर दूर कुफ़ दियां बातां नूं ।
गल ऐसे घर विच ड़ुकदी है ।।
ऐवें मत्था जिमीं घसाई दा, लमा पा महराब दखाई दा ।
पढ़ कलमा लोक हंसाई दा, दिल अन्दर समझ न आई दा ।
कदी वात सची वी लुकदी है ।।
कई हाजी वण वण आय जी, गल नीले जामे पाये जी ।
हज वीच टके लै खाये जी, भला एह गल केहनूं भाये जी ।

कदी वात सची दी लुकदी है ।।
फड़ मुरशद अदब खुदाई हो, विच वस्ती वे परवाही हो ।
वे ख्वाश वेनवाई हो, विच दिल दे खूब सफ़ाई हों ।
'वुल्ला' वात सची कदों रुकदी है ।।
दो : मक्के गया गल मुकदी नाहीं ।
जिचर दिलों न आप मुकाये ।।
गगा गियां गल मुकदी नाहीं, भावै सौ सौ गोते लाये ।
गया गियां गल मुकदी नाहीं, भावें कितने पिण्ड भराहीं ।
'वुल्ला शह' गल मुकदी ताहीं,
जद मैं नूं खड़े लुटाए ।।२३।।

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'वुल्ले' नूं लोकमत्ती दें दे, 'वुल्ले' तू जा बहु मसीती ।
विच मसीतां दे की कुछ हुंदा जे दिलों निमाज़ न कीती ।।
वाहरे पाक कीते की हूंदा, जो अन्दरों गई न पलीती ।
विन मुरशिदों कामल 'वुलिया' तेरी ऐवे गई इवादत कीती ।
भट नमाज़ ते चिक्कड़ रोज़े कलमे ते फिर गई सिहाई ।
'वुल्ला शह' शह अन्दरों मिलियां भुली फिरे लुकाई ।।२४।।

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इलमों वस करीं हो यार, इलमों वस करीं हो यार ।
इल्म न आवे विच शुमार, एक्के आलिफ़ तेरे दरकार ।
जांदी उमर नहीं इतवार ।।
पढ़ पढ़ इल्म लगावें ढेर, कुरान किताबा चार चुफेड़ ।
गिर दे चानन विच हनेर, वाजूं रहवर न ख़वर न सार ।।
पढ़ पढ़ शेख मशायख होया, भर भर पेट नींद भर सोया ।
जांदी वार नैण भर रोया, डुबा विच उरार न पार ।।
पढ़ पढ़ इल्म रोया बहुराणा, वे इलमानू लुट पुट खाणा ।
इह की कीता यार वहाना, करें नाहीं कदे इंकार ।।
पढ़ पढ़ नफ़ल नमाज़ गुज़ारे उचिया वांगा चांगा मारे
गुम्वज़ चढ़ के वाज़ पुकारे, तैनूं कीता हिरस खवार ।।

पढ़ पढ़ मुल्ला होये काज़ी, अल्ला इलमों वाजूं राज़ी।
होवे हिरस दिनों दिन ताज़ी, नफा नियत विच गुज़ार॥
पढ़ पढ़ मसले रोज़ सुनाये, खाणा शक शुबे दा खावे।
दसें होर ते होर कमावें, अन्दर खोट वाहर सचियार॥
पढ़ पढ़ इल्म नज्म विचारे, गिरन्दा रासां वुरज़ सतारे।
पढ़े ज़हीमतां मंतर झाड़े, अबजद गिने तावीज़ शुमारे॥
इल्मों पए कज़िए होर, अखीं वाले अन्धे कोर।
फड़े साध ते छड़े चोर दोही जहानी होया ख़वार॥
इल्में पये हज़ारां फंसते, राही अटक रहे विच रसते।
मारिया हिज्र दिल रोये, खसते पिया विछोड़े दा सिर भार॥
इल्मों मियां जी कहावें, तंवा चुक चुक मंडी जावें।
धेला लै के छुरी चलावें, नाल कसावां वहुत पियार॥
वहुता इल्म इजाज़िल ने पढ़िया झुगा झांवा उस दा सड़िया।
गल विच तौक लानत दा पड़िया, आखिर गया वाज़ी हार॥
जद मैं सवक इश्क दा पढ़िया, दरिया देख वहदत दा डरिया।
घुन्नघेर दे विच अड़िया, शाह इनायत कीता पार॥२५॥

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IV—SHAH LATIF (Songs in Sindhi)
Item no. XIII (1—118)

सूरी सडु करे उभी आशिकनि खे।
जे अथई सघ सिकण में त कौम पेरु परे॥
सिसी धार धरे पुछिजि पोइ पिरीतणू॥१॥

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सूरी आहि सिंगारु, असुलि आशिकनी जो।
मुड़णु मोटणु भीहणे, थिआ निज़ारे नर्वारु।
कुसण जो क़रारु, असुलि आशिकनी जो॥२॥

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सूरी सिंगारे असुलि आशिकनी खे।
लुडिआ कीन लतीफु चे, थिया नेज़े निज़ारे।
कोठिओ किनारे, आणिओ चाड़िहे उनि खे ॥३॥

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सूरीअ मथे सेण किहड़े लेखे सनरा?
जेल लग़ा नेण, ते सूरियाई सेज थी ॥४॥

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सूरिअ ते सौ वार, डींहाणियों चंगि चढ़ें।
जिम विरिचीं छडिएं, सिकण जी पचार।
पिरिति न पसें पार, नेंहुं जियाईं निड़ियो ॥५॥

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कातीअ कोनिहे डोहु, ग़नु वढींदड़ हथ में।
पस्यो पिर अज़ीम जी, लिचियो वञे लोहु।
आशिकनि अन्दोहु, सदा माशूकनि जो ॥६॥

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काती तिखी मथिए, मरु मुनियाई होइ।
मान वरिमनि तोई, मूं पिरियां जा हथिड़ा ॥७॥

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काती जा क़रीब जी, सा हडु चीरे चमु।
आशिकनि पंहिंजो, अल्लाह कारणि वढियो ॥८॥

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जे अथेई सघ सुर्क जी, त वंड कलालनि काटे।
लाहे रखु, लतीफुचए, माथो वटि माटे।
तिक डेई पिक पीउ, तूं मंझां घोट घाटे
जो वरनह विहाटे, सो सिर वटि सरो सहांगो ॥९॥

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जे अथेई सघ सुर्क जी, त वंड कलालि के घरि।
वढणु, चीरणु चिचिरणु, पहति उनिजे परि।
जे वटी पवेई वरि, त सौखी आहि सय्यदु चए ॥१०॥

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आशिक ज़हर पियाक, विहु डिसी वहिसनि घणो।
कड़े ऐं कातिल जा, हमेशह हेराक।
लगियनि लुंड लतीफु चए, फना किया फिराक।
तोणे चिकननि चाक, त वि आह न सलनि आम खे ॥११॥

—००—

असुलि आशिक पंहिंजी सिसी न सांढीनि।
लाहियो सिरु लतीफु चए, साहु सल्हाड़ियो डीनि।
कुलहिऊं कोरें, पुछनि पोइ पिरीतणो ॥१२॥

—००—

असुलि आशिकनि जो सिरु न सांढणु कमु।
सव सिसं आं अगरो सन्दो दोसां दमु।
हीउ हडो ऐं चमु, पिक पिरियां जे न पुड़े ॥१३॥

—००—

रगूं थियूं रवावू, वज़नि वेल सभकंहीं।
लुछणु कुछणु न थियो, जानिबु रे जवाबु।
सोई सन्धींदुमि सुपिरीं, कियसि जिहं कबाबु।
सोई ऐनु अज़ाबु, सोई राहत रूह जी ॥१४॥

—००—

जेका कंदी नींहु, मूं जिअं बारोचनि सें।
सिकणु सारो डींहु, चड़हणु चाड़िहीकनि ते ॥१५॥

—००—

जेका कंदी संडगु, मूं जिअं बारोचनि सें।
अंगुनि चाड़िहे अंगु, रुअंदी सा रत फुड़ा ॥१६॥

—oo—

जेका डींदी मंझु मूं जिअं बारोचनि खे।
मथां गलनि हंजु, कीन लाहींदी कडहीं ॥१७॥

—oo—

अजु पुणि अखड़ियनि, सजण पंहिंजा सारिया।
गलनि तां गोड़हनि जूं, बूंदूं बसि न कनि।
सन्दी सिक पिरियनि लोक डिठेई न लहे ॥१८॥

—oo—

पुरां मान पुज़ां, बन्दर मूं डूरि थिया।
न मूं हड़ न हंज की, जो आउं चई चड़िहियां।
एंहि कजि पातिणी, जंहि परि पिरीअं मिड़ा।
कारूं थी करियां, तो दरिउभी नाखु आ ॥१९॥

—oo—

हड़ में कीन हु ओनि हुनइए हिन न चाड़िहिया।
सारो डींहुं समुंड ते, लही सिजु वियोनि।
जडहिं सांईअं सववु कियोनि तड़हिं सुतड़ि थिया सय्यदु चवे ॥२०॥

—oo—

छाखे वञियो छो, वेली रहीं वियनि जो ?
वठु कंजक करीम जी, जग जो वाली जो।
सहुखो हूंदो सो, जिंहिं जो इशिक़ु अल्लाह सें।
दिल्वर दुनियादार, विनिही असरु हेकिड़ो।
हुनखे हाकीमाणी हथ में, हीउ सूरत जो सींगारु।
ईउ इशिक़ जो आचारु, जो दानह देवाना करे ॥२१॥

—oo—

माड़िहू घुरनि मालु, आउं सभु डींहं घुरा सुपिरीं।
दुनिया तिंहि दोसित तां, फिदा करियां फील्हालु।
कियो नामु निहालु मूंखे महबूबनि जे ॥२२॥

—००—

जे भांई जोग़ी थियां, त सिड़ी सेली छड़ि।
डोहनियो डूरि थी मूरि म मड़िही अडि।
सुपेरियां जे सडि नांगा वांउ नगियो ॥२३॥

—००—

जे भांई जोगी थियां, त वञिजि जगु छडे।
"यह्यी अल्लह लिंवरह मन यश्शाउ," साहिबु सभ सडे।
लाहूती लतीफु चए, विया लाल लडे।
हैं हैं हिन हडे हम खे है रानु कयो ॥२४॥

—००—

जे भांई जोगी थियां, ता मूरिख मंझें मरु।
तनु खुडी मनु हुजिरो घोरिजि पंहिंजो घरु।
दरु थी पूरिजि दुरु, गोला कजि म गोठ में ॥२५॥

—००—

हणु हबीब हथु खणी, वंगा लही वाणु।
मागिहीं मूं मिहुं थिए, झोली अ विझां पाणु।
इनपरि साजन साणु, मान मुकाबिलो मूंथिए ॥२६

—००—

जिति हबीब हणनि नाउक भरे नींहं जी।
तिते तबीबनि विज़ा वञे विसरी ॥२७॥

—००—

हणे जे हबीब महबती मया करे।
पुछां कीन तबीब हूंद घाअनि सें थी घारियां ॥२८॥

—००—

सघनि सुधि न सूर जी, तघायल कीअं घारीनि।
पअल पासो पट ते वाढोड़ियल न वारीनि।
परि में पचनि पिरींअ लै, है हंजूं हारिनि।
सज़णु जे सारिनि, तनि रोयो विहामे रातड़ी ॥२९॥

—००—

तनु तसिबीह, मनु मणियो, दिलि तंबूरो जनि।
तन्दूं जे तलब जूं, वहदति सुर वज़नि।
"वहदुहु ला शरीक लुहु" इहो रागु रगुनि।
से सुताई सुहनि, निंड इबादत उनि जी ॥३०॥

—००—

हैं हैं वहे हाइ मन में महबूबनि जी।
जेरा जोश जलाइया, बुकिनि वरे बाहि।
पसो मच मथाइ जे इएं वेसाहि न विसहो ॥३१॥

—००—

हैं हैं वहे हूइ मन में महबूबनि जी।
जेरा जोश जलाइया, बुकिनि मुकी बूइ।
अची पसो रूइ, जे वे साहि न विसहो ॥३२॥

—००—

कांडें टांडें बाबुरें पचां मरु पेई।
जेरा जिगिर बुकियूं सिखनि में टई।
वेज़निऊं वेई, थी वहीणी सज़णें ॥३३॥

—००—

मचु मंझेई आहि, वाहरि वाफ न निकिरे।
चोरि त लगे चाहि, कमु खमन्दनि खटियो ॥३४॥

—oo—

मंझां मच मचु थिया, चड़िहियो चकासें चाह।
ईअ परि आगिड़ियुनि जी, वी छडियाऊं वाह।
सेणनि जी सलाह सिरु डिनाऊं सट में ॥३५॥

—oo—

पुछु पतंगनि खे सन्दियूं खामण खबरूं।
आणियो विझनि आगि में जीउ पंहिंजो जे।
जेरे जनिहीं जे लगा नेज़ा नींहं जा ॥३६॥

—oo—

पतंगु चाईं पाण खे, त अची आगी उझाइ।
पचण घणा पचाइया, तूं पचण खे पचाइ।
वाक़ुफ़ु थी विसाइ, आगि न डिजे आम खे ॥३७॥

—oo—

मचु मंझेनि आहि वहरि वाफ न निकिरे।
चोरि त लग़े चाहि खामन्दनि ख़बर पवे ॥३८॥

—oo—

खाणां तनि खटियो उझाणनि ऊंदाहि।
जनि अन्दरि व़रे वाहि सुधि सभ का उनिखे॥३९॥

—oo—

आशिक़नि अल्लाहु वेरो तारि न विसरे।
आह करींदे साहु कडहिं वें दुइ निकरी ॥४०॥

—oo—

आशिकनि आरामु कडिहिं तां कोन कियो।
ताने किया तमामु हबीबाणे हेकड़े ॥४१॥

—oo—

आशिक़ इअं न हूनि, जिअं तूं सज़े अड़ड़ें।
वणी दरि दोसितनि जेरतु डिहाणी रूनि।
बीअ परि कंहीं न पूनि माकुरि महबूबनि सें ॥४२॥

—oo—

जां आशिक़ मथे रतु तां दावा करे म नींहं जी।
साओ मुंहुं सूंहं ग़ई सिकण इय्यु शरतु।
नकी गोडि गरथु मथा सिर सौदा करे ॥४३॥

—oo—

अञा तो मंझां कख छुते रतु निकरे।
मुंहं में माशूकनि जा किअं झलींदें घाअ ?
सो तूं कुज़ाड़िया सिकण जूंसघूं करें ॥४४॥

—oo—

सिक न आहे सुथिरी खणु परूड़े पेरु।
कुसणधार केरु करे सघ सिकण जी।
सिकणु इएं न सघ जिअं लिकियो लियाका पांएं।
पई पिरियां जे न थिएं मथे अड़ण अघ ?
ईअ पुणि कूड़ी सघ जिअं खिलियो खायों सुमहें ॥४५॥

—oo—

सिकणु एं सूरी व़ई आखरि हेकड़े।
विहणु वाटड़ियनि ते , कांरणु ज़रूरी।
विनिही जी पूरी जीअ डिने रीअ न थिये ॥४६॥

—o•—

जकी सिकणु सिखु ना त पसु सिकन्दियूं।
पासे तनि म लिकु, नींहुं न सुआणनि जे ॥४७॥

—००—

आशिक़ माशूक़नि जी वठी वेहु ग़री।
जिम विरिचीं छडिएं सन्दी दोसित दरी।
डींदा वुकी वाझ जी वेन्दइ ठप ठरी।
असां तां न सरी तो किअं सरी सुपिरीं ॥४८॥

—००—

कोठे कुठाऊं अजु पुणि अखड़ियनि सां।
मासु विराहे हलिया, करन्नालु छडियाऊं।
वतवा सवाविल्हक्कि वतवा सवाविल्स्सन्नि," इएं उताऊं।
मुई मारियाऊं खिली घाइयो सज़णें ॥४९॥

—००—

लाए जो विया सो मंझहें थो मचु वरे।
सो उझामे किआं जंहिं सोरींदड़ सुपिरीं ॥५०॥

—००—

कहणु त कचाई, सूर न सांढणु सुथिरा।
अञा त आई, डील मुंहिंजे थो डुख सें ॥५१॥

—००—

मठो जिअं नालोइ, तिअं मूं वडो आसिरो।
को दरु नाहि जिहोइ, मूं विया दर घणा निहारिया ॥५२॥

—००—

जेडो तुंहिंजो नांउ, वाझ वि ओडियाई मङां।
रीअ थंभें, रीअ थूणिएं, तूं छपरु पूं छांइ।
कुज़ाड़ो कहांइ, तोखे मालूम सभका ॥५३॥

—००—

मकरि ढोल ढिलो नातो निमाणियिनि सें।
कोनिहे कमीणियिनि जो बिगरि तो बिलो।
तुंहिंजो नांउ निलो, वठियो वेठी आहियां ॥५४॥

—००—

सुता उथी जागु, निंड न किजे एतरी।
सुल्तानी सुहागु निंडूं कंदे न थिए ॥५५॥

—००—

की सुमहु, की जागु, निंड न किजे एतरी।
ईउ मांझांदीअ जो मागु, जो तो साणीहु भांइयो ॥५६॥

—००—

सुते न सरंदियाउ, करि पचार पिरियनि जी।
विहामी वींदियाइ, घणा हणंदें हथड़ा ॥५७॥

—००—

फिरिया पसी फीणु, खरियनि खीरु न चखियो।
दुनिया कारणि दीनु, विआए विलहा थिया ॥५८॥

—००—

डाति न आहे ज़ाति ते, जो वहे सो लहे।
आरियूं अबोझनि जूं सपड़ु ज़ामु सहे।
जो राउ वटि राति रहे तंहिंखे जुखी जांकीतां नथिए ॥५९॥

—००—

जां जां नाहि ज़रूरु, तां तां तबीबु नाहि को।
जसो सरियो सूरु, त कर वेजु वरि पियो ॥६०॥

—००—

सूरु जनिखे सरियो, सरे तनि सिहत।
मठी मुसीबत, आहे आशिकनि खे ॥६१॥

—००—

सेई सूर तबीब, जनी सूर सञ्ञ की।
जो लिखियो हुति लतीफु, चए, सोई कनि करीब।
जे नवाज़िया नसीब, दारूंअ से दुरुस्तु किया ॥६२॥

—००—

वंउं वञी वाठि, हीं अड़ा मागु पिरियनि जो।
चुमियो चुमि चाठि, होइ जा सन्दी सज़णें ॥६३॥

—००—

मूंखे अखड़ियनि वडा थोड़ा लाइया।
त पुणि पिरीं पसनि, खणां जे खर सामुहियूं ॥६४॥

—००—

प्रखडियूं, पिरियनिरे, जेकि बियो पसनि।
त कढी खे कांगनि, नेवाला नेण डियां ॥६५॥

—००—

नेरानाई नेण, नेई आछि पिरियनि खे।
सतरि खाधा खेण, जोडिठो मुंहुं महबूब जो ॥६६॥

—००—

तनि नेणनि की नेरानि, जनि साझुरि सेण सांभेटिया।
जीउ जुसे ऐं जानि, कर हुज़ुरी हजु कियो ॥६७॥

—००—

अखियूं अलेऽल्स्सुबाह, दोसितु देखण आइयूं।
उभींदे अरिदास में, बी न कंदियूं का।
रचन्दियूं रीअ पाह, पर्चन्दियूं पिरींअ सें ॥६८॥

—००—

भज़ी जां भंभोर खां, डूंगरु डूरियो मूं ।
काहे रसियसि केच खे, जिते पाण पुन्हूं ।
सभु आहें तूं, कज़ा कन्दें कनि सें ? ॥६९॥

—००—

पेही जां पाण में कियमि रूह रिहाणि ।
त नको डूंगरु डेह में, नका केचियनि काणि ।
पुन्हूं थियसि पाणि, ससुई तां सूर हुआ ॥७०॥

—००—

डिना जियण लै जेडियूं, डेरनि मूंखे डुख ।
भगियसि जां भंभोर खां, तां सूर मिड़ेई सुख ।
लथी मूं तां लुख, पुन्हूं थियसि पाणिहीं ॥७१॥

—००—

पुन्हूं थियसि पाणिहीं, वियो ससुईअ जो शरमु ।
हेकिलियूं हलनि जे, भजे तनि भरमु ।
जो विन्दुर में वरमु, सो सौदो सरियुसि हितहीं ॥७२॥

—००—

पुन्हूंअथियसि पाणिहीं, वियो ससुईअ जे सींगारु ।
"मन् अरफ नफ्सह फकद् अरफ रब्बह" इहोई आचारु ।
जो विन्दुर में वापारु, सो सौदो सरियुसि हितहीं ॥७३॥

—००—

पुन्हूंअ थियसि पाणिहीं, वेई ससुईअ जी सूंहं ।
"खलक आदम अला सव्रतहि" इअं वणनि मंझि विरूंह ।
चरीअ मंझां चूंह, खणी होतु हन्जि कियो ॥७४॥

—००—

वेई सूंहं ससुईअ जी, पुन्हूं थियसि पाण।
सभनी जे सय्यदु चए, आहे उति उमाण।
भंभोर जा भाण, आडा अजीवनि खे ॥७५॥

—००—

वहम विरिसायासि, ना त पुन्हूं आउं पाण हुई।
पाणु विञायुमि पांहिं जो पई पिरियां जे पासि।
रती इलिम न रासि धारां पसण पिरींअ जे॥
ईअ पाणु न थिए पाण खां पाणां थीउ न पाणु।
"वाल्कद्रि खैरिह वशर्रह मिन अल्लह ताला" ईअ ज़ाणी डिसिजि ज़ाणु।
सचो सो परियाणु जो लिखियो लोह क़लम में ॥७६॥

—००—

विन्दुरि ज वञानि, से मरु वधनि सन्दिरा।
वियूं कोहु वधनि, छोरे जे छडीं दियूं ॥७७॥

—००—

डेहु डेहांई डूरि, पर डेहांई परे थिया।
सेणनि कारणि ससुई पेई पराहें पूरि।
तूं वचें होत हुज़ूरि, मूंहिं जो जिअणु जेलांहीं थिए ॥७८॥

—००—

वडो त़ालिउ तो जिअं लग़ीअं पेरि पुन्हूंअ जे।
ससुई इन सितून खे रोयो रोयो रो।
वेठी हितं म हो, हलें त होतु लहें ॥७९॥

—००—

वेठियनि नाहि वराको, सुतियनि कोनिहे संगु।
होतु हलन्दियुनि खटियो, जनि अंगुनि चाड़िहियो अंगु।
बासे भई भंगु, रिड़िही ज़ाम रसियूं ॥८०॥

—००—

वेठे वरि न पूनि, सुते मिलनि न सुपिरीं ।
से मरु रोयो रूनि जनि मुसाफिरु सुपिरीं ॥८१॥

—००—

वरियाई त वारि, फूकि त लगे अंवरें ।
हिते जे हुअण जूं, वथूं सभि विसारि ।
समूरी सर्कारि, नेई रखिजि नाहि में ॥८२॥

—००—

हलन्दे होत पुन्हूं डे, खुहिजनि के खूटियूं ।
पाहणु तनि पटु थिए, जे लै लालन लूठियूं ।
सभि सहेलियूं सिक खे चुंझूं ऐं चूटियूं ।
वांभणि थी बूटियूं, त कुता खियनिई केच जा ॥८३॥

—००—

डुखीअ डमरु नाहि बुखीअ खिल न उज़हे ।
उघाड़िअ विहांउ वियो वेचारीअ विसरी ॥८४॥

—००—

अदियूं वरु उघाड़, विहांअ जिह विसारियो ।
जेडियूं छड़े जाड़, सभि नंगियूं थी निकरो ॥८५॥

—००—

सभु नंगियूं थी निकरो, लालिचि छड़े लोभ ।
सुपेरियां सें सोभ, निन्डूं कन्दे न थिए ॥८६॥

—००—

कहे जा कीन खणे, पिरींअ पहुती सा ।
विहे वेड़िहिजी जा वस्लु तंहि विञाइयो ॥८७॥

—००—

वस्लु तंहिं विञाइयो, सींधि सुर्मे सीअं।
सा लोटी लीलां जीअं, मणियो जंहिं मिटु कियो ॥८८॥

—००—

हूंदिआं होतु परे, ओडो आहि अण हूंदि खे।
साजनु तनि सरी 'ला'सें लडियनि जे ॥८९॥

—००—

लाए खंजरु 'ला' जो, है! खचर खे हणु।
सधुनि जूं सय्यदु चए, वथूं सभि विकणु।
पेरु परूड़े खणु, त हलण में होरी वहें ॥९०॥

—००—

भाई हाल हली विया, कंहिंखे सूरु सलां।
खणियो लज़, लतीफु चए लकनि मंझि लुछां।
पांधी केरु पुछां, विहां तां न वसि पियो ॥९१॥

—००—

वधो कीम वणा, ऊंचा डूंगर म थियो।
टिमो म नेणा, त पेरु निहारियां पिरींअ जो ॥८९॥

—००—

वारो मूं वणाहु, का सुधि सूंहंप जी न डियो?
ईअ इहाई गालिहिड़ी, शजर सुणेजाहु।
चोटीअ चाड़िहेजाहु; त मूड़िहीअ को मुंहुं थिए ॥९३॥

—००—

वारो! मूं वणराहि, का सुधि सूंहप जी न डिएं?
विझी वराकनि में माज़ूरि खे म मुंझाइ।
मंझां पाण पियादियूं, हादी थी हलाइ।
पिरियां खे पहुचाइ, त लगी लूठो न थिएं ॥९४॥

——००——

वारे ! मूं वणिकार, का सुधि सूंहप जी न डिए ? ।
आहे अणसूंहनि जी मथे तो मयार
विड़िहिया वेरागिनि सें लकनि जा लियार ।
करियां थी कुवार, कंडनि कांडेरनि जी ॥९५॥

—००—

कडां मूं पेरनि में तोणे लख लगनि ।
आडुरि आडूठे न मिड़े छिपूं पेर छिननि ।
वींदे डांह पिरियनि, जुती ज़ाति न पाइयां ॥९६॥

—००—

जुतियूं से पाइदियूं जहीं पेर पिरीं ।
लाथियूं सभि परीं, ससुई अ सुपेरियनि खे ॥९७॥

—००—

मरी जीउ त माणिए जानिव जो जमालु ।
थिए हूद हलालु, जे पन्दि इहाई पारिएं ॥९८॥

—००—

मरु त मोचारी थिएं, अजलां अगे अजु ।
हुएं जां कीतां जिअरी मुन्ध ! भंभोरां भजु ।
पुन्हूंअ साणु पहजु, त मलक्ज़्लमौतु माणिएं ॥९९॥

—००—

मरु त मोचारी थिएं वेही जीउ म जोई ।
मन्ध मरिणाण पोइ पहुचन्दिअं पुन्हूंअ खे ॥१००॥

—००—

मरु त मोचारी थिएं जिअणु आडो जत ।
हारी ! करि हिम्मत, त डेई दमु दीसितु लहें ॥१०१॥

—००—

भरु त मोचारी थिएं वेही विझु म वेरु।
दिलि में आणि म दौरु तूं फिरण सन्दो फेरु
तोणे लहीं न पेरु, तोइ राहत आहि रिड़िहण में ॥१०२॥

—oo—

हथें पेरें मूनड़िएं हलिजि साणु हिंएं।
इश्कु आरी अ ज़ाम जो निबाहे निएं।
जां जां थी जिएं, तां पाड़िजि कौम पुन्हूं अ सें ॥१०३॥

—oo—

हथें पेरें मूनड़िएं कहिजि भरि कपार।
मतां छोरी ! छडिएं पिरियतणे पचार।
तोखे सनद ससुई ! सन्दी लंउ लगार।
जे हूंइ होत हज़ार, तबि पाड़िजि कौम पुन्हूंअ सें ॥१०४॥

—oo—

हथें पेरें मूनड़िएं कहिजि भरि कुदाम।
विचि वसीलो नाहि को ओरे आरीअ ज़ाम।
हिंएं लाहे हाम, पाड़िजि कौम पुन्हूंअ सें ॥१०५॥

—oo—

हथें पेरें मूनड़िएं, पुरी किजि परख।
कदमु केच धणियिनि डे पाइ वधन्दी विख
जे होंई होतनि लख, त बि पाड़िजि कौम पुन्हूंअ सें ॥१०६॥

—oo—

हथें पेरें मूनड़िएं, सिरिजि साह पसाह।
होतु गडिंबुई हव में, रहवरु मथे राह।
जां जां साणुई साहु तां, पाड़िजि कौम पुन्हूं अ सें ॥१०७॥

—oo—

झली तां न रहां, धारां पसण पिरीं अ जे।
अपरि आजिज़ि आहियां, लालनु जां न लहां ॥१०८॥

——००——

फरिदा मूं फिटी किई, वइदे डे न वहां।
सुबाह सीअं न सहां, ख़ुवाहि मेड़िएं ख़ुवाहि मारिएं ॥१०९॥

——००——

मुठी थी मुदआ घुरे, मौतु थियो मौजूदु।
अचें त अजु करियां, सुबाह जो सुजूदु।
जांकी नी वुजूदु, जांकी मेड़ि मुठी अ खे।
जांकी मेड़ि मुठी अ खे, जां की मुठी अ मारि।
डुखी अ खे डेकारि, हेकर होतु अखिनि सें ॥११०॥

——००——

आउं न गडी पिरीं अ खे सहसें जिसविया।
हलण वेर हिआ, देखे शाल दमु डियां ॥
आउं न गडी पिरीं अ खे तूं थो लहें सिज़।
आउं जे डियईं सनीहा, नेई पिरियां खे डिजि।
वभी केचि चइजि, त वेचारी वाट मुई ॥१११॥

——००——

आउं न गडी पिरीं अ खे पोयों थियो पसाहु।
सिकां थी सकरात में, रोयो पुछां राहु।
शाल म वचेमि साहु, धारां पसण पिरींअ जे ॥११२॥

——००——

सरतियूं ! कीअं सघी थिए, वेड़िही जा विरिहनि ?
चितु जंहिंजो चूरु कियो, डुखोयो डुखनि।
पुज़ाणां पिरियनि, अदियूं ! अघी आहियां ॥११३॥

——००——

डोरियां डोरियां म लहां, शाल म मिलां होत।
मन अन्दरि जा लोच, मछुणि मिलण सां माठी थिए ॥११४॥

—००—

डोरियां डोरियां म लहां, साथी कालिहूणा।
लाहे लाडूणा सफरि कंहि सांगिविया ॥११५॥

—००—

आउं डोरियंइ शाल म लहंइ पिरीं हुएं परे।
हडि न साह सरे तन तसल्ला न थिए ॥११६॥

—००—

आउं डोरियंइ शाल म लहंइ तन म मिलें तूं।
लुंउ लुंअ मंझां मूं लोच तुंहि जी न लहे ॥११७॥

—००—

आउं डोरियंइ शाल म लहंइ, साज़न मञि सुवालु।
सिक तुंहिजीअ सुपिरीं, कयमि जानि ज़वालु।
विहाणीअ विसालु, उथियां आरामी करे ॥११८॥

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V—NAZIR (Songs in Urdu)

Item no. XIV (1—39)

बक़ा हमारी जो पूछो तो जूं चिराग़े मज़ार।
हवा के बीच कोई दम रहे रहे न रहे ॥१॥

—००—

मिलो जो हम से तो मिल लो कि हम व नोके गाह।
मसाले क़तरए शबनम रहे रहे न रहे ॥२॥

—००—

शैदा हूं मैं लैला व मजनूं की चाह पर।
खालिक ने क्या ही खूब बनाए थे उनके दिल॥
थे उस के पा के आवले, छाती पै उस की आह
क्या इत्तहादे जिस्म था क्या सफ़ाए दिल॥३॥

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जो उस के पा में फिरते हुए आवला पड़ा।
घर बैठे उस के पांव में कांटा वहीं चुभा॥
मजनूं के रूएं रूएं मैं लैला गई समा।
लैला के बंद बंद में मजनूं ही भर गया।
लैला ने एक रोज़ खुलाई थी फस्द वां।
वादी में हो गया रगे मजनूं से खूं खां॥४॥

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Footnote no. 4 in Persian

[जिस्मे मजनूं रा ज़े रंजे दूरये। अन्दर आमद नागहां रंजूरिये॥
खूं वजोश आमद ज़े शोला इशतियाक़। ता पदीद आमद बरां मजनूं फ़िनाक़॥
पस तबीब आमद व दारू करदनश। गुफ़्त चारा नेस्त गैरज़ रग ज़नश॥
रग ज़दन बायद बराए दफ़ए खूं। रग ज़ने आमद बदांजां जूं फ़नूं॥
बाज़ूश बस्तो कुशादां नेशे ऊ। बांग बर ज़द बर बेआं माशूक़ जू॥
मुज़्दे खुद बिस्तांनो तरके फ़स्दकुन। गर बेमीरम गो बेरो जिस्मे कोहुन॥
गुफ़्त आखिर तू चे मी तरसी अज़ीं। चूं नमी तरसी तो अज़ शेरे अरीं॥
शेरो गुरगो खिरसो बूज़ो हर ददा। गिर्द बर गिर्द तो शब गिर्द आमदा॥
गुफ़्त मजनूं मन नमी तरसम ज़े नेश। सब्रे मनअज़ कोह संगीं हस्त बेश॥
मुनविलम बे ज़ख्म ना सायद तनम। आशिक़म बर ज़ख्म हा बर मे तनम।
लेक अज़ लैला वजूदे मन पुरस्त। ईं सदफ़ पुर अज़ सिफ़ाते आं दरस्त॥
तरसम ए फ़स्साद अगर फस्दम कुनी। नेश रा नागाह बर लैला ज़नी।
दानद आं अक़्ले कि ऊ दिल रौशनीस्त। दरमियाने लैलए मन फ़र्क़ नीस्त॥
मन के अम लैला व लैला कीस्त मन। मा यके रूहेम अन्दर दो बदन॥]

(Iran Ke Sufi Kavi by the author, P. 178—179)

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फ़रहाद ने तैशे से लहू अपना बहाकर।
शीरीं को दिखाया वह जूए शीर का नक़शा ॥
यह तुरबते मजनूं पै नहीं घास उगी यार।
लैला की यह है जुल्फ़े गिरहगीर का नक़शा ॥५॥

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मकुन दर जिस्मो जां मंज़िल कि ईं दूं अस्त व आं वाला।
क़दम जीं हर दो वैरू न ईं जा वाश न ऊं जा ॥

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राहे तौहीद व अक्ल मजो
दीदए रूह रा वखार वखार ॥

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व तेगे इश्क़ शौ क़ुश्ता कि ता उम्र अवद यावी।
तू खुद दानी कि मैं नोशी अज़ीं गोई ना गोया ॥६॥

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मुझे ए दोस्त तेरा हिज्र अब ऐसा सताता है।
कि दुशमन भी मेरे अहवाल पर आंसू बहाता है।
यह वेताबी यह वेख्वाबी यह वेचैनी दिखाता है।
न दिल लगता है घर में और न सहरा मुझ को भाता है ॥
अगर कुछ मुंह से बोलूं तो मज़ा उलफ़त का जाता है।
वगर चुपका हूं रहता तो कलेजा मुंह को आता है।
मरा दरदेस्त अन्दर दिल अगर गोयम ज़वां सोज़द।
वगर दम दर कशम तरसम कि मग़ज़े इस्तख़्वां सोज़द।
कूक करू तो जग हंसे और चुपके लागे घाव ॥
ऐसो कठिन सनेह का किस बिध करूं उपाव ॥७॥

न था मालूम जो उलफ़त में ग़म खाना भी होता है।
जिगर की वेकली और दिल का घबराना भी होता है।
सिसकना आह करना अश्क़ भर लाना भी होता है।

ड़पना लोटना बेताव हो जाना भी होता है।
कये पर अपने फिर आप ही को दुख पाना भी होता है।
कफ़े अफसोस को मल मल के पछताना भी होता है।
अगर दानस्तमे रोज़े अज़ल दागे जुदाई रा।
नमी करदम व दिल रौशन चिरागे आशनाई रा।
जो मैं ऐसा जानती पीत किये दुःख होय॥
नगर ढढोरा फेरती पीत न कीजे कोय॥८॥

सहर से शाम तक सहरा में फिरना दिन को मन मारे।
लगा के शाम से ता सुबह गिनना रात के तारे।
लबों पर आह दिल में दाग़ जूं आतिश के अंगारे।
जिसे दिल चाहता है उस को कुछ परवा नहीं बारे।
मगर उस के तसव्वर में यही कहते हैं ए प्यारे।
ज़ हाले मन कि चू नम बे रख्त दारी ख़बर या ना।
दिले मन सोख्त आया दर दिलत बाशद असर या ना।
आह दई कैसी भई अन चाहत के संग॥
दीपक के भावे नहीं जल जल मरें पतंग॥९॥

कभी हो कर गरेबां चाक सहरा को निकलता हूं।
कभी घबरा के फिर घर की तरफ़ नाचार चलता हूं
लगी है आग दिल में शमा सा जल कर पिघलता हूं।
घुआं उठता है आहों का बरंगे मोम गलता हूं।
बदन में देख कर शोले भड़कते हाथ मलता हूं।
भभूके तन से उठते हैं सती की तरह जलता हूं।
ज़े तावे आतिशे दूरी कि मी सोज़द दिलो जां रा।
नमूदा नब्ज़े मन पुर आबला दस्ते तबीबांरा।
विरह आग तन में लगी जरन लगे सब गात॥
नारी छुअत वैद्य के पड़े फफोले हात॥१०॥

ग़ज़ब है एक तो समझे न दिल और जी भी घबरावे।
तिस ऊपर हर घड़ी उस दिल रुबा की शक्ल याद आवे।
न हो दिल क्यों कर टुकड़े और न जां किस तौर उकतावे।
दरो दीवार से क्योंकर न कोई सिर को टकरावे।
लगे जो आग दिल में फिर वह बुझने किस तरह पावे।

मगर जिसने लगाई हो वही आकर बुझा जावे।
चूं दरे दिल आतिशे दूरी फ़ितद ऊरा कि बनिशानद।
मगर आं कस कि आतिश ज़द हमूं आवे वर अफशानद।
हिरदे अन्दर दौं लगी धुआं न परगट होय॥
जा तन लागे सो लखे या जिन लाई होय॥११॥

कहां तक खाईए ग़म अब तो ग़म खाया नहीं जाता।
दिले बेताब को बातों से बहलाया नहीं जाता।
क़दम रखता हूं जिस जा वां से सरकाया नहीं जाता।
यह पत्थर हाथ से तिल भर की उसकाया नहीं जाता।
पड़ा हूं दश्त में रस्ता कहीं पाया नहीं जाता।
जो चाहूं भाग जाऊं भाग भी जाया नहीं जाता।
मकाने यारे दूर अज़ मन न पर दारम न पा ए दिल।
अजब दर मुशकिल उफ़्तादम चसां तै साज़म ईं मंज़िल।
ना मेरे पंख ना पांव बल मैं अनपंख पिया दूर॥
उड़ न सकूं गिर गिर पड़ूं रहूं बसूर बसूर॥१२॥

उधर दिल मुझ से कहता है कि तू चल यार के ड़ेरे।
इधर तन मुझ को कहता है कि तू मत मुझ को दुख देरे।
जो कहना दिल का करता हूं तो वह रहता है घर मेरे।
वगर तन की सुनूं तो और दुःख पड़ते हैं बहुतेरे।
न दिल माने न तन माने हर एक अपनी तरफ़ फेरे।
करूं क्या मैं 'नज़ीर' ऐसी जो मुशकिल आनकर घेरे।
दिलम दिलदार मी जोयद तनुम आराम मी खाहद।
अजायब कश्मक रा मी दारम कि जानय मुफ़्त मी कायद।
दिल चाहे दिलदार को और तन चाहे आराम॥
दुब्दा में दोहू गये न माया मिली न राम॥१३॥

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प्यारे क्या कहू अहवाल की अपने परेशानी।
लगा ढलने मेरी आँखों से एक दिन खुद बरखुद पानी॥
यकायक आ पड़ी उस दम मेरे दिल पै यह हैरानी।

कि जिसकी हो रही है यह जो हर एक जा सनाखानी ॥
किसी सूरत से उस को देखिए कैसा है वह जानी ॥१४॥

चढ़ा इस फ़िक्र का दरिया भरा इस जोश में आकर।
कि एक लहर उसकी ने ले उड़ाया हो हवा पर ॥
क़रारो होश व अक्लो सबरो दानिश बहगए एकसर।
अकेला रह गया आजिज़ गरीब बेकसो बे पर ॥
लगा रोने कि इस मुशकिल की हो अब कैसे आसानी ॥१५॥

यह सूरत थी कि जी में इष्क ने यह बात कह डाली।
मंगा थोड़ा सा गेरू अरु वहीं कफ़नी रंगा डाली ॥
बिना मुदरे गले के बीच सेली बरमला डाली ॥
लगा मुंह पर भभूत अरुशक्ल जोगी की बना डाली ॥
हुआ अवधूत जोगी जोगियों में आप गुरु ज्ञानी ॥१६॥

उठाई चाह की झोली पियाला चश्म का खप्पर।
बना कर इष्क का कण्ठा तलब का सिर पै रख चक्कर ॥
मुडासा गेरवा बाँधा रखा तिरशूल काँधे पर।
लगा जोगी हो फिरने ढूँढ़ता उस यार को घर घर ॥
दुकान बाज़ार औ कूचा ढूंढ़ने की दिल ने फिर ठानी ॥१७॥

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लगी थी दिल में एक आतिश धुआँ उठता था आहों का।
तमाशे के लिए हलका बंधा था साथ लोगों का ॥
तलब थी यार की और गर्म था बाज़ार बातों का।
न कुछ सिर की खबर थी और न था कुछ होश पाओं का ॥
न कुछ भोजन का अंदेशा न कुछ फ़िक्रो अमल पानी ॥१८॥

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फिर इस योग का ठहरा अजब कुछ आन कर नक़शा।
जो आया सामने मेरे तो कहना उससे सुनता जा ॥
कहो प्यारे हमारे यार को तुमने कहीं देखा।

जो कुछ मतलब की वह बोला तो उससे और कुछ पूछा ॥
अगर यों ही लगा कहने तो फिर देना अनाकानी ॥१९॥

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कभी माला से कहता था लगाकर जप से ए माला।
हुआ हूँ जब से मैं जोगी तू ही उस यार को बतला ॥
कभी घबराके हंसता था कभी ले स्वाँस रोता था।
लबों से आह आँखों से बहा पड़ता था दरया सा ॥
अजब जंजाल में चक्कर के डाले है परेशानी ॥२०॥

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कोई कहता था बाबाजी! इधर आओ इधर बैठो।
पड़े फिरते हो ऐसे रात दिन टुक बैठो सस्ताओ ॥
जो कुछ दरकार हो मेवा मिठाई हुक्म फ़रमाओ।
न कहना उस से ले आओ न कहना उससे मत लाओ ॥
खबर हरगिज़ न थी कुछ उस घड़ी अपनी न बेगानी ॥२१॥

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बड़ी दुबधा में थी उस दम कहाँ जाऊँ कहाँ देखूं।
किसे देखूं किसे पूछूं किधर जाऊँ कहाँ ढूंढूं ॥
करूँ तदबीर क्या जिससे मैं उस दिलबर को पाऊँ।
निशाँ हरगिज़ न मिलता था पड़ा फिरता था जूं मजनूं ॥
अजब दरयाए हैरत की हुई थी आके तुग़यानी ॥२२॥

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उसी को ढूंढ़ता हुआ मसजिद में जा पहुँचा।
जो देखा वाँ भी है रोज़ों नमाज़ों का ही एक चरचा ॥
कोई जुब्बे में अटका है कोई दाढ़ी में उलझा।
तसल्ली जब न पाई कुछ तो आखिर वाँ से घबराया ॥
चला रोता हुआ बाहर बा अहवाले परेशानी ॥२३॥

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यही दिल से कहा टुक मदरसे को झाँकिए चल कर।
भला शायद उसी में हो नज़र आ जाए वह दिलबर ॥
गया जब वाँ तो देखा वाँ कुछ और भी बदतर।
किताबे खुल रही हैं मच रहा है शोरो गुल एकसर ॥
हर एक मसले पै फ़ाज़िल कर रहे बहसे नफ़सानी ॥२४॥

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चला जब वाँ से घबराकर तो फिर यह आगई जी में।
कि यह जगह तो देखी अब चलो टुक दैर भी देखें ॥
गया जब वाँ तो देखी मूर्ति और घंटों की झंकारें।
पुकारा तब तो रो कर आह किस पत्थर से सिर मारें ॥
कहीं मिलता नहीं वह शोख काफ़िर दुशमने जानी ॥२५॥

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कहा दिल ने कि अब टुक तीर्थों की सैर भी कीजे।
भला यह दिलरुबा शायद उसी जगह पै मिल जावै ॥
बहुत तीरथ मनाए और किये दर्शन भी बहुतेरे।
तसल्ली कुछ न पाई तब तो हो लाचार वाँ से ॥
मोहब्बत छोड़ कर बसती की ली राहे बयावनी ॥२६॥

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गया जब दश्त व सहरा में तो रोया आह क्या करिए।
कहाँ तक हिज्र में उस शोख के रो रो के दिन भरिए ॥
किधर जाईए और किस के ऊपर आश्रय धरिए।
यही बेहतर है अब तो डूबये या ज़हर खा के मरिए ॥
भला जी जान के जाने में शायद आ मिले जानी ॥२७॥

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रहा कितने दिनों रोता फिरा हरदश्त में नालाँ।
गरीबो बेकसो तनहा मुसाफिर बेबतन हैराँ ॥

पहाड़ों से भी सिर पटका फिरा शहरों में हो गिरयाँ।
फिरा भूखा पियासा ढूंढ़ता दिलवर को सिरगरदाँ ॥
न खाने को मिला दाना न पीने को मिला पानी ॥२८॥

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पड़ा था रेत में और धूप में सूरज से जलता था।
लगी थीं दिल की आँखें वारे और जी निकलता था ॥
उसी के देखने के ध्यान में हर दम निकलता था।
वले महबूब से कुछ हाय मेरा बस न चलता था ॥
पड़े बहुत आसू लालागूँ लाले बदग़शानी ॥२९॥

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जब इस अहवाल को पहुचा तो वह महबूब बेपरवाह।
वहाँ सौ बेक़रारी से मेरी बालीं पै आ पहुँचा ॥
उठाकर सिर मेरा ज़ानूँ पै अपने रख के फ़रमाया।
कहा ले देख ले जो देखना है अब मुझे इस जा ॥
अयाँ है इस घड़ी करते तेरे पै भेद पिनहानी ॥३०॥

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यह सुन रख पहले हम आशिक़ को अपने आज़माते हैं।
जलाते हैं सताते हैं रुलाते हैं बुलाते हैं ॥
हर एक अहवाल में जब खूब साबित उसको पाते हैं।
उससे मिलते हैं आकर उसको मुंह लगाते हैं।
उसे पूरा समझते हैं हम अपने ध्यान का ध्यानी ॥३१॥

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सदा महबूब की आई ज्यों ही कानों में वाँ मेरे।
बदन में आगया जी और वहीं दुख दर्द सब हेरे ॥
फिर आँखें खोलकर दिलबर के मुंह पर टुक नज़र करके।

ज़मीं व आसमाँ चौदह तबक के खुल गए परदे ।।
मिटी एक आनमें सब कुछ ख़राबी और परेशानी ।।३२।।

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हुई जब आके एकताई दुई का उठ गया परदा ।
जो कुछ वहमो गुमाँ थे उड़ गए एक दम में हो पारा ।।
'नज़ीर' उस दिन से हमने फिर जो देखा खूब हर एक जा ।
वही देखा वही समझा वही जाना वही पाया ।।
बराबर होगए हिन्दु मुसलमाँ गवरो निसरानी ।।३३।।

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दूर से आये थे साक़ी सुन के मैखाने को हम ।
बस तरस्ते ही चले अफ़सोस पैमाने को हम ।।
मैं भी है मीना भी है सागर भी है साक़ी नहीं ।
दिल में आता है लगा दें आग मैख़ाने को हम ।।
क्यों नहीं लेता हमारी तू खबर ए बेखबर ?
क्या तेरे आशिक़ हुए थे दरदो ग़म खाने को हम !
हम को फंसना था क़फ़स में क्या गिला सय्याद का ।
बस तरस्ते ही रहे हैं आबओ दाने को हम ।।
ताक़े अबरू में सनम के क्या खुदाई रह गई ।
अब तो पूजेंगे उसी काफ़िर के बुतखाने को हम ।।
बाग़ में लगता नहीं सहरा से घबराता है दिल ।
अब कहां ले जाके बैठें इस दीवाने को हम ।।
क्या हुई तक़सीर हम से तू बता दे ए 'नज़ीर' ?
ता कि शादी मर्ग समझें ऐसे मर जाने को हम ।।३४।।

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नज़र पड़ा एक बुत परी वश निराली सजधज अजब अदा का ।
जो उम्र देखो तो दस बरस का पर क़हर आफ़त ग़ज़ब खुदा का ।।
जो शक्ल देखो तो भोली भाली जो बातें सुनो तो मीठी मीठी ।
पै दिल वह पत्थर कि सिर उड़ा दे जो नाम लीजे कभी वफ़ा का ।।
जो घर से निकले तो यह क़यामत कि चलते चलते क़दम क़दम पर ।
किसी को ठोकर किसी को छक्कड़ किसी को गाली निपट लड़ाका ।।

यह राह चलने में चुलबुलाहट कि दिल कहीं है नज़र कहीं है।
कहां का ऊंचा कहां का नीचा ख्याल किस को क़दम की जा का॥
लड़ावे आंखें वह बेहिजाबी कि फिर पलक से पलक न मारे।
नज़र जो नीची कर दे तो गोया खिला सरापा चमन हया का॥
न वह संभाले किसी के संभले न वह मनाए मने किसी के।
जो क़त्ल आशिक़ पै आ के मचले तो ग़ैर का फिर न आशना का॥३५॥

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[बदेह साक़ी आं आबे अफसुरदा रा।
बया ज़िन्दा साज़ ईं दिले मुरदा रा॥
कि हर पारा खिशती कि बर मज़रेस्त।
सिरे कैक़वादी व इसकन्देरेस्त॥
हर आंगुल कि दर बोस्ताने बूद।
मए आरिज़ दिल सतानी बूद॥
हर आं शाखे सर बरी कि दर गुलशनीस्त।
क़द्दे दिलबरी ज़ुल्फ़े सीमी तनीस्त॥
बजुज़ खूने शाहां दरीं तश्त नेस्त।
बजुज़ खाके खुबां दरीं दश्त नेस्त॥३६॥]

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पड़ी है खाक गोरिस्तान में क्या क्या क़द्दे मौज़ूं पर।
उगी है घास किस किस गुलबदन के रूए गुलगूं पर॥
वह रखे ईंट छाती पर बज़रे खाक सोते हैं।
चमकते थे सुनहरे कस्र जिन के बाम गरदूं पर॥

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दुनिया है एक निगारे फ़रेबिन्दा जलवागर।
उलफ़त में इस की कुछ नहीं जुज़ कुलफ़त व ज़रर॥
होता है आखिर इसके गिरिफ़्तार का यह हाल।
जैसे मगस के शहद में भर जावें वालो पर॥

जो इस से दिल लगाते हैं आखिर हो मुनफ़यल।
मलते हैं अपने दस्त तासुफ़ बयक दिगर।
तू भी जो इस पास लगा देगा दिल को यार।
इस नख़्ल से मिलेगा तुझे भी यही खार ॥३७॥

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[मन अरज़ां कि गर दम ब मसती हलाक।
बई मसतां बुरीदम व खाक ॥
व तावूते अज़ चोब ता कम कुनीद।
बराहे ख़राबात ख़ाकम कुनीद ॥
व आबे ख़राबात गुसलम दहेद।
पस अंगाह बर दोश मस्तम न हेद ॥
मरेज़ेद बर गोरे मन जुज़ शराब।
मयारेद दर मातमम जुज़ रबाब ॥
वलेकिन वशरते के दर मरगे मन।
ननालद वजुज़ मतरब व चंगज़न ॥
तू खुद हाफ़िज़ा सर ज़े मस्ती मताब।
कि सुलतां न ख़ाहद खिराज अज़ खराब ॥३८॥
(*Diwan Hafiz, Cawnpor Edn. P. 521*)

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इक दिन आगे खलील अल्लाह के एक शख़्स ने।
यक बयक आकर लिया मुंह से जो नाम अल्लाह का ॥
उस खलील अल्लाह ने सुनते ही आकर शौक़ में।
सब दिया उस को जो था असबाब इज़्ज़ो जाह का ॥
और कहा ए शख़्स फ़िर बहरे खुदा यह नाम ले।
मैं बजां मुशताक़ हूँ इस इस्म खातिर ख्वाह का ॥
गर वह लेता नाम फिर अल्लाह का तो बिलयकीं।
जी निकल जाता वहीं हज़रत खलील अल्लाह का ॥३९॥

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ध्यान विधि

यमुना तट निकट स्थित वृन्दावन कानने महारम्ये।
कल्प द्रुम तल भूमौ चरणं चरणो परि स्थाप्य ॥
तिष्ठन्तं घननीलं स्वतेजसा भासयंतमिह विश्वम्।
पीताम्बर परिधानं चंदनकर्पूरलिप्त सर्वाङ्गम् ॥
आकर्णपूर्णनेत्रं कुण्डल युगमण्डित श्रवणम्।
मंदस्मितमुखकमलं सुकौस्तुभोदारमणिहारम् ॥
वलयांगुलीयकाद्यानुज्ज्वलयंतं स्वलंकारान्।
गलविलुलित वनमालं स्वतेजसापास्त कलिकालम् ॥
गुंजारवालिकलितं गुंजा पुंजान्विते शिरसि।
भुंजानं सह गोपैः कुंजांतरवर्तिनं हरिं स्मरत ॥
मंदारपुष्पवासितमंदानिलसेवितं परानंदम्।
मंदाकिनी युतपदं नमत महानंददं महापुरुषम् ॥
सुरभीकृतदिग्वलयं सुरभिशतैरावृतं सदा परितः।
सुरभीतिक्षपण महासुरभीमं यादवं नमत ॥
कंदर्पकोटि सुभगं वाञ्छितफलदं दयार्णवं कृष्णम्।
त्यक्त्वा कमन्यविषयं नेत्रयुगं द्रुष्टमुत्सहते ॥
पुण्यतमामतिसुरसां मनोऽभिरामां हरेः कथां त्यक्त्वा।
श्रोतुं श्रवणद्वंद्वं ग्राम्यं कथमादरं भवति ॥
दौर्भाग्यमिंद्रियाणां कृष्णे विषये हि शाश्वतिके।
क्षणिकेषु पापकरणेष्वपि सव्यन्ते यदन्यविष्येषु ॥१॥

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अथ मनीषापञ्चक प्रारम्भः

श्री गणेशाय नमः ॥ सत्याचार्यस्य गमने कदाचिन्मुक्ति दायकम्।
काशी क्षेत्रं प्रति सह गौर्या मार्गे तु शंकरम् ॥
अन्त्यवेषधरं दृष्ट्वा गच्छ गच्छेति चाब्रवीत्।
शंकरः सोपिचांडालस्तं पुनः प्राह शङ्करम् ॥
अन्नमयादन्नमयमथवा चैतन्यमेव चैतन्यात्।
द्विजवर दूरीकर्तुं वाञ्छसि किं ब्रूहि गच्छ गच्छेति ॥

किं गङ्गाम्बुनि बिम्बितेऽम्बरमणौचाण्डालवाटीपथः। ।
पूरे चान्तरमस्ति काञ्चन घटी मृत्कुम्भयोर्वाम्बरे ।।
प्रत्यग्वस्तुनिनिस्तरंग सहजानंदावबोधां बुधौविप्रोयं
श्वपचोयमित्यपि महान् कोऽयं विभेदभ्रमः ।।
जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुषुप्तिषुस्फुटतरायासंविदुज्जृम्भेते या ब्रह्मा-
दिपिपीलिकान्ततनुषुप्रोता जगत्साक्षिणी । सैवाहं न च
दृश्यवस्विति दृढ़प्रज्ञापि यस्यास्तिचेच्चाण्डालोस्तु स तु द्विजोस्तु
गुरुरित्येषा मनीषा मम ।। ब्रह्मैवाहमिदं जगच्च सकलं चिन्मात्र
विस्तारितं सर्वं चैतदविद्या त्रिगुणया शेषं मया कल्पितम् । इत्थं
यस्यदृढ़ामतिः सुखतरे नित्ये परे निर्मलं चाण्डालोस्तुसतुः ।।
शश्वन्नश्वरमेवविश्वमखिलं निश्चित्य वाचा गुरोर्नित्यं ब्रह्म-
निरन्तरं विभृशता नर्व्याजशान्तात्मना । भूतं भावि च दुष्कृतं
प्रदहता संविन्मये पावके प्रारब्धाय समर्पितं स्ववपुरित्येषा मनीषा
मम ।। या तिर्यङ्नरदेवताभिरहमित्यन्तः स्फुटा गुह्यते यद्भासा
हृदयाक्षदेहविषया भान्ति स्वतोऽचेतनाः । तां भास्यैः पिहितार्कमण्डल-
निभां स्फूर्तिं सदा–भावयन्योगी निवृतमानसो हि गुरुरित्येषा मनीषा
मम ।। यत्सौख्याम्बुधिलेशलेशत इमे शक्रादयो निवृतायश्चित्ते
नितरां प्रशान्तकलने लब्ध्वा मुनिर्निवृतः । यस्मिन्नित्यसुखाम्बुधौ
गलितधीर्ब्रह्मैव न ब्रह्मविद्यः कश्चित्ससुरेन्द्र वन्दितपदो नूनं
मनीषा मम ।।२।।

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वैराग्यप्रकरण ("प्रबोध सुधाकर)

परगृह गृहिणी पुत्रद्रविणानामागमे विनाशो वा ।
कथितौ हर्षविषादौ किंवा स्यातां क्षणं स्थातुः ।।
दैवात्स्थितं गतं वा यं कंचिद्विषयमीऽयमल्पं वा ।
नो तुष्यन्न च सीदन्वीक्ष्य गृहेष्वतिथि वन्निवसेत् ।।
ममताभिमानशून्यो विषयेषु पराङ्मुखः पुरुषः ।
तिष्ठन्नपि निज सदने न बाध्यते कर्मभिः क्वापि ।।

कुत्राप्यरण्यदेशे सुनील तृणावालुकोपचिते ।
शीतल तरुतलभूमौ सुखं शयानस्य पुरुषस्य ॥
तरवः पत्रफलाढया सुगंधशीतानिलाः परितः ।
कलकूजित वरविहगाः सरितो मित्राणि किं न स्युः ॥
वैराग्यभाज्यभाजः प्रसन्नमनसो निराशस्य ।
अप्रार्थितफल भोक्तुः पुंसो जन्मनि कृतार्थतेहस्यात् ॥
द्रव्यं पल्लवश्च्युतं यदि भवेत्क्वापि प्रमादात्तदा ।
शोकायाथ तदर्पितं श्रुतवते तोषाय च श्रेयसे ॥
स्वातंत्र्याद्विषयाः प्रयान्ति यदमी शोकाय ते स्युश्चिरं ।
सं त्यक्ताः स्वयमेव चेत्सुखमयं निःश्रेयसं तन्वते ॥
विस्मृत्यात्मनिवासमुत्कटभवाटव्यां चिरं पर्यटन्संतापत्रय दीर्घ-
दावदहनव्वालावलीव्याकुलः ॥
वल्गन्फल्गुषु सुप्रदीप्तनयनश्चेतः कुरंगोवलादाशापाशवशीकृतोऽपि
विषयव्याघ्रैर्मृषां हन्यते ॥३॥

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VI—SHANKRACHARYA (Sanskrit Verses)
Item no. XV (1—5)

भजगोविन्दस्तोत्रम्

दिनमपि रजनी सायं प्रातः शिशिरवसन्तौ पुनरायातः ।
कालः क्रीडति गच्छत्यायुस्तदपि न मुञ्चत्याशावायुः ॥
प्राप्ते सन्निहिते मरणे नहि नहि रक्षति डुकृञ्करणे ।
भज गोविन्दं भज गोविन्दं गोविन्दं भज मूढ़मते
अग्रे वह्निः पृष्ठे भानुः रात्रौ चिबुकसमर्पितजानुः ।
करतलभिक्षा तरुतलवासातदपि न मुञ्चत्याशापाशः ॥
यावद्वित्तोपार्जनसक्तस्तावन्निजपरिवारो रक्तः ।
पश्चाद्धावति जर्जरदेहे वार्ता पृच्छति कोऽपि न गेहे ॥
जटिलो मुण्डी लुञ्चितकेशः काषायाम्बरबहुकृतवेषः ।
पश्यन्नपि च न पश्यति लोको ह्युदरनिमित्तं बहुकृतशोकः ॥

भगवद्गीता किञ्चिदधीता गङ्गाजललवकणिका पीता ।
सकृदपि यस्य मुरारिसमर्चा तस्य यमः किं कुरुते चर्चाम् ॥
अङ्गं गलितं पलितं मुण्डं दशनविहीनं जातं तुण्डम् ।
वृद्धो याति गृहीत्वा दण्डं तदपि न मुञ्चत्याशापिण्डम् ॥
बालस्तावत्क्रीडासक्तस्तरुणस्तावत्तरुणीरक्तः
वृद्धस्तावच्चिन्तामग्नः पारे ब्रह्मणि कोऽपि न लग्नः ॥
पुनरपि जननं पुनरपि मरणं पुनरपि जननीजठरे शयनम् ।
इह संसारे खलु दुस्तारे कृपया पारे पाहि मुरारे ॥
पुनरपि रजनी पुनरपि दिवसः पुनरपि पक्षः पुनरपि मासः ।
पुनरप्ययनं पुनरपि वर्षं तदपि न मुञ्चत्याशामर्षम् ॥
बयसि गते कः कामविकारः शुष्के नीरे कः कासारः ।
नष्टे द्रव्ये कः परिवारो ज्ञाते तत्त्वे कः संसारः ॥
नारीस्तनभरनाभिनिवेशं मिथ्यामायामोहावेशम् ।
एतन्मांसवसादिविकारं मनसि बिचारय बारम्बारम् ॥
कस्त्वं कोऽहं कुत आयातः का मे जननी को मे तातः ।
इति परिभावय सर्वमसारं विश्वं त्यक्त्वा स्वप्नविचारम् ॥
गेयं गीता नाम सहस्रं ध्येयं श्रीपतिरूपमजस्रम् ।
नेयं सज्जनसंगे चित्तं देयं दीनजनाय च वित्तम् ॥
यावज्जीवो निवसति देहे कुशलं तावत्पृच्छति गेहे ।
गतवति वायौ देहापाये भार्या बिभ्यति तस्मिन्काये ॥
सुखतः क्रियते रामाभोगः पश्चाद्धन्त शरीरे रोगः
यद्यपि लोके मरणं शरणं तदपि न मुञ्चति पापाचरणम् ॥
रथ्याचर्पटविरचितकन्थः पुण्यापुण्यविवर्जितपन्थः ।
नाहं न त्वं नायं लोकस्तदपि किमर्थं क्रियते शोकः ॥
कुरुते गङ्गासागरगमनं व्रतपरिपालनमथवा दानम् ।
ज्ञानविहीनः सर्वमतेन मुक्तिं न भजति जन्मशतेन ॥४॥

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सुतारामनन्यशरणाः क्षीराद्याहारमन्तरायद्वत् ।
केवलया स्नेहदृशाकच्छपतनयाः प्रजीवन्ति ॥

माया हस्तेऽर्पयित्वा भरणकृतिकृते ,मोहमूलोद्भवं मां
मातः कृष्णाभिधाने चिरसमयमुदासीनभावं गतासि ।
कारुण्यैकाधिवासे सकृदपि वदनं नेक्षसे त्वं मदीयं
तत्सर्वज्ञे न कर्तुं प्रभवति भवती किं नु मूलस्य शांतिम् ॥
ब्रह्माण्डानि वहूनि पङ्कजभवान् प्रत्यण्डमत्यद्भुतान्
गोपान् वत्सयुतानदर्शयदजं विष्णुनशेषांश्च यः ।
शम्भुर्यच्चरणोदकं स्वशिरसा धत्ते च मूर्तित्रयात्
कृष्णो वै पृथगस्ति कोऽप्यविकृतः सच्चिन्मयो नीलिमा ॥
कृपा पात्रं यस्य त्रिपुररिपुरम्भोजवसतिः
सुता जह्नोः पूता चरणनखनिर्णेजनजलम् ।
प्रदानं वा तस्य त्रिभुवन पतित्वं विभुरपि
निदानं सोऽस्माकं जयति कुलदेवो यदुपतिः ॥
काम्योपासनयार्थयन्त्यनुदिनं किञ्चित्फलं स्वेप्सितं
केचित्स्वर्गमथापवर्ग मपरे योगादियज्ञादिभिः ।
अस्माकं यदुनन्दनाङ्घ्रियुगलध्यानावधानार्थिनां
किं लोकेन दमेन किं नृपतिना स्वर्गापवर्गैश्च किम् ॥५॥

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VII—GYANESWAR (Marathi Songs)

Item no. XVI (1—2)

मोतियाचें पाणी रांजण भरिला । पोट भरुनी प्याला ज्ञानदेव ॥
अभ्राची साऊली धरोनियां हातीं । गेलासी एकांती निवृतिदेव ॥
पुष्पाचा परिमळ वेगळा काढिला । तो हार लेइला सोपानदेव ॥
हिऱ्याच्या घुगऱ्या जेवण जेवली । पोट भरुनी घाली मुक्ताबाई ॥
चौघांचें वर्म आलें असे हातां । वटेश्वर स्वतां तये ठायीं ॥१॥

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मोतियाचां चूर फेकिला अंबरी । विजुलिया परी कील झाले ॥
जरी पीताम्बरें नेसविलें नभा । चैतन्य याचा गाभा नील बिन्दु ॥
तळी वरी पसरे शून्याकार झालें । सर्पाचेंही पिलें नाचूं लागे ॥

कड़कड़ोनि वीज निमाली ठायीचे ठायीं। भेटली मुक्ताबाई गोरोबाला ज्ञानदेव ह्मणे कैसी झाली भेट। ओळखिलें अविट आपुलें पण ॥२॥

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VIII—NANAK (Punjabi Songs)

Item no. XVII (1—8)

सब अवगुण गुण नहीं कोई ।
किउ कर कन्त मिलावा होई ॥
ना मैं रूप न वंकै नैणा ।
ना कुल ढंग ना मीठे वैणा ॥

(रहाऊ)

सहज शृंगार कामनि कर आवै।
ता सुहागनि जा कंतै भावै॥
ना तिस रूप ना रेखा कोई।
अन्त न साहब सिमरिया जाई॥
सुरत मति नाहीं चतुराई।
कर कृपा प्रभु लागहु पाई॥
खरी सियानी कन्त न भानी।
माया लागी भरम भुलानी॥
हौं मैं जाय ता कन्त समाई।
तौ कामिनि प्यारे नव निधि पाई॥
अनक जन्म बिछुरत दुख पाया।
कर गह लेहु प्रीतम प्रभ राया॥
भणित नानक सौहु है भी होसी।
जै भावै पियारा वेसी॥१॥

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हरि विन किउ जीवां रे माई।
जै जगदीस तेरा जस जाचौ मै हरि बिन रहन न जाई॥

(रहाऊ)

हरि की प्यास प्यासीं कामिनि देखौ रैन सबाई ।
श्रीधर नाथ मेरा मन लीना प्रभ जानै पीर पराई ॥
गणत सरीर पीर है हरि बिन, गुरू सब्दी हरि पाई ।
होहु दयाल कृपा कर हरि जीव हरि सिउ रहां समाई ॥
ऐसी रवत रवहु मन मेरे हरि चरण चित्त लाई ।
बिसम भये गुण गाय मनोहर निरभौ सहज समाई ॥
हृदय नाम सदा धन निःचल घटे न कीमत पाई ।
बिन नावै सब कोई निरधन सतगुरू बूझ बुझाई ॥
प्रीतम प्रान भए सुन सजनी दूत मुए विष खाई ।
जब की उपजी तब की तैसी रंग भई मन भाई ॥
सहज समाधि सदा लिव हरि सिव जीवां हरि गुन गाई ।
गुरू कै सब्द रता वैरागी निज घर ताड़ी लाई ॥
शुध रस नाम महारस मीठा निज घर तत गुसांई ।
तंह ही मन जंह ही तै राखिआ ऐसी गुरू मति पाई ॥
सनक सनादि ब्रह्मादि इन्द्रादिक भक्ति रते बन आई ।
'नानक' हरि बिनु घरी न जीवां हरि का नाम बड़ाई ॥२॥

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अंतरि वसै न बाहरि जाइ ।
अमृत छोड़ि काहे विषु खाइ ॥
ऐसा गिआनु जपहु मन मेरे ।

(रहाऊ)

होवहु चाकर सांचे केरे॥
गिआनु धिआनु रहाऊ सभु कोई रवै ।
बांधनि बांधिआ सभु जगु भवै॥
सेवा करे सु चाकर होइ ।
जलि थलि महीअलि रवि रहिआ सोइ ।
हम नहीं चंगे बुरा नहीं कोई ।
प्रणवति नानक तारे सोई॥३॥

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अपने ठाकुर की हौं चेरी ॥
चरन गहे जग जीवन प्रभ के हऊमै मार निवेरी ॥

(रहाऊ)

पूरन परम ज्योति परमेश्वर प्रीतम प्राण हमारे ।
मोहन मोह लिया मन मेरा समझस सब्द बिचारे ॥
मन्मुख हीन होछी मति झूठी मन तन पीरे सरीरे ।
जब की राम रंगी लै राती राम जपत मन धीरे ॥
हऊमै छोड़ भई बैरागिन तब साची सुरत समानी ।
अकल निरंजन सो मन मानया बिसरी लाज लोकानी ॥
भूत भविष नाही तुम जैसे मेरे प्रीतम प्राणा अधारा ।
हरि के नाम रति सोहागन 'नानक' राम भतारा ॥४॥

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जोग न कंथे जोग न डंडै जोग न भस्म चढ़ाईए ।
जोग न मूंदी मूंड मुडाये जोग न सिङ्गी वाईए ॥
अंजन माहि निरंजन रहिये जोग जुगत इव पाईए ॥
गल्ली जोग न होई ।
एक दृष्टि कर सम सर जाणै जोगी कहिए सोई ॥

(रहाऊ)

जोग न बाहर मढ़ी ममाणी जोग न ताड़ी लाईए ।
जोग न देस दिसन्तर भविए जोग न तीरथ नाईए ।
अंजन माहि निरंजन रहिए जोग जुगत इव पाईए ॥
सत्गुरू भेटे सहसा तूटै घावत वरज रहाइए ।
निझर झरै सहज धुन लागै घर ही परचा पाइए ।
अंजन माहि निरंजन रहिए जोग जुगत इव पाईए ॥
'नानक' जिवतयां मर रहिए ऐसा जोग कमाईए ।
बाजे बाझहु सिङ्गी बाजै तऊ निरभऊ पद पाईए ।
अंजन माहि निरंजन रहिए जोग जुगत तऊ पाईए ॥५॥

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रैण गवाई सोय कै दिवस गंवाया खाय।
हीरे जैसा जन्म है कौड़ी बदले जाय ॥
नाम न जानिआ राम का ।
मूड़े फिर पाछै पछुताहि रे ॥
(रहाऊ)
अनता धन धरणी धरे अनतन चाहिआ जाय।
अनत कउ चाह न जो गए से आए अनत गवाय ॥
आपण लीआ जे मिलै ता सब को भागट होय।
कर्मां ऊपर निबड़ै जे लोचै सब कोय ॥
'नानक' करणा जिन कीआ सोई सार करेइ।
हुक्म न जापी खसम का किसै बड़ाई देइ ॥६॥'

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रे मन ऐसी हरि सिउ प्रीति कर जैसी जल कमलेह।
लहरी नाल पछाड़्ये भी बिगसै असनेह ॥
जल महि जीए उपाई कै बिन जल मरन तिनेह ॥
मन रे किउ छूटहि बिन प्यार।
गुरमुख अंतर रवि रहा बखसे भवित भंडार ॥
(रहाऊ)
रे मन ऐसी हरि सिउ प्रीति कर जैसी मछुली नीर।
जिउ अधिकउ तिउ सुख घणो मन तन सांति सरीर।
बिन जल घड़ी न जीवई प्रभ जाणै प्रभ पीर ॥
रे मन ऐसी हरि सिउ प्रीति कर जैसी चात्रिक मेह।
सर भर थल हरि आवले एक बूंद न पवई केह।
कर्म मिलै सो पये किरत पया सिर देह ॥
रे मन ऐसी हरि सिउ प्रीति कर जैसी जल दूध होय।
औटण आपे खवै दुध कौ खपण न देय।
आपै मेल बिछुनया सची बड़ाई देय ॥
रे मन ऐसी हरि सिउ प्रीति कर जैसी चकवी सूर।
खिन पल नींद न सोवई जाणे दूर हजूर।
मन्मुख सोझी ना पावै गुरुमुख सदा हजूर ॥

मन्मुख गणत गणावण कर्ता करे सो होय ।
ता की कीमत ना पवै जे लोचै सब कोय ।
गुरू मति होय तो पाईये सच मिलै सुख होय ।
सचा नेह न तूटई जे सत्गुरू भेटै सोय ।
ज्ञान पदारथ पाईये त्रिभुवण सोझीहोय ।
निर्मल नाम न बिसरे जे गुण गाहक होय ॥
खेल गए से पंखरू जो चुगते सर तल ।
घड़ी के मुहति कि चलना खेलन अजु कि कल ।
ज़िस तू मेलहि सो मिलै जाइ सचा पिंडु मल ॥
बिनु गुरू प्रीति न ऊपजै हौमे मैल न जाय ।
सौह आप पछानये सब्द भेद पतिआय ।
गुरुमुख आप पछानये अवर कि करे कराय ॥
मिलिआ का क्या मेलये सवदे मिले पतिआय ।
मन मुख सोझी ना पवै बिछुड़ चोटां खाय ।
'नानक' दरगाह एक है अवर न दूजी जाय ॥७॥

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चकवी नैन नींद नहीं चाहै बिन पिर नींद न पाई ।
सूर चरै प्रिउ देखै नैनी निव निव लागै पाई ॥
पिउ भावै प्रेम सखाई ।
तिस घड़ी नही जगजीवां ऐसी प्यास तिसाई ॥

(रहाऊ)

सरवर कमल किरण आकासी बिगसै सहज सुभाई ।
प्रीतम प्रीत बनी अब ऐसी ज्योति ज्योति मिलाई ॥
चात्रिक जल बिन प्रिउ प्रिउ टेरै बिलप करै बिलमाई ।
घनहर घोर दसो दिस बरसे बिन जल प्यास न जाई ॥
मीन निवास उपजै जल ही ते सुख दुःख पुरव कमाई ।
खिन तिल रह न सकै पल जल बिन मरन जीवन तिस ताई ॥
घन बाढ़ी परदेस निवासी सचे गुर पहि सब्द पठांई ।
गुण संग्रह प्रभु हृदय निवासी भक्ति राती हरषाई ॥

प्रिउ प्रिउ करै सभै है जेती गुर भावै प्रिउ पाई ।
प्रिउ नाले सद ही सच संगे नदरी मेल मिलाई ॥
सब महि जीव जीव है सोई घटघट रहा समाई ।
गुर परसाद घर ही परगासया सहजे सहज समाई ॥
अपना काज संवारहु आपे सुख दाते गोसाई ।
गुर परसादी घर ही पिर पाया तौ 'नानक' तपत बुझाई ॥८॥

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IX—KABIR (Hindi Songs)
Item no. XIII (1—133)

हमन हैं इस्क मस्ताना हमन को होसियारी क्या ।
रहैं आजाद या जग से हमन दुनिया से यारी क्या ॥
जो बिछुड़े हैं पियारे से भटकते दर बदर फिरते ।
हमारा यार है हम में हमन को इन्तिजारी क्या ॥
खलक़ सब नाम अपने को बहुत कर सिर पकटता है ।
हमन गुरु नाम साचा है हमन दुनिया से यारी क्या ॥
न पल बिछुड़ै पिया हम से न हम बिछुड़ैं पियारे से ।
उन्हीं से नेह लागी है हमन को बेकरारी क्या ॥
कबीरा इस्क का माता दुई को दूर कर दिल से ।
जो चलना राह नाजुक है हमन सिर बोझ भारी क्या ॥१॥

—oo—

घूंघट का पट खोल रे, तोहे पीव मिलैंगे ॥
घट-घट में वोई साईं रमता, कटुक बचन मत बोल रे ॥
धन जोबन का गर्व न कीजै, झूठा पचरंग चोल रे ॥
सुन्न महल में दियला वारि ले, आसन से मत डोल रे ॥
कहे 'कबीर' आनंद भयो है, बाजत अनहद ढोल रे ॥२॥

—oo—

जाग पियारी अब का सोवे । रैन गई दिन काहे को खोवै ॥
जिन जागा तिन मानिक पाया । तैं बौरी सब सोय गंवाया ॥

पिय तेरे चतुर तू मूरख नारी । कबहुं न पिय की सेज संवारी ।।
तैं बौरी बौरापन कीन्हो । भर जोवन पिय अपन न चीन्हो ।।
जाग देख पिया सेज न तेरे । तोहि छांड़ि उठि गये सबेरे ।।
कहे 'कबीर' सोई जन जागे । सबद बान उर अंतर लागे ।।३।।

—००—

सुख सिंधु की सैर का स्वाद तब पाइ हैं
चाह का चौतरा भूलि जावै ।
बीज के मांहि ज्यों बृच्छ बिस्तार
यों चाह के मांहि सब रोग आवै ।।
दृढ़ वैराग में होय आरूढ़ मन
चाह के चौतरे आग दीजै ।
कहे 'कबीर' यों होय निरवासना ।
तत् सेरत् होय काज कीजै ।।४।।

—००—

मैं तो आन पड़ी चोरन के नगर, सत्संग बिना जिया तरसे ।।
इस सत्संग में लाभ वहुत है, तुरत मिलावै गुरू से ।।
मूरख जन कोई सार न जानै, सत्संग में अमृत बरसे ।।
सबद सा हीरा पटक हाथ से, मुठ्ठी भरी कंकर से ।।
कहे 'कबीर' सुनो भाई साधो, सुरत करो वहि घर से ।।५।।

—००—

मन फूला फूला फिरै जगत में कैसा नाता रे ।।
माता कहे यह पूत हमारा, वहन कहे बिर मेरा ।
भाई कहे यह भुजा हमारी, नारि कहे नर मेरा ।।
पेट पकरि के माता रोवे, बांह पकरि के भाई ।
लपटि झपटि के तिरिया रोवे, हंस अकेला जाई ।।
जब लगि जीवे माता रोवे, वहिन रोवे दस मासा ।
तेरह दिन तक तिरिया रोवे, फेर करे घर वासा ।।

चार गजी चरगजी मंगायी, चढ़ा काठ की घोड़ी।
चारों कोने आग लगायी, फूंक दियो जस होरी॥
हाड़ जरे जैसे लाहकड़ी को, केस जरे जस घासा।
सोना ऐसी काया जरि गई, कोई न आयो पासा॥
घर की तिरिया ढूंढन लागी, ढूंढ फिरी चहुं देसा।
कहे 'कबीर' सुनो भई साधो, छाड़ो जग की आसा॥६॥

—००—

यह तो घर है प्रेम का, खाला का घर नाहिं।
सीस उतारे भुईं धरे, तब पैठे घर माहिं॥
सीस उतारे भुईं धरे, ता पर राखै पांव।
दास 'कबीरा' यों कहे, ऐसा होय तो आव॥७॥

—००—

प्रेम न बाड़ी ऊपजै, प्रेम न हाट बिकाय।
राजा परजा जेहि रुचै, सीस देई लै जाय॥८॥

—००—

प्रेम पियाला भर पिया, राचि रहा गुर ज्ञान।
दिया नगारा सबद का, लाल खड़े मैदान॥९॥

—००—

छिनहिं चढ़ै छिन ऊतरै, सो तो प्रेम न होय।
अघट प्रेम पिंजर बसै, प्रेम कहावै सोय॥१०॥

—००—

आया प्रेम कहां गया, देखा था सब कोय।
छिन रोवै छिन में हंसै, सो तो प्रेम न होय॥११॥

—००—

प्रेम प्रेम सब कोई कहै, प्रेम न चीन्है कोय।
आठ पहर भीना रहै, प्रेम कहावै सोय ॥१२॥

—००—

जब मैं था तब गुरु नहीं, अब गुरु हैं हम नाहिं।
प्रेम गली अति सांकरी, ता में दो न समाहिं ॥१३॥

—००—

जा घट प्रेम न संचरै, सो घट जान मसान।
जैसे खाल लोहार की, सांस लेत बिन प्रान ॥१४॥

—००—

प्रेम बिकन्ता मैं सुना, माथे साटे हाट।
बूझत विलम्ब न कीजिये, तत छिन दीजै काट ॥१५॥

—००—

प्रेम बिना धीरज नहीं, विरह बिना वैराग्य।
सत्गुरू बिन जावै नहीं, मन मनसा का दाग ॥१६॥

—००—

प्रेम तो ऐसा कीजिये, जैसे चन्द चकोर।
घींच टूटि भुईं मां गिरै, चितवै वाही ओर ॥१७॥

—००—

अधिक सनेही माछरी, दूजा अल्प सनेह।
जब ही जल तें बिछुरै, तब ही त्यागे देह ॥१८॥

—००—

प्रीति जो लागी घुल गई, पैठि गई मन मांहि।
रोम रोम पिउ पिउ करे, मुख की सरधा नांहि ॥१९॥

—००—

जो जागत सो सुपन में, ज्यों घट भीतर स्वांस।
जो जन जा को भावंता, सोजन ता के पास ॥२०॥

—००—

सोना सज्जन साधू जन, टूटि जुटै सौ बार।
दुरजन कुम्भ कुम्हार का, एके धका दरार ॥२१॥

—००—

जहं प्रेम तहं नेम नहिं, तहं न बुद्धि व्यवहार।
प्रेम मगन जब मन भया, तब कौन गिने तिथि वार ॥२२॥

—००—

प्रीति पांवरी पहर के, धीरज काजर देय।
सील सिंदुर भराइ के, यों पिय का सुख लेय ॥२३॥

—००—

प्रेम छिपाया ना छिपै, जा घट परघट होय।
जो पै मुख बोलै नहीं, तो नैन देत हैं रोय ॥२४॥

—००—

प्रेम भाव इक चाहिये, भेष अनेक बनाए।
भावै घर में बास कर, भावे वन में जाय ॥२५॥

—००—

पिया चाहे प्रेम रस राखा चाहे मान।
एक मियान में दो खड़ग देखा सुना न कान ॥२६॥

—००—

प्रेम ढूंढत मैं फिरौं, प्रेमी मिलो न कोय।
प्रेम से प्रेमी मिले, गुरु भक्ति दृढ़ होय ॥२७॥

—००—

'कबीर' प्याला प्रेम का, अंतर लिया लगाय।
रोमि रोमि में रम रहा, और अमल क्या खाय ॥२८॥

—००—

'कबीर' भाटी प्रेम की, बहुतक बैठे आय।
सिर सौंपै सो पीवसी, नातर पिया न जाय ॥२९॥

—००—

सबै रसायन मैं किया, प्रेम समान न कोय।
रति इक तन में संचरे, सब तन कञ्चन होय ॥३०॥

—००—

साधू सीपि समुद्र के, सतगुरु स्वांति बुंद।
तृषा गइ इक बुंद से, क्या लै करूँ समुंद ॥३१॥

—००—

जैसी प्रीति कुटुम्ब से, तैसिहु गुरु से होय।
कहै कबीर वा दास का, पला न पकड़ै कोय ॥३२॥

—००—

नैनों को करि कोठरी, पुतली पलंग बिछाय।
पलकों की चिक डारि के, पिय को लिया रिझाय ॥३३॥

—००—

पिय का मारग कठिन है, खांड़ा हो जैसा।
नाचन निकसी बापुरो, फिर घूंघट कैसा ॥३४॥

—००—

पिया का मारग सुगम है, तेरा चलन अबेड़ा।
नाच न जानै बापुरो, कै आंगना टेढ़ा ॥३५॥

—००—

जल में बसै कमोदनी, चंदा बसै अकास।
जो है जा का भावता, सो ता ही के पास ॥३६॥

—००—

पासा पकड़ा प्रेम का, सारी किया सरीर।
सतगुरु दाव बताइया, खेलै दास कबीर ॥३७॥

—००—

खेल जो मंड़ा खेलाड़ि से, आनंद बढ़ा अघाय।
अब पासा काहू परौ, प्रेम बन्धा जुग जाय ॥३८॥

—००—

प्रियतम को पतियाँ लिखूं, जो कहूं होय बिदेस।
तन में मन में नैन में ता को कहा संदेस ॥३९॥

—००—

तन को जोगी सब करै, मन को बिरला कोय।
सहजै सब सिधि पाइये, जो मन जोगी होय ॥४०॥

—००—

मन माला तन मेखला, भय को करै भभूत।
अलख मिला सब देखता, सो जोगी अवधूत ॥४१॥

—००—

हम तो जोगी मनहिं के, तन के हैं ते और।
मन को जोग लगावते, दसा भई कछु और ॥४२॥

—००—

भर्म न भागा जीव का, बहुतक धरिया भेष।
सतगुरु मिलिया बाहरे, अंतर रहिगा लेख ॥४३॥

—००—

भज ले सिरजनहार सुघर तनके पायके ।।
काहे रहौ अचेत कहां यह औसर पैहौ ।
फिर नहिं ऐसी देह बहुर पाछै पछितैहौ ।।
लख चौरासी जोनि में मानुष जन्म अनूप ।
ताहि पाय नर चेतत नाहीं कहा रंक कहा भूप ।।सुघर०।।

—००—

गर्भ वास में रह्यो कह्यो मैं भजि हौं तोहीं ।
निसदिन सुमिरौं नाम कष्ट से काढ़ो मोहीं ।।
चरनन ध्यान लगाइ के रहौं नाम लौ लाय ।
तनिक न तोहि बिसारि हौं यह तन रहै कि जाय ।।सुघर०।।

—००—

इतना कियो करार काढ़ि गुरु बाहर कीना ।
भूलि गयौ यह बात भयौ माया आधीना ।।
भूली बातैं उद्र की आन पड़ी सुधि एत ।
बारह बरस बीतिगे या बिधि खेलत फिरत अचेत ।।सुघर०।।

—००—

बिषया बान समान देह जोबन मदमाती ।
चलत निहारत छांह तमक के बोलत बाती ।।
चोवा चन्दन लाइ के पहिरे बसन रंगाय ।
गलियां गलियां झांकी मारै पर तिरिया लख मुसकाय ।।सुघर०

—००—

तरुनापन गई बीत बुढ़ापा आनि तुलाने ।
कांपन लागे सीस चलत दोउ चरन पिराने ।।
नैन नासिका चूवन लागे मुख ते आवत बास ।
कफ पित कंठै घेर लिया है, छुटि गई घर की आस ।।सुघर०।।

—००—

मातु पिता सुत नारि कहौ काके सङ्ग जाई।
तन धन घर औ काम धाम सब ही छुट जाई॥
आखिर काल घसिटि हैं पड़ि हौ जम कै फन्द।
बिन सतगुरु नहीं बांचिहौ समुझ देख मतिमन्द॥सुघर०॥

—००—

सुफल होत यह देह नेह सतगुरु से कीजै।
मुक्ति मारग जानि चरन सतगुरु चित्त दीजै॥
नाम गहौ निरभय रहौ तनिक न ब्यापै पीर।
यह लीला है मुक्ति की गावत दास कबीर॥सुघर०॥ ॥४४॥

—००—

यह जग अंधा मैं केहि समुझावों॥
इक दुइ होयं उन्हैं समुझावों सबहि भुलाना पेट के धन्धा॥
पानी कै घोड़ा पवन असवरवा ढरकि परै जस ओस कै बुन्दा॥
गहिरी नदिया अगम बहैं धरवा सेवनहारा के पड़िगा फन्दा॥
घर की वस्तु निकट नहिं आवत, दियना बारि के ढूंढ़त अंधा॥
लागी आग सकल बन जरिगा बिन गुरु ज्ञान भटकिगा बन्दा॥
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो इक दिन जाय लंगोटी झार बन्दा॥८५॥

—००—

कैसे दिन कटि हैं, जतन बताये जइयो॥
एहि पार गंगा वोहि पार यमुना।
बिचवा मड़इया हमको छवाये जइयो॥
अंचरा फारि के कागद बनाइन
अपनी सुरतिया हियरे लिखाय जइयो॥
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो
बहियां पकरि के रहिया बताये जइयो॥४६॥

—००—

मन न रंगाये रंगाये जोगी कपरा।
आसन मारि मंदिर में बैठे, नाम छाड़ि पूजन लागे पथरा ॥
कनवा फड़ाय जोगी जटवा बढ़ौ लैं, दाढ़ी बढ़ाय जोगी होई गैलैं बकरा।
जङ्गल जाय जोगी धुनियां रमौ लैं, काम जराय जोगी बनि गैलैं
हिजरा ॥
मथवा मुड़ाय जोगी कपड़ा रंगौलैं, गीता बांचि कै होइ गैलैं लबरा।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो, जम दरवजवां बांधल जैबे पकरा ॥४७॥

—००—

तेरे दया धरम नहिं तन में।
मुखड़ा क्या देखै दरपन में ॥
घरबारी तो घर में राज़ी, फक्कड़ राजी बन में ॥
ऐंठी धोती पाग लपेटी, तेल चुवत जुलफन में।
गली गली की सखी रिझाई, दाग लगाया तन में ॥
पाथर की एक नाव बनाई, उतरा चाहै छन में।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो, कायर चढ़ै न रन में ॥४८॥

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मेरा तेरा मनुवां कैसे एक होइ रे।
मैं कहता हूं आंखिन देखी, तू कहता कागद की लेखी।
मैं कहता सुरझावन हारी, तू राख्यो अरुझाई रे ॥
मैं कहता तू जागत रहियो, तू रहता है सोई रे।
मैं कहता निरमोही रहियो, तू जाता है मोहि रे ॥
जुगन जुगन समझावन हारा कहा न मानत कोई रे।
तू तो फिरै बिहङ्गी सब धन डारा खोई रे ॥
सतगुरु धारा निरमल बाहै वा में काया धोइ रे।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो तब ही वैसा होई रे ॥४९॥

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रहना नहीं देस बिराना है।
यह संसार कागद की पुड़िया, बूंद पड़े घुल जाना है।

यह संसार कांट की वाड़ी, उलझ पुलझ मर जाना है ।।
यह संसार झाड़ औ झांकर, आग लगे वरि जाना है ।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो, सतगुरु नाम ठिकाना है ।।५०।।

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नाम सुमिर, पछतावेगा, नाम सुमिर पछतावेगा ।।
पापी जियरा लोभ करत है, आजकाल उठि जायेगा ।।
लालच लागे जनम गंवाया, माया भरम भुलायेगा ।।
घन जोवन का गरव न कीजै, कागज सा घुल जायेगा ।।
जब जम आये केश गह पटकै, वा दिन कछु न बसायेगा ।।
धरमराज जब लेखा मांगे, क्या मन मूरख दिखायेगा ।।
सुमिरन भजन दया कर जग में, इस सब का फल पायेगा ।।
कहे 'कबीर' सुनो भई साधो, भव सागर तर जायेगा ।।५१।।

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कर प्रभु से प्रीत रे मन, कर प्रभु से प्रीत ।।
ऐसा समय बहुरि नहिं पैहौ, जैहैं अवसर बीत ।।
तन सुंदर छवि देखत भूलो, यह बालू की भीत ।।
सुख सम्पत्ति सपने की बतियाँ, जैसे तृण पर शीत ।।
जाही कर्म परम पद पावे, सोई कर्म कर मीत ।।
शरण आये सो सबहिं उबारे, यही प्रभु की रीत ।।
कहे 'कबीर' सुनो भाई साधो चलिहौ भौ दल जीत ।।५२।।

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जियरा तुम जैहो हम जानी ।।
राज करन्ते राजा जैहैं, रूप धरन्ती रानी ।।
राज समान सभासद जैहैं, जहँ सब अभिमानी ।।
वेद पढ़न्ते पंडित जैहैं, कथा सुनन्ते ध्यानी ।।
जोग करन्ते जोगी जैहैं, ज्ञान रटन्ते ज्ञानी ।।
चन्दा जैहैं सूरज जैहैं, जैहैं पवन अरु पानी ।।
मन और बुद्धि दोनों जैहैं, जैहैं सकल परानी ।।

जोगी जैहैं जंगम जैहैं, जैहैं पितु धनमानी ।।
कहे 'कबीर' हरि जन ना जैहैं, जिन की मति ठहरानी ।।५३।।

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तन धरि सुखिया कोई न देखा, जो देखा सो दुखिया हो ।।
राज परजा रंक धनी नर, अधमाधम औ मुखिया हो ।।
घाटि बाढ़ि है सब जग दुखिया, क्या गृही क्या त्यगी हो ।।
सुखिया या जग नहीं कुटुम्बी, सुखिया नहिं वैरागी हो ।।
जोगी दुखिया जंगम दुखिया, तपसी को दुःख दूना हो ।।
आशा तृष्णा सब घट व्यापै, कोई महल नहीं सूना हो ।।
सांच कहूँ तो कोई न मानै, झूठ कहा नहिं जावे हो ।।
अवधू दुखिया भूपति दुखिया, रंक दुःखी विपरीते हो ।।
कहे 'कबीर' सुनो भाई साधो, मनुष सुखी मन जीते हो ।।५४।।

—००—

मन मानत नहिं मेरा रे साधो, मन मानत नहिं मेरा रे ।।
या को बार बार समझाऊँ, जग में जीना थोड़ा रे ।।
या काया का गर्व न कीजै, क्या सांवरा क्या गोरा रे ।।
विनु हरि भक्ति काम न आवै, कोटि सुगंध चभोरा रे ।।
या माया का गर्व न कीजै, क्या हाथी क्या घोड़ा रे ।।
जोड़ जोड़ धन बहुत चले गये, सहस्र लाख करोरा रे ।।
दुबिधा दुरमति अरु चतुराई, जनम गयो नर बौरा रे ।।
कहे 'कबीर' चरनन चित राखो, ज्यों सूई में डोरा रे ।।५५।।

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पीले प्याला हो मतवाला, प्याला प्रेम हरि रस का रे ।।
बालपना हंसी खेल गंवाया, तरुण भया नारी बस का रे ।।
बृद्धभया कफ वायू ने घेरा, तन से जाय नहीं खसकारे ।।
नहिं सत्संग न कथाकीर्तन, नहिं प्रभु चरनन प्रेम रचा रे ।।
अवहू सोच समझ अज्ञानी, इस जग में नहिं कोई अपना रे ।।

काम क्रोध मद लोभ ईर्षा, इन में निशि दिन रहत फंसा रे ।।
भोग विलास वासना जग की, गल विच जम का फंद पड़ा रे ।।
देह गेह में क्यों भरमाया, देह खेह यह किसका रे ।।
चौरासी से उबरा चाहे, छोड़ कामिनि का चसका रे ।।
नाभि कमल विच है कस्तूरी, जैसे मृग फिरे वन का रे ।।
भटक भटक क्यों भटका खावे, घट के पट को दे झटकारे ।।
वाद-विवाद में निशि दिन बीते, मानुष जन्म न सार गहा रे ।।
नर देही निष्फल गई सारी, औसर पाय न लाभ लहारे ।।
मात पिता भाई सुत बन्धु, संग नहिं कोई जाय सका रे ।।
जब लग जीवे हरि गुण गाले, धन जोबन है दिन दस का रे ।।
धर्म कर्म एको नहिं जाना, सार वस्तु नहिं जान परारे ।।
बिन सत्गुरु इतना दुख पाया, वैद्य मिला नहिं इस तन का रे ।।
चार खानि नर भरमत डोले, कबहुं न सत् पथ खोज करारे ।।
कहे 'कबीर' सुनो भई साधो, नरव सिख पूर रहा विष का रे ।।५६।।

—००—

मन तू क्यों भूला रे भाई, तेरी सुधि बुधि कहां हिराई ।।
जैसे पंछी रैन बसेरा, बसे वृक्ष में आई ।।
भोर भये सब आप आपको, जहं तहं उड़ि जाई ।।
सुपने में तोहि राज मिला है, हाकिम हुकुम दुहाई ।।
जाग परा तब लाव न लसकर, पलक खुले सुधि पाई ।।
माता पिता बन्धु सुत तिरिया, ना कोई सगा सगाई ।।
यह तो सब स्वारथ के संगी, झूठी लोक बड़ाई ।।
सागर माहीं लहर उठत है, गिन्ती गिनी न जाई ।
कहे 'कबीर' सुनो भाई साधो, उदधि मांहि समाई ।।५७।।

—००—

यह तन विष की बेलरी, गुरु अमृत की खान ।
सीस दिय जो गुरु मिले, तौ भी सस्ता जान ।।५८।।

—००—

बहे बहाये जात थे, लोक वेद के साथ।
पैंडे में सत्गुरु मिले, दीपक दीन्हा हाथ ॥५९॥

—००—

ऐसा कोई न मिला, सत नाम का मीत।
तन मन सौंपे मृग ज्यों, सुने बधिक के गीत ॥६०॥

—००—

सत्गुरु सांचा सूरमा, नख सिख मारा पूर।
बाहर घाव न दीसई, भीतर चकना चूर ॥६१॥

—००—

सुख के माथे सिल पड़े, (जो) नाम हिरदे से जाय।
बलिहारी वा दुःख की, (जो) पल पल नाम रटाय ॥६२॥

—००—

लेने को सत् नाम है, देने को अन्न दान।
तरने को आधीनता, बूड़न को अभिमान ॥६३॥

—००—

दुःख में सुमिरन सब करे, सुख में करे न कोय।
जो सुख में सुमिरन करे, तो दुःख काहे होय ॥६४॥

—००—

सुमिरन की सुधि यों करे, ज्यों गागर पनिहार।
हालै डोलै सुरत में, कहे 'कबीर' बिचार ॥६५॥

—००—

माला तो कर में फिरे, जीभ फिरे मुख माहि।
मनुवा तो चहु दिस फिरे, यह तो सुमिरन नाहि ॥६६॥

—००—

'कबीर' गर्व न कीजिये, काल गहे कर केस।
ना जानौं कित मारिहे, क्या घर क्या परदेस ॥६७॥

—००—

पानी केरा बुदबुदा, अस मानुष की जात।
देखत ही छिप जायगा, ज्यों तारा परभात ॥६८॥

—००—

रात गंवाई सोय कर, दिवस गंवायो खाय।
हीरा जनम अमोल था, कौड़ी बदले जाय ॥६९॥

—००—

आज कहे काल भजूंगा, काल कहे फिर काल।
आज काल के करत ही, औसर जासी चाल ॥७०॥

—००—

आछे दिन पाछे गये, गुरू से कियो न हेत।
अब पछतावा क्या करे, चिड़ियां चुग गई खेत ॥७१॥

—००—

काल करे सो आज कर, आज करे सो अब।
पल में परलै होयगी, बहुरि करैगा कब ? ॥७२॥

—००—

माटी कहे कुम्हार को, तू क्या रूंदै मोय।
इक दिन ऐसा होयगो, मैं रूंदूंगी तोय ॥७३॥

—००—

आये हैं सो जायंगे, राजा रंक फकीर।
एक सिंघासन चढ़ि चले, एक बंधे जंजीर ॥७४॥

—००—

या दुनिया में आय के, छांड़ि देई तू ऐंठ।
लेना होय सो लेई ले, उठी जात है पैंठ ॥७५॥

—००—

'कबीर' आप ठगाईये, और न ठगिये कोय।
आप ठगे सुख ऊपजे, और ठगे दुख होय ॥७६॥

—००—

तू मत जानै बावरे, मेरा है सब कोय।
पिंड प्राण से बंध रहा, सो अपना नहिं होय ॥७७॥

—००—

इक दिन ऐसा होयगा, कोऊ काहू का नाहिं।
घर की नारी को कहे, तन की नारी नाहिं ॥७८॥

—००—

माली आवत देखि के, कलियां करी पुकार।
फूंली फूली चुन लईं काल हमारी बार ॥७९॥

—००—

हम जाने थे खायेंगे, बहुत जमीं बहु माल।
ज्यों का त्यों ही रहि गया, पकर ले गया काल ॥८०॥

—००—

भक्ति भाव भादों नदी, सबै चलीं घहराय।
सरिता सोई सराहिये, जोजेठ मास ठहराय ॥८१॥

—००—

'कबीर' हंसना दूर कर, रोने से कर चीत।
बिन रोये क्यों पाईये, प्रेम पियारा मीत ॥८२॥

—००—

हंसौं तो दुःख ना बिसरै, रोवौं बल घट जाय।
मन ही मांहि बिसूरना, ज्यों घुन काठहिं खाय ॥८३॥

—००—

हंस हंस कंत न पाईया, जिन पाया तिन रोय।
हांसे खेले पिउ मिलें, (तो) कौन दुहागिनि होय ॥८४॥

—००—

सुखिया सब संसार है, खावै अरु सोवै।
दुखिया 'दास कबीर' है, जागै अरु रोवै ॥८५॥

—००—

मांस गया पिञ्जर रहा, ताकन लागे काग।
साहब अजहुं न आईया, मन्द हमारे भाग ॥८६॥

—००—

हवस करे पिय मिलन की, औ सुख चाहे अंग।
पीर सहे बिन पदमिनि, पूत न लेत उछंग ॥८७॥

—००—

विरहा विरहा मत कहो, विरहा है सुलतान।
जा घट विरहा ना संचरे, सो घट जान मसान ॥८८॥

—००—

आग लगी आकास में, झरि झरि परै अंगार।
'कबिरा' जरि कञ्चन भया, कांच भया संसार ॥८९॥

—००—

'कबिरा' वैद बुलाइया, पकरि के देखी बांहि।
वैद न बेदन जानई, करक करेजे मांहि ॥९०॥

—००—

जाहू वैद घर आपने, तेरा किया न होय।
जिन या वेदन निर्मई, भली करैगा सोय ॥९१॥

—००—

साईं इतना दीजिये, जामें कुटुम्ब समाय।
मैं भी भूखा ना रहूं, साधू न भूखा जाय ॥९२॥

—००—

बिनवत हौं कर जोरि कै, सुनिये कृपा-निधान।
साधू संगति सुख दीजिये, दया गरीबी दान ॥९३॥

—००—

क्या मुख लै बिनती करूं, लाज आवत है मोहि।
तुम देखत अवगुन करूं, कैसे भावौं तोहि ॥९४॥

—००—

अवगुन मेरे बापजी, वकसो करीव निवाज।
जो मैं पूत कपूत हौं, तऊ पिता कौ लाज ॥९५॥

—००—

साहब तुमहि दयाल हौ, तुम लग मेरी दौर।
जैसे काग जहाज को, सूझै और न ठौर ॥९६॥

—००—

साधू कहावन कठिन है, ज्यों खांडे की धार।
डिगमिगाय तो गिर पड़े, निःचल उतरे पार ॥८७॥

—००—

साधू हमारी आत्मा, हम साधुन के जीव।
साधुन मध्ये यों रहो, ज्यों पय मध्ये घीव ॥९८॥

—००—

गांठी दाम न बांधई, नहिं नारी से नेह।
कहे 'कबीर' ता साधू के, हम चरनन की खेह ॥९९॥

—००—

'कबीर' संगत साधु की, ज्यों गंधी का वास।
जो कछु गंधी दे नहीं, तौ भी वास सुवास ॥१००॥

—००—

जो आवै तो जाये नहीं, जाय तो आवै नाहि।
अकथ कहानी प्रेम की, समझ लेहु मन माहि ॥१०१॥

—००—

मरिये तो मर जाईये, छूट परै जंजार।
ऐसा मरना को मरै, दिन में सौ सौ बार ॥१०२॥

—००—

कस्तूरी कुण्डल बसे, मृग ढूंढे बन माहिं।
ऐसे घट में पीव है, दुनियां जाने नाहिं ॥१०३॥

—००—

सिर राखे सिर जात है, सिर काटे सिर सोय।
जैसे वाती दीप की, कटि उजियारा होय ॥१०४॥

—००—

अग्नि आंच सहना सुगम, सुगम खडग की धार।
नेह निभावन एक रस, महा कठिन व्यौहार ॥१०५॥

—००—

पतिवरता पति को भजे, और न आन सुहाय।
सिंह बचा जो लंघना, तौ भी घास न खाय ॥१०६॥

—००—

नैनों अंतर आव तूं, नैन झांप तोहिं लेव।
ना मैं देखूं और कूं, ना तोहि देखन देव ॥१०७॥

—००—

मैं सेवक समरथ का, कबहुं न होय अकाज।
पतिवरता नांगी रहे, तो वाही पति को लाज ॥१०८॥

—००—

'कबीर' जब हम गावते, तब जाना गुरु नाहिं।
अब गुरु दिल में देखिया, गावन को कछु नाहिं ॥१०९॥

—००—

ज्ञानी से कहिये कहा, कहत 'कबीर' लजाय।
अंधे आगे नाचते, कला अकारथ जाय ॥११०॥

—००—

जो तो को कांटा बुवै, ताहि बोव तू फूल।
तोहि फूल को फूल है, वाकी है तिरसूल ॥१११॥

—००—

दुरबल को न सताईये, जाकी मोटी हाय।
बिना जीव की स्वांस से, लोह भसम हो जाय ॥११२॥

—००—

ऐसी वानी बोलिये, मन का आपा खोय।
औरन को सीतल करे, आपहु सीतल होय ॥११३॥

—००—

बन्दे तू कर बंदगी, तौ पावै दीदार।
औसर मानुष जनम का, बहुर न बारम्बार ॥११४॥

—००—

जिन ढूंढातिन पाईया, गहिरे पानी पैठ।
जो बौरा बूड़न डरा, रहा किनारे बैठ ॥११५॥

—००—

पढ़ना गुनना चातुरी, यह तो वांत सहल।
काम दहन मन बस करन, गगन चढ़न मुस्कल ॥११६॥

—००—

रोड़ा होइ रहौ बाट का, तजि आपा अभिमान।
लोभ मोह तृष्णा तजै, ताहि मिलैं भगवान ॥११७॥

—००—

रोड़ा भया तो क्या भया, पंथी को दुख देह।
साधू ऐसा चाहिये, ज्यों पैड़े की खेह ॥११८॥

—००—

खेह भया तो क्या भया, उड़ि उड़ि लागे अंग।
साधू ऐसा चाहिये, जैसे नीर निपंग ॥११९॥

—००—

नीर भया तो क्या भया, ताता सीरा जोय।
साधू ऐसा चाहिये, जो हरि ही जैसा होय ॥१२०॥

—००—

हरि भया तो क्या भया, जो करता हरता होय।
साधू ऐसा चाहिये, जो हरि भज निरमल होय ॥१२१॥

—००—

निरमल भया तो क्या भया, निरमल मांगे ठौर।
मल निरमल ते रहित है, तो साधू कोई और ॥१२२॥

—००—

सांच बराबर तप नहीं, झूठ बराबर पाप।
जा के हिरदे सांच है, ता के हिरदे आप ॥१२३॥

—००—

जहं दया तहं धर्म है, जहं लोभ तहं पाप।
जहं क्रोध तहं काल है, जहं छिमा तहं आप ॥१२४॥

—००—

बुरा जो देखन मैं चला, बुरा न मिलिया कोय।
जो दिल खोजा आपना, मुझ सा बुरा न कोय ॥१२५॥

—००—

दया दिल में राखिये, तू क्यों निरदई होय।
साईं के सब जीव हैं, कीड़ी कुञ्जर सोय ॥१२६॥

—००—

चलो चलो सब कोई कहे, पहुंचे बिरला कोय।
एक कनक अरु कामिनी, दुरगमघाटी दोय ॥१२७॥

—००—

पर नारी पैनी छुरी, मत कोई लावो अंग।
रावन के दस सीस गये, पर नारी के संग ॥१२८॥

—००—

सब सोने की सुन्दरी, आवे बास सुबास।
जो जननी ह्वै आपनी, तऊ न बैठे पास ॥१२९॥

—००—

छोटी मोटी कामिनी, सब ही बिष की बेल।
बैरी मारै दांव दै, यह मारे हंसि खेल ॥१३०॥

—००—

पोथी पढ़ पढ़ जग मुआ, पंडित हुआ न कोय।
ढाई अक्षर प्रेम का पढ़े, सो पंड़ित होय ॥१३१॥

—००—

सपने में साईं मिले, सोवत लिया जगाय।
आंख न खोलूं डरपता, मति सुपना ह्वै जाय ॥१३२॥

—००—

सांझ पड़े दिन बीतवै, चकवी दीन्हा रोय।
चल चकवा वा देस को, जहां रैन न होय ॥१३३॥

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X—NAMDEO (Marathi Abhangs)

Item no. XIX (1—9)

गहरी कर कै नीव खुदाई, ऊपर मंडप छाये।
मारकण्डे ते को अधिकाई, जिनितृण घर मूंड बलाए ॥
हमरा करता राम सनेही।
काहे रे नर गर्व करत है, बिनस जाई झूटी देही ॥

(रहाऊ)

मेरी मेरी कौरउ करते दुर्योधन से भाई।
बारह योजन छत्र चलै था, देही गिरधन खाई ॥
सरव सोयन की लंका होती रावन सी अधिकाई।
कहा भयो दर बांधे हाथी, खिन महि भई पराई ॥
दुरवासा सिउं करत ठगौरी जादव ए फल पाए।
कृपा कर जन अपने ऊपर 'नामदेव' हरि गुन गाये ॥१॥

—००—

कबहुं खीर खांड घीव न भावै।
कबहुं घर घर टूक मंगावै ॥
कबहुं कूरण चने विनावै ॥
जिउ राम राखै तिउ रहिये रे भाई।
हरि की महिमा किछु कथन न जाई ॥
कबहुँ तुरे तुरंग नचावै।

कवहु पाइ पनही ओ न पावै ।।
कवहु खाट सुपेदी सुहावै ।
कवहु भूम पै आर न पावै ।।
भणति 'नामदेव' एक नाम निसतारै ।
जिह गुरू मिलै तिह पार उतारै ।।२।।

—००—

दूध कटोरै गडवै पानी ।
कपला गाई नामे दुहा आनी ।।
दूघ पिवो मेरे गोबिन्द राई ।
दूघ पिवो मेरो मन पति आई ।।
नाही त घर को बाप रिसाई ।।
सोयन कटोरी अमृत भरी ।
लै 'नामे' हरि आगे धरी ।
एक भक्त मेरे हृदय बसै ।
'नामे' देख नरायण हंसै ।।
दूध पिवाय 'नामे' घर गया ।
नामे हरि का दरसन भया ।।३।।

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हंसत खेलत तेरे देहूरे आया ।
भक्ति करत 'नामा' पकर उठाया ।
हीनड़ी जात मेरी जादव राया ।
छीपे के जन्म काहे को आया ।।
(रहाऊ)
लै कमली चल्यो पलटाई ।
देहुरै पाछै बैठा जाई ।।
जिउ जिउ 'नामा' हरि गुण उचरै ।
भक्त जना कौ देहुरा फिरै ।।४।।

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हले यारां हला यारां खुसखबरी ।
बलि बलि जांव हौ बलि बलि जांव ।
नीकी तेरी बिगारी आले तेरा नांव ।।

(रहाऊ)

कुजा आमद कुजा रफ़ती कुजा मे रवी।
द्वारका नगरी रास बुगोई ॥
खूब तेरी पगड़ी मीठे तेरे बोल।
द्वारका नगरी काहे के मुगोल ॥
चंदी हज़ार आलम एक लखानां।
हम चिनी पातसाह सांवले वरनां ॥
असपति गज पति नरह नरिंद।
'नामे' के स्वामी मीर मुकुन्द ॥५॥

—००—

पाड़ पड़ौसिन पूछे रे 'नामा' का पै छान छवाई हो।
तो पै दुगनी मजूरी दैहों मो को बेडी देहु बताई हो।
री बाई बेडी देन न जाई देखि बेडी घट घट रह्यो समाई।
हमारे बेडी प्राण अधारा ॥

(रहाऊ)

बेडी प्रीति मजूरी मांगे जो कोई छान छवावे हो।
लोक कुटुम्ब सब हौं ते तोड़े तौ आपन बेड़ी आई हो।
ऐसो बेड़ी वरन न साकूं सब अंतर सब ठाईं हो।
गूंगे महा अमृत रस चाख्या पूछे कहन न जाई हो ॥
बेडी के गुन सुन री बाई जलद बांध ध्रुव थापे हो ॥
नामे के स्वामी सीया बहोरी लंक विभीषण आपे हो ॥६॥

—००—

देवा पाहन तारी अले।
राम कहत जन कस न तरे ॥

(रहाऊ)

तारिले गनिका बिन रूप कुब्जा बियाध अजामिल तारी अले।
चरन बधिक जन तेऊ मुक्त भये।
हौं बलि बलि जिन राम कहे।

दासी सुत जन विदुर सुदामा उग्रसेन को राज दिये।
जपहीन तपहीन कुलहीन कर्महीन 'नामे' के स्वामी तेऊ तरे ॥७॥

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मन मेरो गाजो जिव्हा मेरी काती।
मपि मपि काटऊ जम की फांसी॥
कहा करऊ जाती कहा करऊ पाती।
राम को नाम जपऊ दिन राती॥

(रहाऊ)

रांगनि रांगऊ सीवनि सीवऊ।
राम नाम बिन घरीए न जीवऊ॥
भक्ति करऊ हरि के गुण गावऊ।
आठ पहर अपना खसम ध्यावऊ॥
सोने की सूई रूपे का धागा।
'नामे' का चित्त हरि सिउ लागा॥८॥

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एक अनेक व्यापक पूरक जत देखौ तत सोई।
माया चित्र विचित्र विमोहत विरला बूझे कोई॥
सब गोविन्द है सब गोबिन्द है गोविन्द बिन नही कोई।
सूत एक मणी सत सहस जैसे ओत प्रोत प्रभु जोई॥

(रहाऊ)

जल तरंग अरु फेन बुदबुदा जल ते भिन्न न होई।
यह परपंच पार ब्रह्म की लीला विचरत आन न होई॥
मिथ्या भरम अरु सुपन मनोरथ सत पदारथ जानिया।
सुकृत मनसा गुर उपदेसी जागत ही मन मानिया॥
कहत 'नामदेव' हरि की रचना देखहु हृदय बिचारी।
घट घट अन्तर सर्व निरंतर केवल एक मुरारी॥९॥

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26. Kimaye Saadat of Alghazali with Urdu translation by Fakruddin Ahmad – Published by Nawal Kishore Press, Lucknow.
27. Halat Shamsh Tabrazi – by Muhammad Uddin Fauq – Published by Sufi Printing Press – Pindi Bhauddin.
28. Panchi Nama (Urdu translation of Faridduddin Attar's Mantaquttair) – Published by Muhammadi Press, Bombay.
29. Quran and Tasawuf by Dr. Mirwali – Published by Nadwatlul Musannafih, Delhi.
30. Irshad Ul Talabin – Published by Matba Muhammadi, Bombay.
31. Awarif-ul-Muarif – translated into Urdu by Md. Abdul Hassan. Published by Nawal Kishore Press,Lucknow.
32. Miratul Masnavi – (selections from six Books of Masnavi Rumi) Compiled by Talmuz Husain – Published by Azam Steam Press, Haidrabad (Deccan).
33. Amir Khusru by Dr. Wahid Mirza – Published by Hindustani Academy, Allahabad.

SANSKRIT & HINDI WORKS CONSULTED

1. Sri Bhagwad Gita – with Eight commentaries. Published by Venkatesh Press, Bombay.
2. Srimad Bhagavatam – with Eight commentaries. (Brindaban)
3. Brajchandra Chakori Mira – by Sri Krishna Prabhakar and Bankey Behari – Published by Sri Radhika Library, Brindaban (available at Mata Krishna Satsang, Vrindaban)
4. Sri Brahad Bhagwat Amritam – by Sanatan Goswami (Brindaban).

5. Iran Ke Sufi — by Bankey Behari and Kanahyia Lal — Published by Leader Press, Allahabad.
6. Kabir Ki Bani (4 Vols.) by Belvedere Press, Allahabad.
7. Das Bodh by Samarth Ramdas — translated from Marathi into Hindi by Ramachandra Sharma — Published by Hindi Sahitya Kutir, Benares.
8. Sant Ank of Hindi Kalyan — Published by Gita Press, Gorakhpur.

MARATHI, SINDHI, GURUMUKHI AND BENGALI WORKS CONSULTED

1. Shri Guru Granth Sahib — Amritsar Edition.
2. Sayin Bullah Shah — edited by Sodhi Hazara Singh — Published by Messrs. Pokhar Das, Shikarpur.
3. Suraj Prakash (abridged and entitled Jivan Halat dus Guru Sahib) — by Gyani Santokh Singh — Published by Panjabi Pusthak Bhandar, Delhi.
4. Sri Krishna Chaitanya Chritramruta by Krishna Das Kaviraj, Edited by S. G. Mazumdar — Published by him. (Calcutta)
5. Gyaneswari — Translated from Original Marathi into Hindi by Ramchandra Sharma — Published by Hindi Sahitya Kutir, Banaras.

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Bhavan's Journal: English fortnightly devoted to life, literature and culture, was started in August, 1954.

Bharati: A Hindi monthly is being brought out since August, 1956.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hailing from Allahabad, Sri Bankey Behari started life as a lawyer as a junior of Dr. K. N. Katju and later practised law independently. He was engaged in the famous Meerut Conspiracy and other Raja Cases. He compiled many law books. Gradually drawn to mysticism, he came into close contact with Mahatma Gandhi, Sri Ramana Maharshi and later Sri J. Krishnamurti and Sri Aurobindo. Finally he gave up every material belonging and became a sannyasin.

For eight years he went into isolation, observed vow of silence, studied, wrote and contemplated on all that is best in all religions including Christianity and Sufism. But the *Gita* and the *Bhagavata* attracted him most. As a result of sixteen years' work on the *Gita*, he wrote a commentary on it which won him a Doctorate in Theology.

From 1940, he has been an inmate of Brindaban practising intense *sadhana* at the feet of a realised soul. *Sankirtan* and the *Gita* are his guideposts and his goal in life is seeing Lord Radha-Krishna face to face. "Where then is the place for my photograph in my life?" he asks.